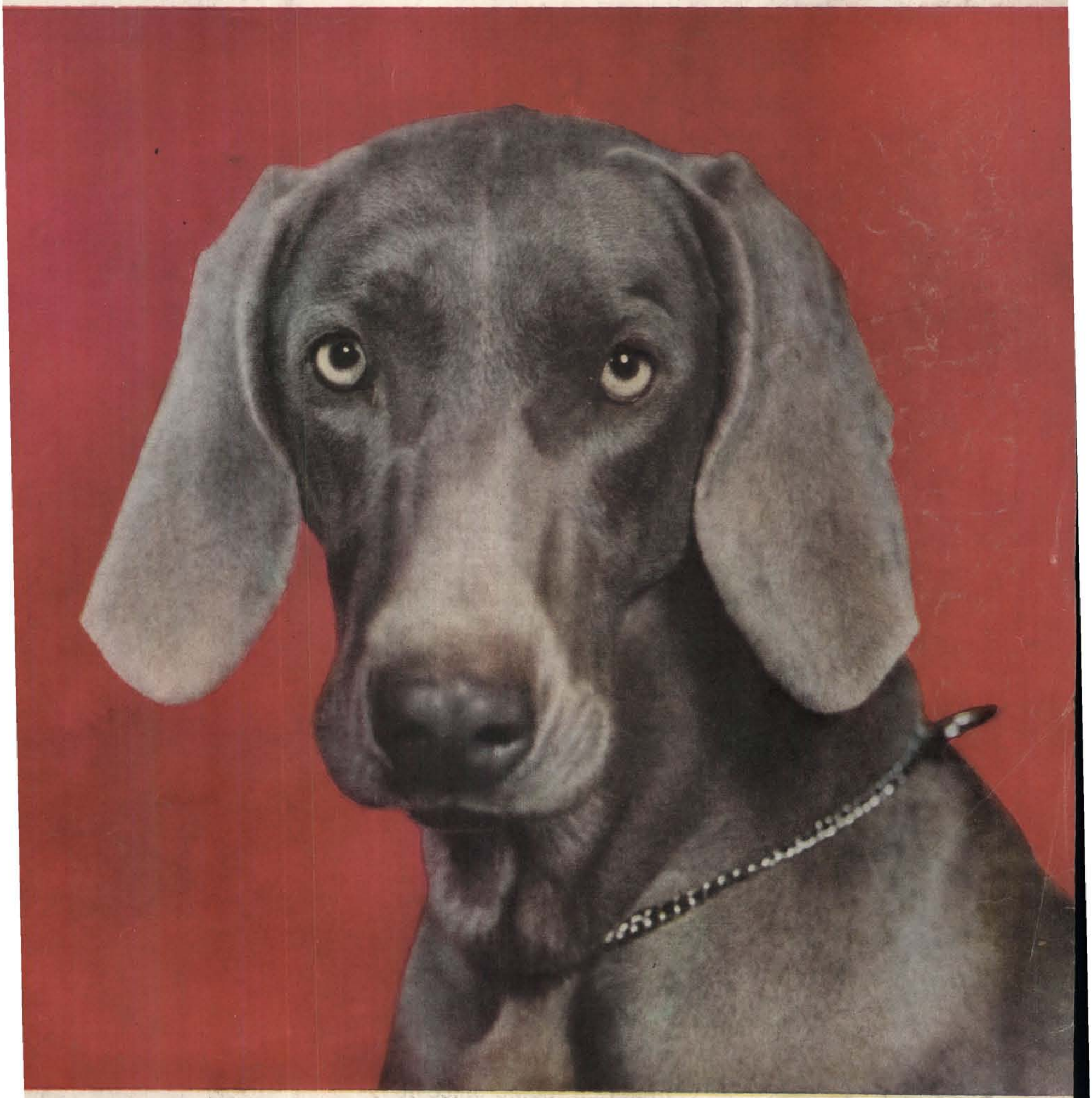
DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
PITTSBURGH 19, PA.

Collier's

October 6, 1951 • Fifteen Cents

OPERATION STORM!
Those Four Top Red Fugitives Plot It Now



"Mr. Touchdown" of College Football

America's Happiest Family Reunion

H... "Coc...

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32
PA X17JA53
4857.9
C 2Y
8/25

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Take its fine quality, add pleasing taste, and you see why Corby's is sweeping the country. No wonder it has whisked to a top spot among the nation's whiskey brands. Why don't *you* try it? Just look for Corby's Parrot and . . . say Corby's.

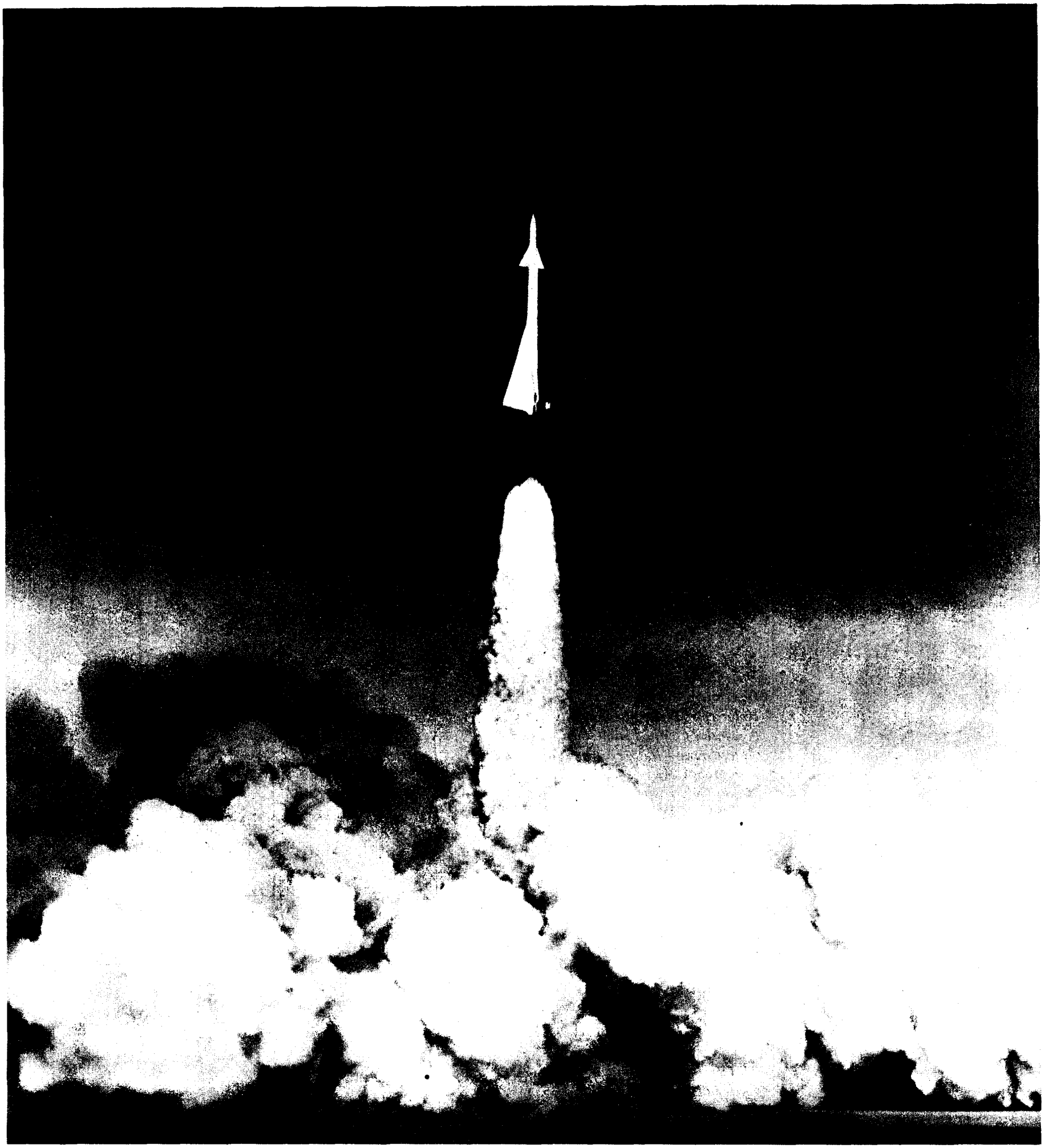
LOOK FOR THE PARROT ON EVERY CORBY'S BOTTLE

Say **CORBY'S**

A grand old name since 1859

RESERVE BLENDED WHISKEY—86 PROOF—68.4% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LTD., PEORIA, ILL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New Guided Missile Takes Off.... This newest anti-aircraft missile, soaring upward on its supersonic flight, is launched, steered and exploded by electronic control.... These powerful missiles blast high-flying enemy aircraft out of the sky.... The control devices were developed by the Bell System's research and manufacturing units—the Bell Telephone Laboratories and Western Electric Company—working together in traditionally close relationship....This guided missile assignment for the Army Ordnance Corps is just one of many important military projects now entrusted to the **Bell Telephone System.**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Feel it! See it!

The Grooming "PLUS" you get with Vitalis

Discover for yourself the stimulating, refreshing tingle Vitalis gives your scalp. Then see the neat, well-cared-for look it gives your hair.

FEEL the difference in your scalp—

50 seconds' brisk massage with stimulating Vitalis and you FEEL the difference in your scalp—prevent dryness, rout embarrassing flaky dandruff. Ask your barber.

SEE the difference in your hair!

Then 10 seconds to comb and you SEE the difference in your hair—far handsomer, healthier-looking, neatly groomed. Vitalis contains new grooming discovery.

Use **Vitalis** and the **"60-Second Workout"**

A Product of Bristol-Myers

ALSO VITALIS *HAIR CREAM*

for Cream Tonic Fans . . . lighter-bodied than ordinary cream oils. No heavy film, no sticky comb, no messy hands.

ALBERT E. WINGER
Chairman of the Board

CLARENCE E. STOUCH
President

Collier's

EDWARD ANTHONY, *Publisher*
LOUIS RUPPEL, *Editor*

RICHARD CHAPLIN, *Assistant Publisher*
GORDON MANNING, *Managing Editor*

DAVID MANESS, *Assistant Managing Editor*
WALTER DAVENPORT, *Senior Correspondent*
JAMES A. QUIGNEY, *Photo Editor*
WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN, *Art Director*
KNOX BURGER, *Fiction Editor*
GURNEY WILLIAMS, *Cartoons*

Associate Editors · BERT BACHARACH · WARREN BROWN · JEAN B. CAMPBELL · SEY CHASSLER · LORNA D. CHESSON · ALLEN CLEATON · LONNIE COLEMAN · BETSY CORRIGAN · WILLARD B. CROSBY · BILL DAVIDSON · JOHN DENSON · MACLENNAN FARRELL · EVELYN HARVEY · DIANA HIRSH · MANLEY JACKSON · JERRY KORN · JOHN LEAR · MARSHALL McCLINTOCK · TOM MEANY · JOHN C. PELLEW · ELEANOR PORTER · CORNELIUS RYAN · RED SMITH · JAMES THRASHER · LESTER VELIE · FRANCIS WALLACE · JAMES N. YOUNG

Editorial Research · ROSANNE McVAY, *Chief*
MADELIN ALK, DIANE DOWNS, MARTHA WEINMAN

Bureaus

WASHINGTON: JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Chief*; TODD WRIGHT
WEST COAST *(Los Angeles)*: THEODORE STRAUSS, *Chief*; ROBERT CAHN, JOHN FLOREA
MIDWEST *(Chicago)*: BILL FAY
SOUTH *(Atlanta)*: WILLIAM A. EMERSON, JR.
EUROPE *(Paris)*: SEYMOUR FREIDIN, WILLIAM ATTWOOD, ROBERT SHAPLEN
FAR EAST *(Tokyo)*: CHARLOTTE KNIGHT, BILL STAPLETON

October 6, 1951

ARTICLES

Does Psychiatry Belong in Our Courtrooms? . LAWRENCE GALTON 13
Operation Storm! . . . . . RALPH DE TOLEDANO 16
America's Happiest Family Reunion . . . . . BILL WEEKS 18
Nebraska's "Mr. Touchdown" . . . . . BILL FAY 22
Alan Young—Beloved Bumbler . . . . . LLOYD SHEARER 26
The Model Life . . . . . COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA 28
"Coolidge Prosperity" . . . . . HERBERT HOOVER 32
(Continuing HERBERT HOOVER'S MEMOIRS OF PUBLIC LIFE)

FICTION

Get Up and Fight Again . . . . . JEREMY H. GRIFFITH 14
Blonde Chaser . . . . . VIRGINIA LEE 20
Pillar of the Community . . . . . WILLIAM FULLER 24
Touches of Pink . . . . . SPEED LAMKIN 30
There's This Girl . . . . . JOHN CLARE 34
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)

Week's Mail 6
48 States of Mind . . . . . WALTER DAVENPORT 8
The Party Game Plague . . . . . W. F. MIKSCH 10
Editorials 78
Cover . . . . . BOB HANKS

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

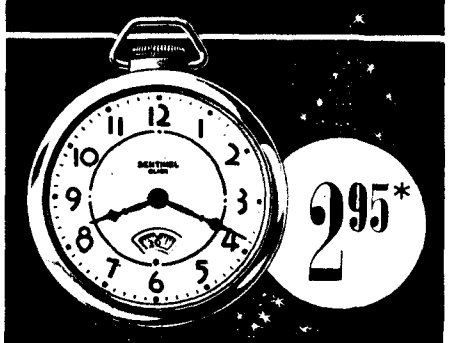
Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 128, No. 14.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Albert E. Winger, Chairman of the Board; Clarence E. Stouch, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, Robert T. Messler, E. P. Seymour, A. A. Schechter, John W. McPherrin, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.
SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: *United States and Possessions*, and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00. Canada, 1 year $5.50. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other foreign countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.
ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.
MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

COPYRIGHT, 1951, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

GOOD *looking*
BETTER *priced*
BEST *in value!*



SENTINEL CLICK POCKET WATCH
Rugged, accurate. Mirror-chrome finish . . . rotating second dial. Break-proof crystal . . . raised numeral dial. Built for action — for work, for sports, for a spare, for the kids. Plain dial, $2.95; Radium, $3.50.**

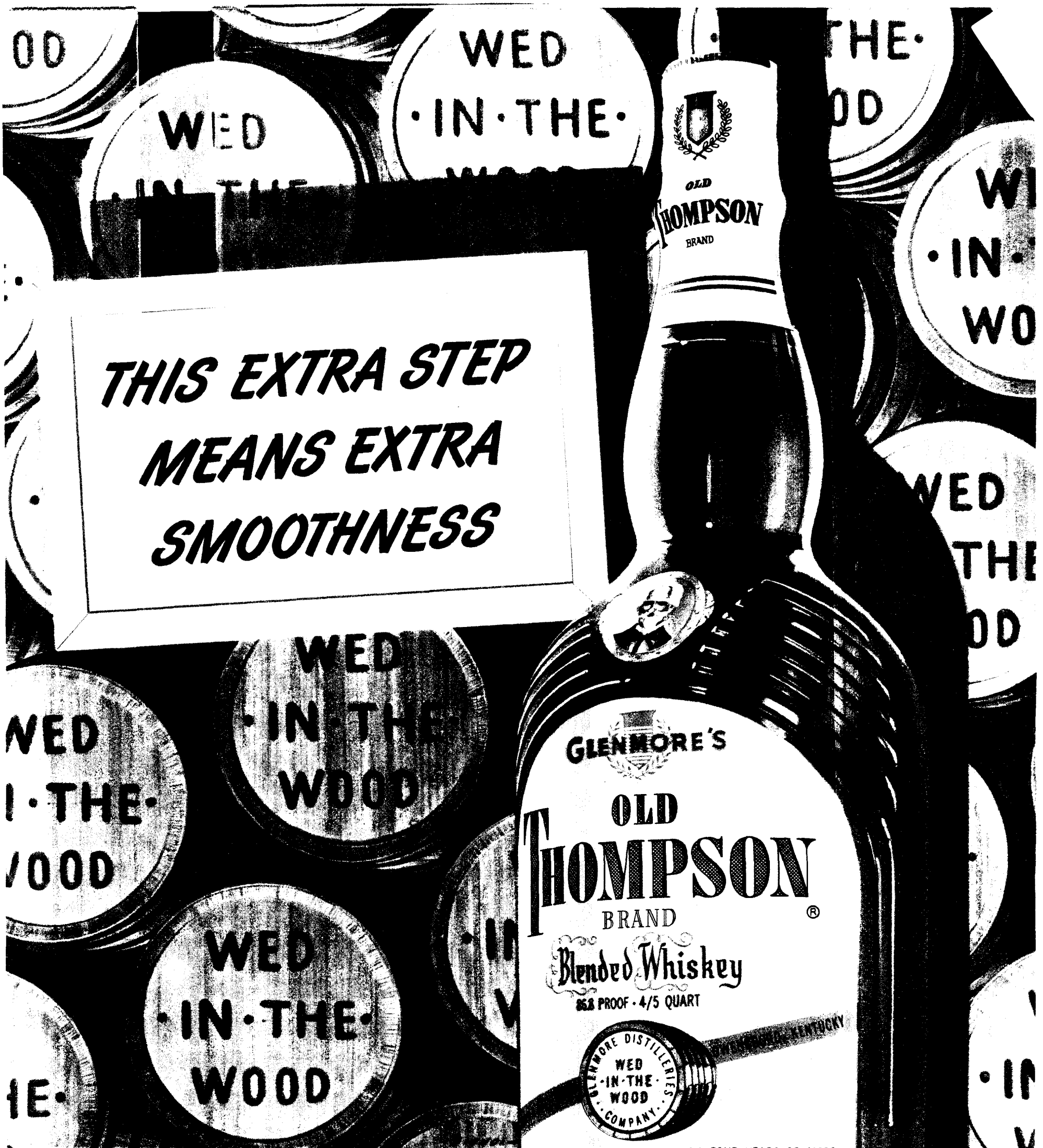
SENTINEL DIAMOND WRIST WATCH
Efficient movement in a handsome chrome plated case. Compact but easy to read. (With 10 Kt. rolled gold plate front, chrome back, $4.95).*

SENTINEL LITTLE PAL ALARM CLOCK
The style and value leader in alarm clocks. 40-hour movement, single key, felt padded base. Designed by Henry Dreyfuss. Plain dial, $3.95; Radium, $4.50*.*

THE SENTINEL
LINE OF CLOCKS AND WATCHES
THE E. INGRAHAM CO., BRISTOL, CONN., TORONTO, CANADA

*Plus tax. Specifications and prices subject to change.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WED·IN·THE·WOOD is a time-honored Glenmore method. This extra step means that Old Thompson, instead of being bottled immediately after blending, is put back into barrels to assure uniform high quality. This "marrying" gives Old Thompson an extra smoothness, an extra mellowness. *Try it tonight and see!*

The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 37½% straight whiskies—62½% grain neutral spirits.

A FINER BLEND FROM OLD KENTUCKY

© G. D. CO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GE BLACK-DAYLITE TELEVISION

Overpowers interference ...overrides distance too!

PROBABLY no other purchase pays you back so many times over! Fun, education, drama—can be yours even if you live in a difficult reception spot. Case histories from G-E owners the country over testify that their receivers catch and hold hard-to-get stations. So, if local interference or distance from the nearest TV station is your problem—you need G-E! See it today and believe your own eyes!

General Electric Company, Electronics Park, Syracuse, N.Y.

Prices range from $249.95 to $775.00 including Federal Excise tax. Installation and picture tube protection plan extra. Prices subject to change without notice, slightly higher West and South.

Look at the Difference!

Left—When interference or distance stands in the way, you may get pictures like this.

Right—With this great G-E receiver, you can look to wonderful pictures like this.

TUNE IN THE G-E FOOTBALL ROUND-UP with Red Barber every Saturday afternoon

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Cover

This pensive-looking Weimaraner, owned by Mrs. Bertha Corley, of Patchogue, Long Island, New York, is Corley's Silver Dollar, or Gaily, for short. She has been a Champion since last April, has twice won Best of Breed and has won two Five-Point Shows (in which there are usually upwards of 100 entrants). The Corleys are now concentrating on her field work and she is an exceptional retriever, both in field and water. First imported to the United States from Weimar, Germany, in 1929, the Weimaraners have sometimes been called "gray ghosts," because of their color.

Week's Mail

Mr. Hoover's Work

EDITOR: In the second installment of Mr. Hoover's memoirs, issue of August 18th, the caption of the extreme left photo on page 18 reads: "Women and children reach for food doled out by Mr. Hoover's Belgian Relief Organization."

I was in Europe during the first World War and, therefore, could not help identifying Mr. Hoover's "Belgian Relief Workers" as *German* soldiers, wearing their typical field caps, and apparently doling out the remnants from their mess kitchens to a group of women and children.

I have no intention whatever of giving the German cause a boost, but I can well imagine the sneering smirks on the faces of German readers who, in the text of Mr. Hoover's report, are informed of the "devilish habits" of the German army in Belgium, while the accompanying photo shows German soldiers distributing chow to Belgian civilians.

HILARY E. HOLT, Hollywood, Cal.

They *are* German soldiers—distributing American food in German-occupied Belgium under Mr. Hoover's direction.

. . . Anything concerning ex-President Hoover is something to sound off proudly about if it interests others as it does the writer. Reading the first of his Memoirs of Public Life one can but make mental comparisons of the Hoover methods of handling public funds with the improvident dissipation of taxpayers' money in recent years. May statesmanship such as this great man evidenced come again to Washington in a day not too far distant.

LENA D. HEDIN, Coatepec, Mexico

Our Men in Korea

EDITOR: I was deeply moved when I read General Michaelis' article This We Learned in Korea (Aug. 18th). It makes one glad to be a part of a system that produces such men. I am proud of the country and even more proud of the men.

We have the one secret weapon that the Communists will never dare give their people because it would be their downfall. Our children are taught to think for themselves. And Heaven help us the day we fail in this.

MRS. CLARICE RANDLE, Eugene, Ore.

. . . General Michaelis' fine article reminds me of my husband's problem. He is serving in Korea with the 213th Armored Field Artillery Battalion, which is a National Guard outfit. They have been in Korea since the latter part of January and their rotation time was up August 15, 1951. Now they have had their time extended three more months.

Most of the fellows that make up this Guard outfit are veterans with families, and this new order has really lowered their morale. Their commanding officer feels it is unnecessary because Japan is full of troops over there for replacement. The fellows are all desperate and have written and asked us wives if there wasn't something we at home could do.

The 213th is made up of fellows from southern Utah and our small town of about 6,000 has over 100 men over there. These fellows have established a very enviable record while serving their country for the second time, and have been awarded for meritorious achievement. We feel they have done their share.

Our government tells us this isn't a war, but just a "police action," so why should a few do it all? They have let enlisted reservists out after serving a year, whether they had been overseas or not. Our boys are veterans, too, and deserve the same treatment. We have written our congressmen, but all we receive are letters of sympathy. We need help, not sympathy.

MRS. COURTLAND NELSON, Cedar City, Utah

Psychical Research

EDITOR: In your article Can Man Foresee the Future? (Aug. 18th) a member of the British Society for Psychical Research is quoted as saying, "It takes only one black sheep to prove all sheep aren't white."

This is quite illogical. The presence of one black sheep could do no more than prove that not all sheep are white. There is, you see, a great difference between saying, "all sheep are not white" and "not all sheep are white."

I realize, of course, that not all these mistakes are intentional.

BOB SCHALK, Indianapolis, Ind.

Handsome Gene

EDITOR: Maybe Gene Tunney was the greatest heavyweight who ever fought, and maybe he wasn't. But one thing is sure: He is the *handsomest* fighter who ever stepped into a ring—for proof of which I submit that picture of him that accompanied the article For a Big Game Fishing Thrill—Tackle a Tuna (Aug. 18th).

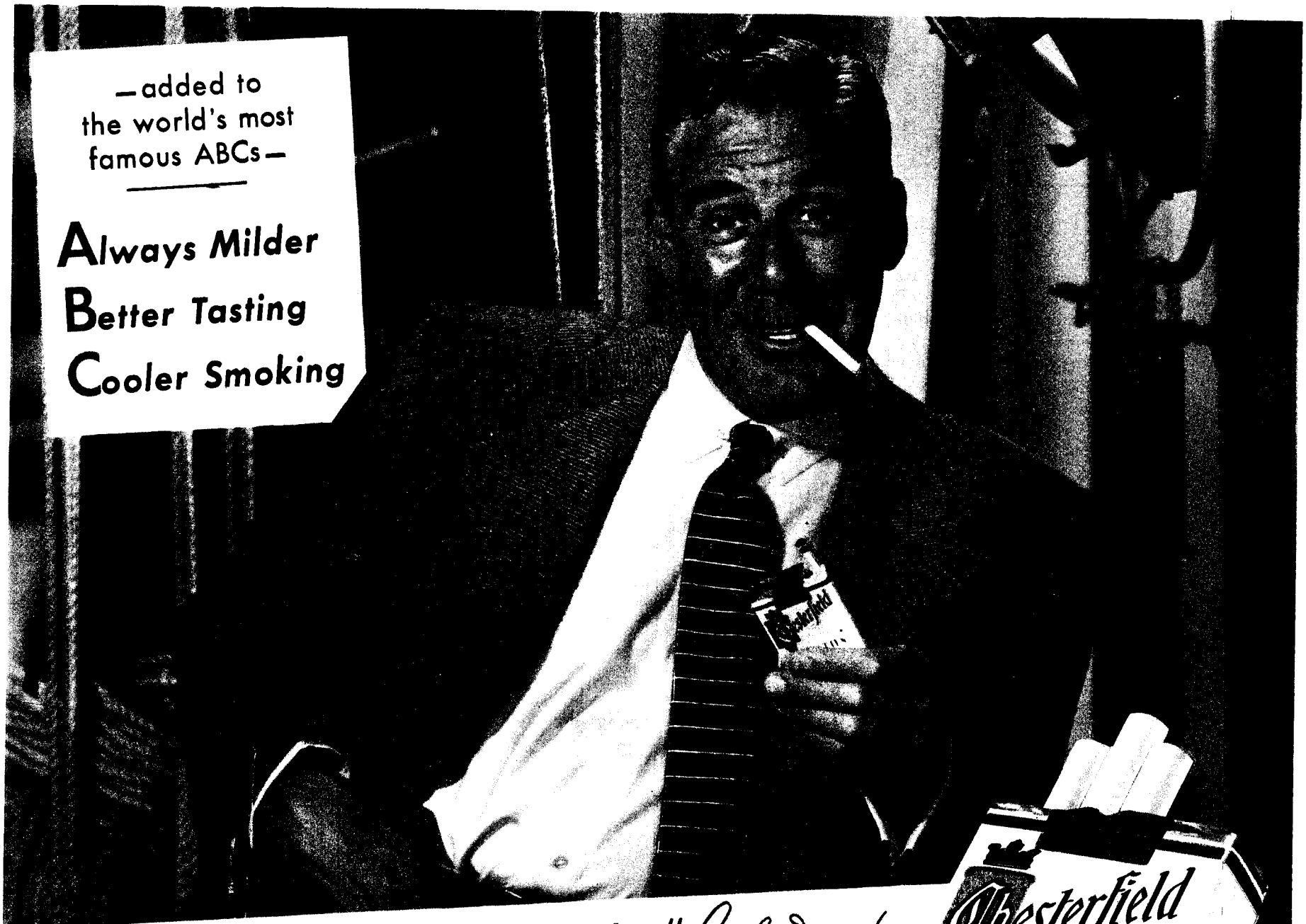
PHYLLIS WANDERER, Los Angeles, Cal.

(Continued on page 61)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BIGGEST
"PLUS"
IN CIGARETTE HISTORY

..."No Unpleasant After-taste"



"It's the only one with the Big Plus." Paul Douglas

"CHESTERFIELD IS THE ONLY CIGARETTE of all brands tested in which members of our taste panel found no unpleasant after-taste."

From the report of a well-known research organization

CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD

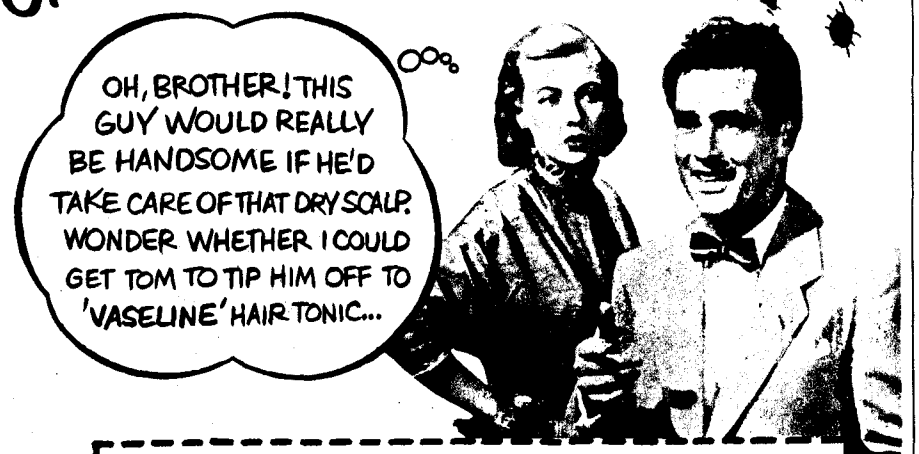
Always Buy CHESTERFIELD

Copyright 1951, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

See PAUL DOUGLAS, starring in "THE GUY WHO CAME BACK"
A 20th Century-Fox Production

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

oh-oh! DRY SCALP!


OH, BROTHER! THIS GUY WOULD REALLY BE HANDSOME IF HE'D TAKE CARE OF THAT DRY SCALP. WONDER WHETHER I COULD GET TOM TO TIP HIM OFF TO 'VASELINE' HAIR TONIC...

P.S. TOM DID!

What an improvement a few drops a day can make! Check Dry Scalp and you check dull, lifeless-looking hair . . . itchy scalp and loose dandruff. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is double care for scalp and hair . . . contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. You'll like it!

Hair looks better...
Scalp feels better...
when you check DRY SCALP with

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

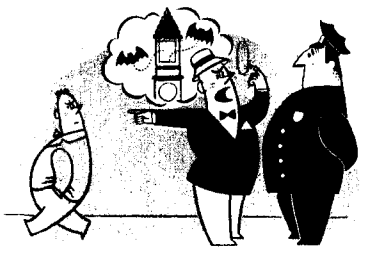
TRADE MARK ®

VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Considerable excitement in Marion County, Indiana, which includes Indianapolis. There is a law in the state which says if anyone whispers to the authorities that you're wacky, a nut, screwball or even politely crazy, you can be heaved into jail and kept there at least five days without getting a chance to prove otherwise—if, of course, you can. We hope this does not



LOWELL HESS

become general because we're pretty busy. What complicates matters in Marion County, however, is that as soon as A learns that B has reported him as a crackpot, A hunts up another cop with the news that B is goofy. Thus, both are in danger of arguing it out in the sneezer while the psychiatrists are giving them the eeny, meeny, miney, mo treatment from the nearest padded cell.

★ ★ ★

It's all right with Dr. Irving D. Harris of Chicago's Institute for Juvenile Research if, like the Duchess in Alice in Wonderland, you "speak roughly to your little boy and beat him when he sneezes." Theoretically, anyway. You'll feel better, Mom, the doctor says, having interviewed 120 mothers whose children had behavior problems. Doctor Harris found that the mother with fewer frustrations was one who blew her top when her kid, like the Duchess' baby, acts up "to annoy because he knows it teases." He finds, too, that the mothers who bottle up their irritations have more headaches and less pep.

★ ★ ★

Comes now Mr. Elias B. Bradfield, of Rutland, Vermont, organizing the Frugal and Far-Sighted Order of Penny Pinchers —the FFOPP. Mr. Bradfield proposes to concentrate the activities of the FFOPP in Washington where the Honorable Thruston Morton, of Kentucky, is urging that Congress spend $2,800,000 a year to hire 100 waste finders and put them to work in the Defense Department. Representative Morton thinks this might result in a savings of $560,000,000; but Mr. Bradfield, who says he's "mighty proud I've never been an optimist," disagrees. All it would mean, he claims, is 100 more federal employees and "nigh onto three million dollars gone where the woodbine twineth." And Mr. Bradfield adds, "What got me to thinking about organizing the FFOPP was the news that the Army just bought 1,917,000 pounds of pepper for our fighting men."

★ ★ ★

It was while the Park Board in Minneapolis was about to write a few safety rules for children that a member was hit spang between the eyes with an idea. Why not, he suggested, ask the kids themselves to make a few contributions. So they did. Thus, from the kids between six and twelve they got: Do not hit people on the head because it might drive them crazy. Boys should not chase girls. Do not swear while in the water. Do not shoot off guns in a crowd. Listen to the cops. Do not beat up little children. Do not forget to go home. Don't laugh at your mother.

★ ★ ★

The Honorable and Harassed Michael V. DiSalle, Price Stabilizer, has decided that hereafter the wording of regulations, directives and edicts issuing from his office must be written in such simple declarative sentences that they may be understood. The order was sent forthwith to his writing staff, which immediately complied with a homely little notice to small businessmen starting thus: "A new subdivision (ii) is added to Section 39 (b) (3) to read as follows: (ii) The limitation in subdivision (i) of this subparagraph on authorization of markups which exceed the highest markup at or below which those sellers comprising three fourths of the sellers . . ."

★ ★ ★

And the latest refinement of mechanical cotton pickers is a phonograph attachment for the rendition of Negro spirituals.

★ ★ ★

So you think that politics is a tough racket here in the States. Try to control yourself. We've just been talking to a friend fresh back from India where the populace will go to the polls before too long. The voting will start there in November and won't stop until February. Fifty parties will dangle 16,000 candidates before the enraptured eyes of 180,000,000 voters, 80 per cent of whom can neither read nor write. Neither can some of the candidates. And neither, suspects our friend, can some of the political experts who are now making analyses and forecasts. This last does not widen our eyes nor raise our blood pressure, being an old hand at political journalism.

★ ★ ★

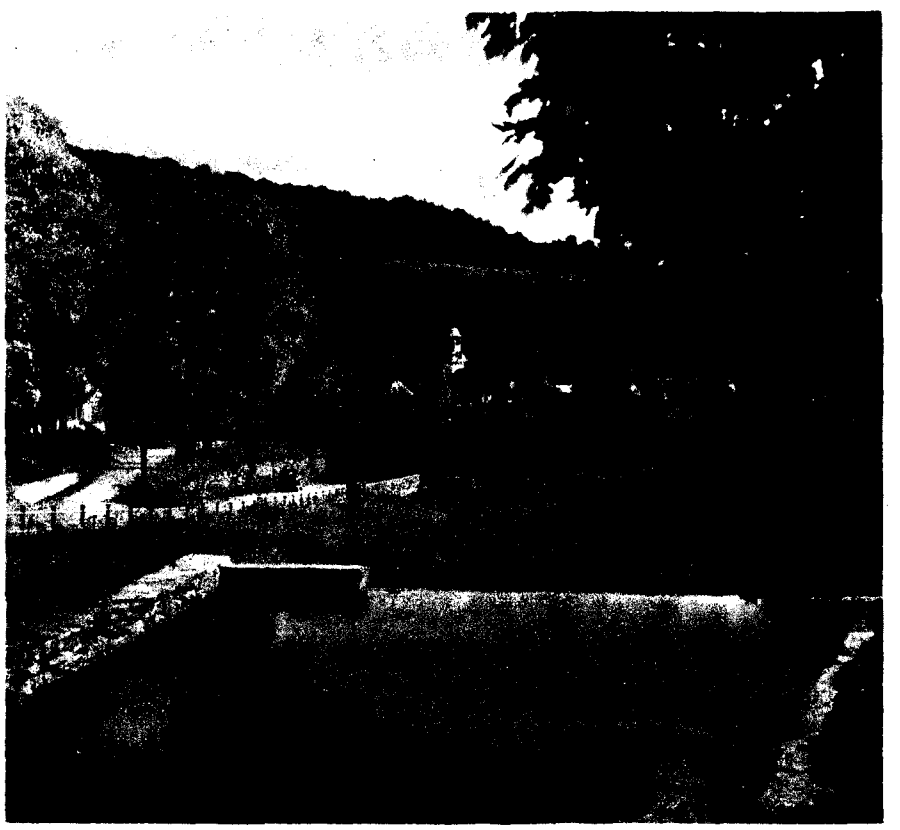
It wasn't that he wanted moonshine likker. No, he was a city fellow driving through the Ozarks with his wife and sister-in-law, a tourist on his way home from vacation. Just wanted to see and talk to a couple of those Zekes who made the stuff back in the mountains. Of course, he'd buy a keg maybe, just to be a good fellow. So he asked the man at the filling station. The man winked and beckoned him indoors. Gave him a drink of high-grade bourbon that had been poured out of its store bottle into a jug—for atmosphere. Yessir, the man knew just where he could buy stuff like that for ten bucks a two-gallon keg. Yessir, stuff like that cost six dol-

lars a fifth in the stores. Well, without sampling 'em, the tourist bought two kegs from a couple of Zekes who looked and talked right out of the comic strips—dumb old horse-collar rubes who called him "general" and told him how lucky he was to be a big money-makin' feller from New York. Well, long before he got home with what turned out to be his raw sugar popskull—

(Continued on page 61)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

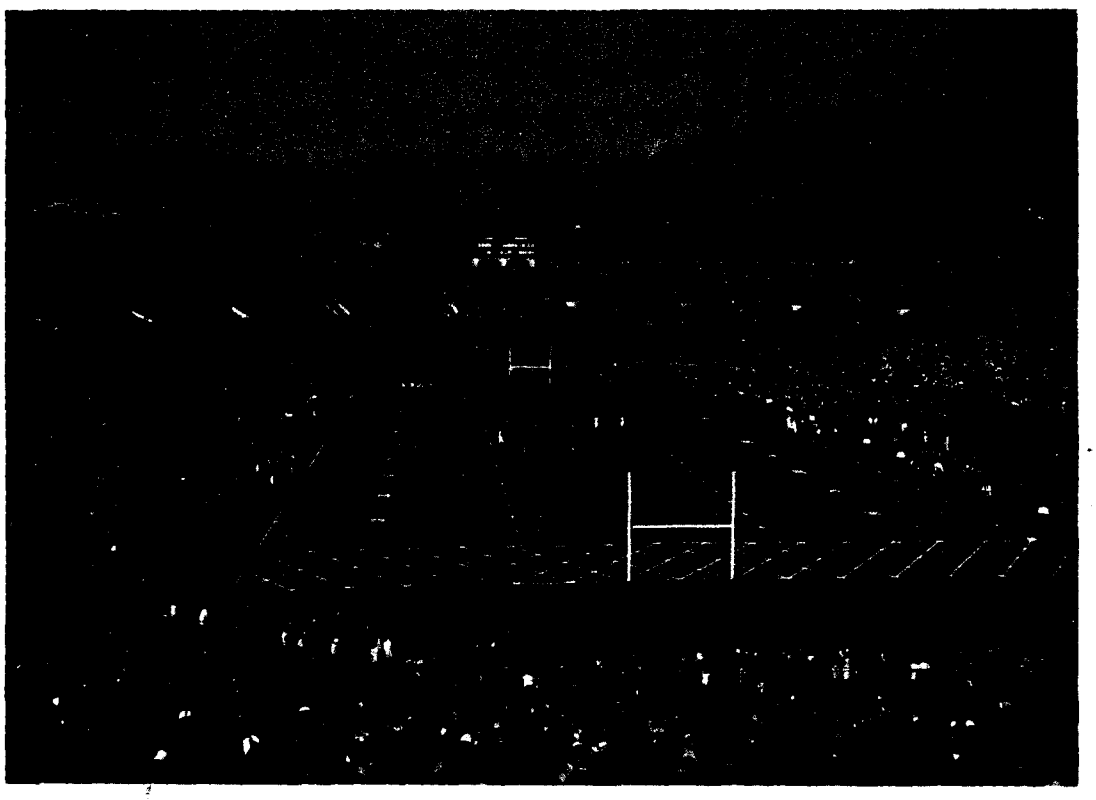
To get there...MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!



Whichever direction sport takes you . . . to Madison, Conn. (left), to Weston, Vermont (right), or to the Rose Bowl in Pasadena, Cal. (below), you'll find more cars along the way equipped with Goodyear tires than with any other kind. And, it will pay you to know why this is so:

First: More *new* cars roll on Goodyear Super-Cushions than on any other tire. Year after year, car makers—who really *know* tires—depend upon Goodyear for the design, materials and manufacturing skill that make a *difference* in performance.

Second: More Goodyear Super-Cushions are bought by motorists than any other low-pressure tire. Motorists find, from billions of miles of driving each year, that for a soft, comfortable ride, for long mileage, and safety, the Goodyear Super-Cushion has no equal! Now, doesn't it stand to reason that the tire that gives the most people the greatest satisfaction is the tire for you to buy?



Super Cushion by GOODYEAR

Super-Cushion, T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And He Thinks I'm Stubborn!
GOSH, SUSIE! YOU DIDN'T USED TO BALK AT A KISS! WHAT'S HAPPENED?
I REFUSE TO ANSWER THAT, DICK! ANYWAY, YOUR DENTIST IS THE ONE TO TELL YOU ABOUT A-A BAD BREATH HANDICAP!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH. AND THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!
LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM DOES A SUPER JOB OF POLISHING TEETH, TOO! AND HOW I GO FOR COLGATE'S GRAND WAKE-UP FLAVOR!
SUE NO LONGER BALKS AT KISSES FOR, THANKS TO COLGATE'S, SHE'S MY MISSUS!

READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

MOST THOROUGHLY PROVED AND ACCEPTED HOME METHOD OF ORAL HYGIENE KNOWN TODAY!

Reader's Digest recently reported the very same research which proves that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed that the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other toothpaste or powder—ammoniated or not—offers such proof—the most conclusive proof ever reported for a dentifrice of any type!

Use Colgate Dental Cream
✓ To Clean Your Breath
✓ While You Clean Your Teeth—
✓ And Help Stop Tooth Decay!
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

*YOU SHOULD KNOW! Colgate's, while not mentioned by name, was the one and only toothpaste used in the scientific research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

The Party Game Plague

By W. F. MIKSCH

NED HILTON

Everyone labors mightily to make the affair a success

PARTY throwing presents a double-edged problem. Hosts feel duty-bound to amuse guests while guests think it's up to them to make things merry for hosts, and everyone works so hard at keeping a party lively that the result is usually a bacchanal, a fist fight or a series of party games. The latter is by far the least preferable.

For the purposes of our study, I've divided party games into two classes: (1) Games I Am Forced to Play at Other People's Parties, and (2) Games That Other People Play at My Parties.

Games belonging to Group No. 1 have been pretty thoroughly covered in various books on party fun, and are now traditional among domineering hostesses who subscribe to the belief that every party must be well planned in advance like three-ring circuses. Such a program generally begins harmlessly enough with Tongue Twisters ("Twenty twins twisted twine tightly," "Smith's split peas please."

Next it lapses into a dreary session of guessing games wherein Freddy Wescoe has a tag pinned on the rear of his coat reading "HENRY VIII," and goes about asking all the other guests such questions as, "Would I wear a toga? Did I fiddle while Rome burned? Am I the Emperor Nero?"

Except for the pinholes left in Freddy's coat there is no extensive property damage so far. But that comes very soon when a damp bout of bobbing for apples is followed by a depressing stunt in which a male player (usually me) is blindfolded, backed into a corner, and administered a force-feeding of charcoal-dusted marshmallows by one of the girls—also blindfolded. Then it's home for me and my suit to the cleaners.

Games I Am Forced to Play at Other People's Parties are the reason why I now leave standing orders with our baby sitter always to phone my hosts promptly at ten o'clock and leave word that the baby is hanging by its toes from an attic window.

Games That Other People Play at My Parties are something else. For one thing, they somehow don't seem like games at all. For another, they are terribly one-sided contests in which all our guests together are pitted against my wife and me who must stand alone—or as alone as we can ever hope to get at one of our own parties. Speaking hostwise, I find these games impossible to beat; it isn't surprising. If I let my brain box run down so low that giving a party seems like a good idea in the first place, then I can hardly hope to recharge it suddenly to an amperage sufficient to cope with the games that arise. Since none of these games can be found in any extant book of party stunts, I shall set down a few of them here:

LIQUID TREASURE HUNT: Toward the end of the evening when refreshments appear to be running low, this exciting game is guaranteed to lift the party. It begins when the guests form a tight circle around their host and rattle the ice cubes in their otherwise empty glasses. If ice cubes have melted, then guests may chant in unison:

Here we sit like birds in the wilderness,
Birds in the wilderness, birds in the wilderness;
Here we sit like birds in the wilderness
Waiting for Miksch to treat!

Should the host ignore this challenge or attempt to beg off by claiming there isn't another drink left in the house, then he becomes It, and is left to yawn all by himself in his living room as guest players split up into searching parties and scatter through the house. The hunt is on! And can't you just imagine the hilarity as they return from basement and bath bearing such semipotable trove as bottles of mouth wash, after-shave lotion or spot remover. Of course, no one actually drinks any of this stuff except George Davis, the clown, who mixes himself a cocktail composed of two parts citronella and one part blended Easter egg dyes.

HIDEAWAY SURPRISE: (Often called Let's Be the Last to Go Home). Guest players disappear one or two at a time until at last the host gives a sigh of relief, locks up the house, and gets into bed. So much for the "Hideaway" part of the program. Now for the "Surprise": During the next forty-eight hours or so, the host keeps turning up drowsy guest players (who he could swear said their good-bys at the door) in such strange, amusing places as the guest-room beds, the hall closet, and even under the benches in the breakfast nook.

TELEFUN: When the party is in full sway, one of the guests (Eddie, for instance) slips out to a pay phone, rings up his host, and says: "This is the police. We got complaints about the noise from your house." Just as the host gets good and worried, another player snickers, giving away the delightful hoax. Then Eddie returns and everyone enjoys a huge laugh over the gag. The host—good sport that he is—laughs the loudest and keeps it up until he suddenly hears sirens out front. What he will never suspect, of course, is that Eddie, after phoning him, really *did* call the police.

There would seem to be a party game for every occasion. Only isn't it too bad there ever is an occasion for a party game?

THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now *RCA VICTOR adds this long-looked-for achievement to its famous Million Proof line—*

RCA VICTOR

Picture Power!

FROM THE ELECTRONIC SUPERCHARGER

New super-sets bring you the clearest pictures ever, even in the most difficult reception areas

17-inch RCA Victor Preston—PICTURE POWER super-set—a table model in fine-grain wood with matching consolette base at slight extra cost. Has phono-jack for "Victrola" 45 Attachment. Choice of finishes. RCA Victor 17T155.

Waiting for "super" television? Here it is in one of RCA Victor's great new super-sets that bring you, for the first time, PICTURE POWER.

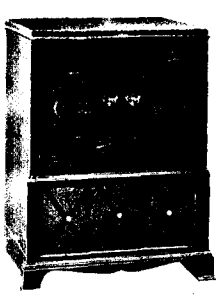
Super-sets are super-powered—the new and exclusive electronic supercharger acts *automatically* to compensate for location, to reduce interference.

Super-sets are superior in tone—have the famous "Golden Throat" Acoustical System with greater-than-ever sensitivity and output. Simpler-than-ever to tune—when the picture's right, the sound is automatically perfect, too.

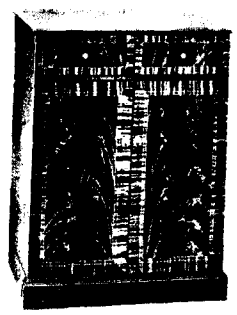
Super-sets are superior in styling—in quality—artfully simple, conveniently *compact* cabinets designed and finished for modern and period settings—and there's no extra charge for the favorite finish, mahogany. Super-sets can easily be adapted to UHF.

When you buy RCA Victor Television—with RCA Factory Service—you get television's greatest combination. For the best in television service buy one of RCA Service Company's budget-priced protection plans. The cost . . . as low as $5 for a year's protection on your RCA Victor picture tube.

Spectacular Savings on many RCA Victor Million Proof models! Limited time—See your dealer now!



***Million Proof 17-inch Fairfield**, America's fastest-selling console now costs less than ever! RCA Victor 7T122.



***Million Proof 17-inch Regency**, dignified styling at a price you can afford. RCA Victor 7T123.

***Million Proof 17-inch Highland**, a fine performer, at a new low price. RCA Victor 7T112.

Special offer on RCA Victor "45"

Pay just $12.95, the regular price, for the "Victrola" 45 attachment that can play through any radio, phonograph or TV set . . . *get, at no extra cost,* over $6 worth of RCA Victor 45 rpm albums!

Offer good only in Continental U.S.

***Available with power-plus chassis for peak reception in weak signal areas at an extra cost of only $30. See your dealer for details.**

Don't miss the Phil Harris Show, Sundays at 8 p.m. New York time on NBC radio.

Price of *Power-Plus* chassis is suggested list price. "Victrola"—T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

WORLD LEADER IN RADIO . . . FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC . . . FIRST IN TELEVISION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Preferred...

by those who judge by high standards

In judging tires, "the best of breed" is The General Tire. It is the choice of those who place the highest value on their safety and comfort. They know that the extra blow-out protection, quiet, cushioned ride and quick-stopping of Generals are advantages worth many times the little extra cost.

This young bull's name is Sleepy Valley Jim, winner of two Grand Champion ribbons before his second birthday.

Dress by Marvin Randolph Monk

THE GENERAL TIRE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Does PSYCHIATRY Belong in Our Courtrooms?

Debate goes on, but in Baltimore the answer seems to be yes. There, an expert on mental health advises on 400 cases a year, from divorce to murder—and his counsel is taken 98 times in 100

By LAWRENCE GALTON

DURING a murder trial some years ago, a Baltimore judge seized the opportunity to express his disgust with legal psychiatry. He riffled through the pages of a voluminous psychiatric report on the defendant, slammed it down on the bench and sent for Dr. Manfred S. Guttmacher, the author.

"Doctor, don't tell me all about this man's background," he snapped. "I don't care if he wet the bed as a child. Just tell me in plain English if he's sane enough so I can hang him."

Today, legal psychiatry is still under heavy fire from all sides, but Dr. Guttmacher has won such respect for himself and his profession in Baltimore that he is known as the "Medical Judge." Last year, Guttmacher's Medical Office of the Supreme Bench advised on 400 cases ranging from murder to divorce, and, according to Anselm Sodaro, the State's attorney, 98 per cent of the office's recommendations on these cases were accepted by all parties.

In spite of the many noisy failures of psychiatry in our courts, Baltimore and a handful of other cities are quietly operating effective court clinics. In these few cities where it has been sensibly harnessed, psychiatry has been helping with the whole criminal problem, in some instances for as long as 30 years. These operations have accumulated a lot of evidence to prove that when legal psychiatry is properly used as a hard-working, down-to-earth member of the court team, it can offer protection for the community, rehabilitation for many offenders and a break for the taxpayer's pocketbook.

Of the nine adult psychiatric court clinics in operation, Chicago has two—one for its Municipal Court and a second for the Cook County Criminal Court; Pittsburgh has a Behavior Clinic of the Court of Quarter Sessions; Detroit, a clinic serving both municipal and criminal courts. Detroit has a clinic putting special emphasis on traffic offenders; Cleveland has a clinic serving its municipal and criminal courts; New York, with a long-established unit for its Court of General Sessions, recently set up a second for its magistrates' courts, Philadelphia also has one for its magistrates' court, and in Baltimore there's the Medical Office of the Supreme Bench.

All are pioneering ventures, but the Baltimore clinic, besides being one of the oldest, is also unique in scope. Not simply a behavior or psychiatric unit, Dr. Guttmacher's Medical Office of the Supreme Bench is the medical department of the criminal courts. It goes far beyond sanity questions, and functions in virtually every type of case, at times being called in to advise in civil cases.

Moreover, it is an economical operation that could serve as a practical blueprint for any city. Until this year, all the work has been done on a total annual budget of $12,000 by a team consisting of Carlos Schoenrich, a psychologist; Mrs. Gladys Weis, doubling as office secretary and fact gatherer; and Dr. Manfred S. Guttmacher, psychiatrist and chief officer. In March, a half-time psychiatric social worker, Mrs. Mildred N. Levy, joined this group. *(Continued on page 72)*

HARRIS & EWING

Dr. M. S. Guttmacher gives prisoner a Thematic Apperception Test. Suspect is shown series of picture cards, told to compose stories about them. What he writes may reveal kind of person he is. A psychotic might see this drawing as a ghoulish person enjoying being in a cemetery

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Get Up and Fight Again

When Dan first got his desperate idea, it seemed impossible and fantastic, utterly crazy. In the next moment, it became something a man could do—if he had the courage

By JEREMY H. GRIFFITH

DAN McDONALD held the reins behind the jogging mare with one hand, while with the other he pulled the big white election button from his blue overall pocket and read it again:

Which Willie will he be,
Willie B or Willie T?
Vote TAFT inside the White House gate
November third, nineteen eight!

Well, he thought, a smile curving his wide mouth, I guess Mr. Taft will get it all right. But he knew that even if ever he should become President McDonald, he'd never be happier than today, taking the long road around the mountain to Loyalton with his calf money in his pocket. Even Mr. Neville in the bank would be surprised at how much he had, and would probably say, "Another year like this, Dannie, and you'll have almost enough to go to that agricultural school you're always talking about."

He looked around for Shep, his brown-and-white collie, pacing the buckboard when he wasn't darting into the sagebrush after a jouncing jack rabbit. The dog was just returning from another mad but hopeless foray.

"Next time, Shep! We'll get 'im next time!"

The road curved toward the towering mountain, and the boy felt a swift pang to see again how bare it looked with the great white pines gone. Thousands of black stumps remained where the loggers had passed, sparing nothing but undergrowth. Three of the giant trees still stood in a cluster on the topmost ridge; why they were left uncut he didn't know. In the high air they seemed close enough to hit with a rock; above them a pair of buzzards wheeled in wide, lazy circles.

"Ten miles to town by road, Jess," he said aloud to the old mare. "Only four over the mountain as a buzzard flies. Don't you wish you were a buzzard, old girl?"

Hearing her name, the mare promptly slowed to a walk. Dan flicked her lightly with his buggy whip and she resumed her steady jog. The August sun felt warm without being uncomfortable, and he pushed back his wide-brimmed straw hat to feel the cool breeze from the mountain ruffle his unruly shock of fire-red hair. He patted his pocket to be sure the calf money was still there. Just feeling it made him feel good again.

Around the next bend he came upon the stranger.

First he saw the motionless black buggy in the middle of the road, then the stocky figure in the blue Sunday suit beating furiously at the fallen horse. The dappled gray lay quietly on its side, still in its harness. The man's arm rose and fell savagely, and he cursed at each stroke of the whip.

Dan pulled old Jess to a stop. The stranger saw him and threw down his whip.

"Going to town, bub?" The stranger's voice was hard, his eyes opaque and appraising in the flushed face.

Dan only said, "Steady, Jess," tied his reins, and vaulted to the road. He had to see to the dappled gray.

The horse lay on its side on a broken shaft, blood-flecked foam and crawling flies on its muzzle. Another hour and the buzzards would have him.

"He's dead, mister," said Dan his voice accusing. "You drove him so hard you broke his wind. Then you made him go on till he died."

"Damn it," said the man, "it was only a hired horse. I said, are you going to Loyalton?"

"You shouldn't have done it, mister," Dan continued stubbornly. "That was one of Myra Hunt's best horses. She needed that horse."

"To hell with the horse!" the stranger said. "I've got to get to Loyalton for the three-o'clock train."

"I can take you," Dan heard himself saying. "I've got to be there by three o'clock, too. The bank closes then."

The beady eyes were suddenly alert, but the voice was casual. "Making a deposit, bub?"

"Yes." Dan looked about for Shep. He was off somewhere after another jack rabbit.

Without warning, the boy felt his arms crushed in a grip of iron. The stranger's face was so close he could smell the sour breath.

"Hand it over, bub."

For a moment Dan didn't understand. Then his heart was in his throat, almost choking him.

"I worked hard for that money, mister—"

"Cut the chatter. Hand it over."

The boy tried to pull away. A hard fist crashed into his mouth. He felt teeth cracking, and a paralyzing shock raced through his whole body. His knees buckled, so that he would have fallen but for the relentless grip on his arms.

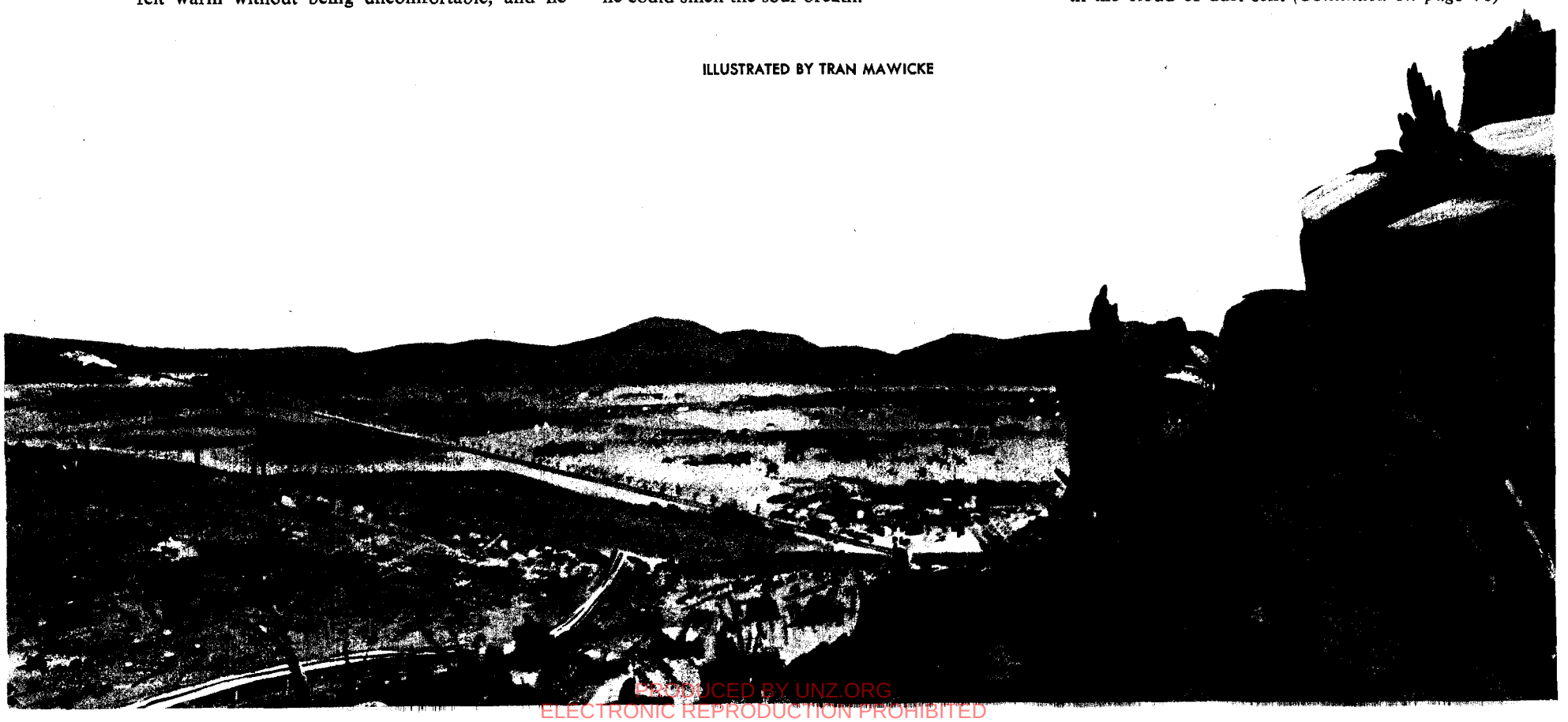
"Give it to me now, bub," said the stranger, grinning. Holding hard with one hand, he patted Dan's pockets with the other. When he had the money he loosened his grip as if to let go, then smashed his knee into the boy's groin. Dan fell to the white dust of the roadway, retching with wave after wave of nausea. Dimly, he saw the thief hurry to remove a large black leather bag from the hired buggy and place it carefully under the seat of the buckboard.

IT WAS then he heard the soft pad of Shep's feet, racing back from the brush, head down, teeth bared as he made for the man. In the last split second the thief heard the low growl and scrambled into the buckboard. Shep's teeth caught a piece of one leg; Dan heard the hoarse voice crying out, and the sound of ripping cloth. Then the man had a revolver out, his face contorted with anger as he tried to draw a bead on the raging dog.

"No!" Dan cried. "Don't shoot him, mister. Please don't shoot him!" He staggered to his feet and ran away into the sage, calling, "Here, Shep! Here, Shep!" The dog hesitated, then followed. The stranger pocketed his gun, drove old Jess around the hired buggy, and lashed at her with the whip. Rearing, the mare set off at a gallop, the buckboard swaying behind her.

Dan took out the red handkerchief to sop up the salty flow of blood from his mouth, and ran his tongue over the gap in his teeth. He felt Shep's head rubbing against his leg, trying to give the only comfort he knew. Boy and dog stood watching until the cloud of dust sent *(Continued on page 70)*

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IDENTIFICATION ORDER NO. 2434

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

FBI No. 1,323,551

WANTED

GUS HALL

CONSPIRACY TO ADVOCATE THE VIOLENT OVERTHROW OF THE GOVERNMENT

Photographs taken August 4, 1948

DESCRIPTION

Age 43, born October 8, 1910 at Virginia, Minnesota; height, 5'11"; weight, 220 pounds; hair, dark brown; complexion, [illegible]; Race, white; Nationality, American; Employment, National Secretary of Communist Party, U.S.A.; Scars and marks, small scar on forehead, two pockmarks on left cheek, mole right side of neck. Remarks: Sometimes wears mustache.

CRIMINAL RECORD

Hall has been convicted for possession of explosives and violation of election laws.

Hall was convicted on October 14, 1949 for violation of section 3 of the Smith Act (Section 11, Title 18, U.S.C., 1946 ed.). He was sentenced to five years imprisonment and $10,000 fine. The U. S. District Court in New York, N. Y. issued a Bench Warrant on July 2, 1951 for Hall's arrest when he failed to appear in Federal Court for commitment to prison.

Any person having information which may assist in locating this individual is requested to immediately notify the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, U. S. Department of Justice, Washington, D. C., or the Special Agent in Charge of the Division of the Federal Bureau of Investigation listed on the back hereof which is nearest his city.

IDENTIFICATION ORDER NO. 2434 (over) **Issued by: JOHN EDGAR HOOVER, DIRECTOR**

IDENTIFICATION ORDER NO. 2435

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

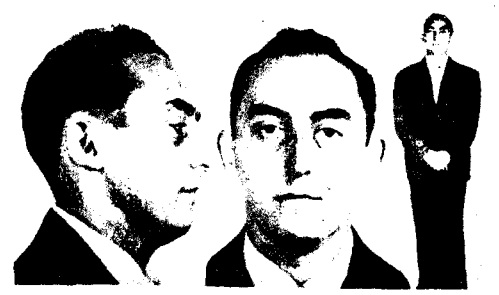
FBI No. 31,614A

WANTED

GILBERT GREEN

CONSPIRACY TO ADVOCATE THE VIOLENT OVERTHROW OF THE GOVERNMENT

Photographs taken August 4, 1948



DESCRIPTION

Age 44, born September 24, 1906 at Chicago, Illinois; Height, 5'6"; Weight, 150 pounds; Eyes, hazel; Hair, black, curly, high forehead; Complexion, dark; Build, medium; Race, white; Nationality, American; Employment, Chairman of District Number 8, Communist Party, U.S.A., Chicago, Illinois; Occupations, writer, lecturer, electrician, machine shop worker.

Green was convicted on October 14, 1949 for violation of Section 3 of the Smith Act (Section 11, Title 18, U.S.C., 1946 ed.). He was sentenced to five years imprisonment and $10,000 fine. The U. S. District Court in New York, N. Y. issued a Bench Warrant on July 2, 1951 for Green's arrest when he failed to appear in Federal Court for commitment to prison.

Any person having information which may assist in locating this individual is requested to immediately notify the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, U. S. Department of Justice, Washington, D. C., or the Special Agent in Charge of the Division of the Federal Bureau of Investigation listed on the back hereof which is nearest his city.

IDENTIFICATION ORDER NO. 2435 (over) **Issued by: JOHN EDGAR HOOVER, DIRECTOR**

OPERATION

A fantastic Communist plot of sabotage and destruction threatens America

LAST July, the FBI launched a great man hunt for four Communist bosses who had jumped bail while awaiting imprisonment for conspiring to advocate the violent overthrow of the United States government. Seven other Red leaders, convicted on the same charge, were on hand when the prison van called, but Gus Hall, Robert Thompson, Gilbert Green and Henry Winston had a special reason for skipping out:

They were the general staff of "Operation Storm," the Communist code name for an incredible anti-American campaign of subversion, espionage, treason and sabotage, culminating in revolution—and American Communist participation in a Soviet invasion!

From high-level leaks within the Communist party, from the life records of these four men, and from secret party records which this writer has in his possession, the plot can be pieced together. A close study shows why these particular men were chosen; although professional Communists leave no telltale traces behind, there are enough facts to develop the significant background. From them emerges a clear and frightening picture of Operation Storm and the men named to command it.

Hand-picked by Moscow's espionage headquarters (generally referred to as the "Center") from among the 11 top American Communists, the members of this quartet are, in Stalin's words, "people of a special mold," tough, reliable, and undeviating professional revolutionaries. Their disappearance cost the Communists $80,000 in confiscated bail, but for the party's purposes it was money well spent.

For, like the old Comintern (Communist International) crew which dug underground until the time to emerge was ripe—Tito of Yugoslavia, Pauker of Romania, Eisler and Pieck of Eastern Germany—the fugitive four could be counted on to bide their time in hiding or in exile until the bloody chaos the Kremlin hopes for had come to this country. The plan even provided safeguards in the event of their capture by the FBI; lieutenants now in the field have orders to take up the mission of destruction.

The decision which made fugitives of Hall, Thompson, Green and Winston, and which gave them command of the clandestine Communist apparatus in the United States, was carefully weighed. Ever since 1945, when the American party discarded the compromise tactics of Earl Browder and returned to its earlier rigid Marxism-Leninism, the four men had been marked for big things by the Center. They had been carefully trained, their lives placed under continual and close scrutiny. They were, in a sense, the revolutionary elite of American Communism.

Men of Real Revolutionary Caliber

The Communist Manual on Organization decrees that "if the class struggle demands it, the professional revolutionary will leave his family for months, even years." The four bail-jumpers were men of this caliber; the Center was not so certain it could extract the same devotion from the bumbling Eugene Dennis, nominal head of the party (because of the illness and semiretirement of Chairman William Z. Foster). Its counterespionage had warned that Jack Stachel, the party's propaganda chief and once "Stalin's man" in the U.S., was becoming disillusioned beyond the usual cynicism of the old Communist functionary.

During secret meetings of the American Politburo last April 7th, 8th and 17th, at a hotel in downtown New York, these suspicions against Stachel, the shrewdest and most experienced conspirator in the group, were crystallized.

At these sessions, Thompson and Green called for immediate sabotage work, in line with Operation Storm. The party was ready, they said. "A prerevolutionary condition" existed. Trouble in Korea and the Middle East was rocking the U.S. At any moment, the Soviet Union might move. In the argument, Benjamin J. Davis, former New York City Council member, called for increased efforts in provoking police violence against his fellow Negroes.

Stachel forgot all caution. "The party's hands on the Negro question aren't clean," he exploded. "Most of our heart bleeding is phony and the Negroes know it. We gab and gab, but what do we ever accomplish but collect nickels and dimes to pay for insurance for Ben Davis' limousine?"

Revolutionary talk was nonsense, he insisted, and called for moderate tactics instead. Bitterly, he accused Thompson, the party's New York State chairman, and John Gates, editor of the Daily Worker, of being *agents provocateurs* on the FBI payroll.

This was heresy, and only Stachel's personal ties to Moscow, and the fact, useful for propaganda purposes, that he was slated to go to federal prison, saved him from expulsion. The Red powers-that-be wrote him off as an underground leader. Hall, Thompson, Green and Winston got the nod.

Late in June, the highest individual Communist authority in the U.S.—a shadowy figure known only to top echelons of the Soviet secret police, to the Red Army's Fourth Bureau (Intelligence), and to a handful of American Reds—issued the com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IDENTIFICATION
ORDER NO. 2433
July 8, 1951

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

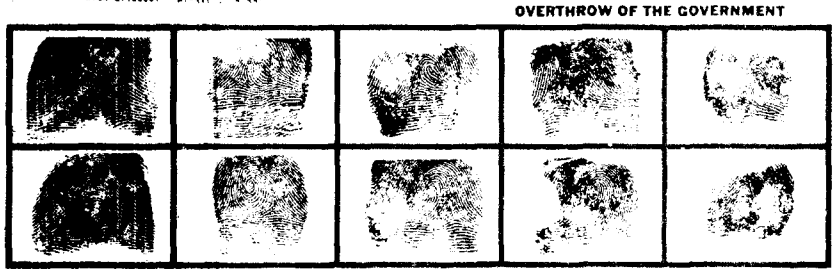
F.B.I. No. 7[illegible]

WANTED

HENRY WINSTON,

with aliases: "[illegible]"

CONSPIRACY TO ADVOCATE THE VIOLENT OVERTHROW OF THE GOVERNMENT



Photographs taken July 2[illegible], 1951

DESCRIPTION

Age 40, born April 2, 1911 at Hattiesburg, Mississippi; Height, 5'11½"; Weight, 200 pounds; Eyes, brown; Hair, black, kinky; Complexion, dark; Build, stocky; Race, Negro; Nationality, American; Employment, National Organizational Secretary, Communist Party, U.S.A.; Scars and marks, face pockmarked.

Winston was convicted on October 14, 1949 for violation of Section 3 of the Smith Act (Section 11, Title 18, U.S.C., 1946 ed.). He was sentenced to five years imprisonment and $10,000 fine. The U. S. District Court in New York, N. Y. issued a Bench Warrant on July 2, 1951 for Winston's arrest when he failed to appear in Federal Court for commitment to prison.

Any person having information which may assist in locating this individual is requested to immediately notify the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, U. S. Department of Justice, Washington, D. C., or the Special Agent in Charge of the Division of the Federal Bureau of Investigation listed on the back hereof which is nearest his city.

IDENTIFICATION ORDER NO. 2433 (over) Issued by: JOHN EDGAR HOOVER, DIRECTOR

IDENTIFICATION
ORDER NO. [illegible]
[illegible]

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

WANTED

ROBERT GEORGE THOMPSON,

CONSPIRACY TO ADVOCATE THE VIOLENT OVERTHROW OF THE GOVERNMENT

[illegible]

DESCRIPTION

Age 36, born June 21, 1915 at Grants Pass, Oregon; Height 5'9¾"; Weight, 170 pounds; Eyes, dark brown; Hair, brown thick, straight; Complexion, light; Build, muscular; Race white; Nationality, American; Employment, member National Board of Communist Party, U.S.A.; Scars and marks, bullet wound left knee, appendectomy. Remarks: speaks slowly, usually carries briefcase.

Thompson was convicted on October 14, 1949 for violation of Section 3 of the Smith Act (Section 11, Title 18, [illegible] 1946 ed.). He was sentenced to three years imprisonment and $10,000 fine. The U. S. District Court in New York, N. Y. issued a Bench Warrant on July 2, 1951 for Thompson's arrest when he failed to appear in Federal Court for commitment to prison.

Any person having information which may assist in locating this individual is requested to immediately notify the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, U. S. Department of Justice, Washington, D. C., or the Special Agent in Charge of the Division of the Federal Bureau of Investigation listed on the back hereof which is nearest his city.

IDENTIFICATION ORDER NO. 2432 (over) Issued by: JOHN EDGAR HOOVER, DIRECTOR

STORM!

By R[illegible] H de TOLEDANO

sparked by those top U.S. Reds who jumped [illegible] Its aim is Soviet invasion

mand that the quisling quartet was to skip bail and go underground. Transmitted to them circuitously by a series of trusted couriers, this order was accompanied by money, papers and passports establishing new identities. The four men were instructed to disclose their instructions to none of their colleagues.

They kept the secret faithfully. On July 2d, when the other seven of the "top eleven" surrendered themselves at federal court in New York to begin serving their five-year sentences, they were as surprised as the Justice Department to learn that comrades Hall, Thompson, Green and Winston had disappeared.

Yet the fact is that these men have been training themselves for years for just such a project as Operation Storm. The fugitives are more than four "activists" (as opposed to mere party dues payers) ready to do or die for dear old Lenin U.; they are a team in which every man fills a specific need. Within the neurotic framework of their fanaticism, they are nerveless men. They are all alumni of the Lenin School in Moscow; in the world Communist movement, this is both a caste mark and a prerequisite for high office.

For, at this top-level military academy, the strategy and tactics of armed revolt have been developed to an exact science. Much as West Point studies the wars of the past, the Lenin School takes as its text the armed insurrections of other eras.

Picked men receive instruction in strike strategy, weapons familiarization, military science, espionage and counterespionage methods, civil warfare, sabotage, street fighting and the organization of the Red Army. They are taught to manufacture homemade explosives, antipersonnel and demolition bombs, slow fuses and the like. Industrial sabotage—everything from short-circuiting a power line to spiking heavy machinery—is taken up. When a man graduates from the Lenin School, his strength and weaknesses have been assessed, his potentialities as an activist weighed.

Gus Hall attended the Lenin School in 1931, Gil Green and Henry Winston in 1933, Robert Thompson in 1935. Each one offered some important prerequisite for leadership in underground operations.

Attributes of Leadership Lacking

Gus Hall was to become national secretary of the U.S. Communist party, simply because the Comintern so directed. A big, husky man with rather vague, watery-blue eyes, he had none of the qualities which make a popular leader of a mass movement. He was both a bad speaker and a sloppy writer. The more sophisticated among the comrades have always been wryly amused at Hall's pretentious boast that he was born in a log cabin in Iron, Minnesota.

Yet to Moscow, it was important that—unlike most other American Communists—Hall is really a proletarian, the son of an old wobbly miner (a member of the old-line radical Industrial Workers of the World). At the age of sixteen (he is now forty-one) he had completed grade school and was ready to begin life as lumberjack, hobo, railroad worker, steelworker and, almost from the first, member of the Communist party.

After two years in Russia, he turned up as leader of a Minneapolis Young Communist League riot in 1934, boasting to a local court that "when the time comes" he would proudly fight against the American government. Active in the bloody Minneapolis Teamsters strike the same year, he was to reminisce later: "Never saw such a shellacking of police in my life. They were running all over the city, throwing away their badges."

By 1937, still using his union affiliations for the cause of Communism, he had shifted his operations to Ohio. In the CIO's "Little Steel" strikes that year, he put his Lenin School training to good use when he organized a "dynamite squad" in Youngstown and set up a paramilitary crew to terrorize nonstrikers and Republic Steel. When he was arrested for possession of dynamite and nitroglycerin, Hall shouted, "Frame-up!" But he pleaded guilty to the lesser charge of malicious destruction of property. The CIO paid his $500 fine and, within the year, he was running for governor of Ohio on the Communist ticket under his real name, Arvo Halberg. In 1941, he tangled with the law again—90 days in the Youngstown pokey for election fraud.

Hall enlisted in the Navy in 1943 and was honorably discharged in 1945, just in time to re-create the American party in Stalin's image following the ouster of Browder. For it was Hall who became the party's actual leader, although others outranked him technically. For the changing times, he was the perfect No. 1 man—steady, emotionless, a stickler for detail, a perfect sabotage machine. From the relative obscurity of the Ohio party he pushed ever higher into the hierarchy on East Twelfth Street, which until recently was the Communists' national headquarters in New York.

Where Hall supplied the organizational brawn, Gil Green furnished, presumably, the theoretical stability and cunning for the apparatus-to-be. At eighteen, a member of *(Continued on page 49)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rich, poor, city folk, farmers—they're one big happy family, come the first Thursday in October. Reunion is held on church grounds

America's Happiest FAMILY REUNION

Aunt Genia, of Graceville, Fla., at 92 was the oldest Williams attending 1950 reunion

The Williams clan is 22,000 strong, and every year those who can make it meet in Florida, to hug and kiss, sing—and eat mountains of food

By BILL WEEKS

FOR 364 days out of the year Florida's State Road 77, one of a dozen or more asphalt-and-gravel highways ranging out of Alabama and cutting unobtrusively across the Florida panhandle to the Gulf Coast, is a far from heavily traveled route, supporting only the usual farm-to-market traffic plus an occasional mild flow of week-end vacationers. But on the first Thursday of each October, between the hours of 9:00 and 11:00 A.M., State Road 77—and more particularly the 12-mile stretch from Chipley to Graceville—suddenly breaks out in a rash of movement that would do credit to U.S. Route 1.

Vehicles by the hundred stream northward from Chipley and southward from Graceville; at a point midway between, they abruptly swing off a highway onto a side road leading over a gully-washed ridge and into the red sand hills beyond. The conveyances are as varied as they are numerous. Their license tags bear the registrations of a dozen states and half of Florida's 67 counties. But all have a common destination: the little Church of Galilee, a red-brick, oak-shaded edifice squatting on the edge of a cornfield two miles east of Highway 77.

This annual traffic phenomenon, which confounds the casual wayfarer and sometimes the State Highway Patrol, regularly heralds another session of Florida's most fabulous get-together—the Williams family reunion.

Each year, on this first Thursday of October, the descendants of a prolific old Florida cowman named Andrew Elton Williams drop their businesses and pour into the little backwoods churchyard to hug and kiss, reminisce, exhibit new offspring, sing a few hymns and dine copiously.

With but one lapse, this ritual has been going on for 48 years, and since the Williamses admit no peers in the practice of racial propagation, the reunion has long since assumed astounding proportions. Last year alone, some 1,700 Williamses and Williams derivatives, representing 17 states and 34 Florida counties, flocked in for the occasion. Some, of course, journey no farther than "over the ridge." Others come from as far afield as Texas, Iowa and Michigan.

The Williamses appear in swank sedans, manure-scented farm trucks, ancient jalopies and even horse-and-buggies. One member created quite a stir a couple of years back *(Continued on page 75)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MORRIS MONS DE OCA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The groaning wire net which serves as a banquet table is piled with country delicacies. Women living within 200 miles cook and bring the food

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BLONDE CHASER

By VIRGINIA LEE

Spence had life taped: no family, no worries, and good old Kathy to scrounge meals from. But he had to keep her from throwing herself away on some oaf

IF LIFE had wanted an endorsement from Spencer Chaffee, he would have been glad to give it. At twenty-nine, Spence had a job as a junior partner in his uncle's small firm of investment counselors, most of whose clients made pleasant livings working the pitch of letters and the lively arts. Among them was Nadine Nelson, the beautiful blonde television star.

Spencer had an apartment in a remodeled brownstone in the Village, furnished nostalgically with stuff he had wangled from his family's fifteen-room gingerbread house in Grand Rapids. He had good clothes. He saw the best shows from fine seats. He had his health and plenty of cinnamon-colored hair. He had a keen interest in books, baseball, finance, and all the finer things of life, including most blondes.

Five or six years from now, when his nest egg could stand the strain without cracking, he thought he would buy a place in the country, pick out some likely blonde, marry and settle down.

In the meantime the setup was satisfactory, and *of course there was good old Kathy.*

Spence bounded up the stairs from his apartment to good old Kathy's above. In the six months that good old Kathy had lived in the brownstone, she had fed him frequently, darned his socks, conversed with him on an extensive range of subjects, and ministered to his ego.

Kathy was setting the table for dinner.

Good old Kathy was twenty-three, and if she hadn't chosen a career in merchandising, she could have modeled for any of the agencies. Her dark hair suggested a charcoal inspiration by a recognized master. Her eyes were the blue of clear water splashing over sapphires. Her cheeks were naturally pink with health. Her figure might have belonged to a blonde.

She was dressed this evening in a blue-and-white flowered apron over something blue. And all around her there was the most beguiling smell. Spence sniffed. It was roasting beef.

Kathy laid her hands palms downward on the gate-leg pine table that stood in the dining alcove of her living room, and said, "It struck me this afternoon. Ten years from now, if I go on the way I'm doing, I'll be a high-powered female executive. But ten years from now I could have three children. I could have a house in the country and a mortgage."

"Biologically it is possible, yes," Spence said.

"So I intend to get married."

Spence took a precautionary step backward.

"He's on his way to dinner now."

Spence took a step forward. "You're engaged, Kathy?"

"Not exactly. His name is Donald Brookfield and he works in my office. He lives in Westport, so he's used to commuting. He's the kind of fellow who could lead a Boy Scout troop and repair the vacuum cleaner, yet be so attractive at country-club dances that every woman there would envy me." Kathy's blue eyes grew wide. "I can't imagine why I didn't think of Donald before. He's absolutely perfect!"

Spence was still smiling at this hyperbole when he realized that Kathy was setting the table for

two. Only two places! He followed her into the kitchen. It was a neat, bright, well-organized kitchen.

"As long as this is Donald's first visit, Kathy, wouldn't it be wise to have a third person present, someone to exhibit an avuncular interest in you?"

Through her dark lashes, Kathy gave him a long, inscrutable look that he somehow construed as pity for one so unqualified as he to lead a Boy Scout troop. Kathy had a trick of pulling this enigmatic expression, which made the Mona Lisa seem like a garrulous schoolgirl by contrast. "I suppose the roast beef gets you," she said kindly.

"I'll make the drinks," Spence said quickly, reaching for the whisky that had been a present from him. He was amused by Kathy's sudden decision about matrimony. He knew, of course, that women were unaccountable when they were in the grip of their natural instinct to acquire a nesting place, but as often as he had observed the phenomenon it never failed to stir in him an uneasy awe. "See here, Kathy, are you sure you've thought about this carefully?"

"What is there to think about?" Kathy popped three Idaho potatoes into the oven and murmured absently, "There's a button coming off your shirt. Better give it to me before you send it to the laundry."

On the dot of seven, the doorbell rang. Donald Brookfield had brown hair, a brown suit, and a tan that gave him a glow of well-being. He was muscularly set up, heavier than Spencer, and his features were more even and impressive. He was twenty-five at the most. His manners had the easy excellence of the best schools. His smile was ready and sincere. Obviously, Brookfield was a boy geared to go places.

He presented Kathy with a big box of chocolates and a look that implied that he wished they were so many priceless gems. She smiled up at him as if they were.

When he saw Spence, his open face fell.

"Don't mind Spencer," Kathy said. "He lives in the apartment below and rises to the scent of home cooking. He chases blondes."

In the center of the dining table Kathy had a small pot of African violets, and long candles. The crystal glistened. The silver gleamed. The roast beef, the baked potatoes, the asparagus hollandaise and the salad were delicious.

As the meal went on, Donald looked more and more impressed. "I never tasted better roast beef, Kathy."

"Who do you like in the Series, Donald?" Spencer said.

Donald proved to be a sound man on baseball. Over the coffee, Spence decided that he approved of Kathy's getting married. Donald would be an addition to their circle. It would be pleasant to sit *around of an evening talking to them. Nice couple,* Donald and Kathy.

Kathy consulted the ormolu clock on the highboy, which she had bought at a secondhand store and Spence had sandpapered and painted for her, and said, "It's time we were starting, Donald. I don't want to miss the curtain." Standing up, she slipped the blue-and-white apron over her head and tossed it carelessly at Spencer. "Here, Spencey, you do the dishes."

THE next day, Tuesday, the only endorsement life could have squeezed out of Spencer was one attesting to its treachery. He sat slumped at his desk, trying to keep his mind on making money instead of "Here, Spencey, you do the dishes," when Nadine Nelson floated in on a blonde sea of Chanel No. 5 and ranch mink. Spence rocketed up off his backbone and pushed his eyes back into their sockets. Even in the forenoon Nadine's costumes were designed to strike with the impact of revelation.

"I need five hundred bucks, Spencey," she said, in the throaty tones she was learning to cultivate. From her perch on his desk, she waved her monstrous black eyelashes at him. "I just saw a marvelous bracelet. On television it'll screen like five thousand dollars."

"Nadine," Spencer said gently. "Honey. You know we're trying to save your money for you. I've explained about your annuities and bonds. You're way over your budget now. You haven't got a cent."

"Spencey," Nadine said, showing the determination that had transformed her from an untalented movie starlet to a television queen, "that bracelet I'm gonna have." Her eyelashes were swaying like palm fronds in a hurricane.

"I'll take you out to luncheon, Nadine, and we'll talk it over."

"All that's on my diet is *filet mignon.*"

Over the steaks, Spence re-explained the fundamental laws of economics and finance, while he tried to follow the movement of Nadine's eyelashes. Then he sighed, *(Continued on page* 46)

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

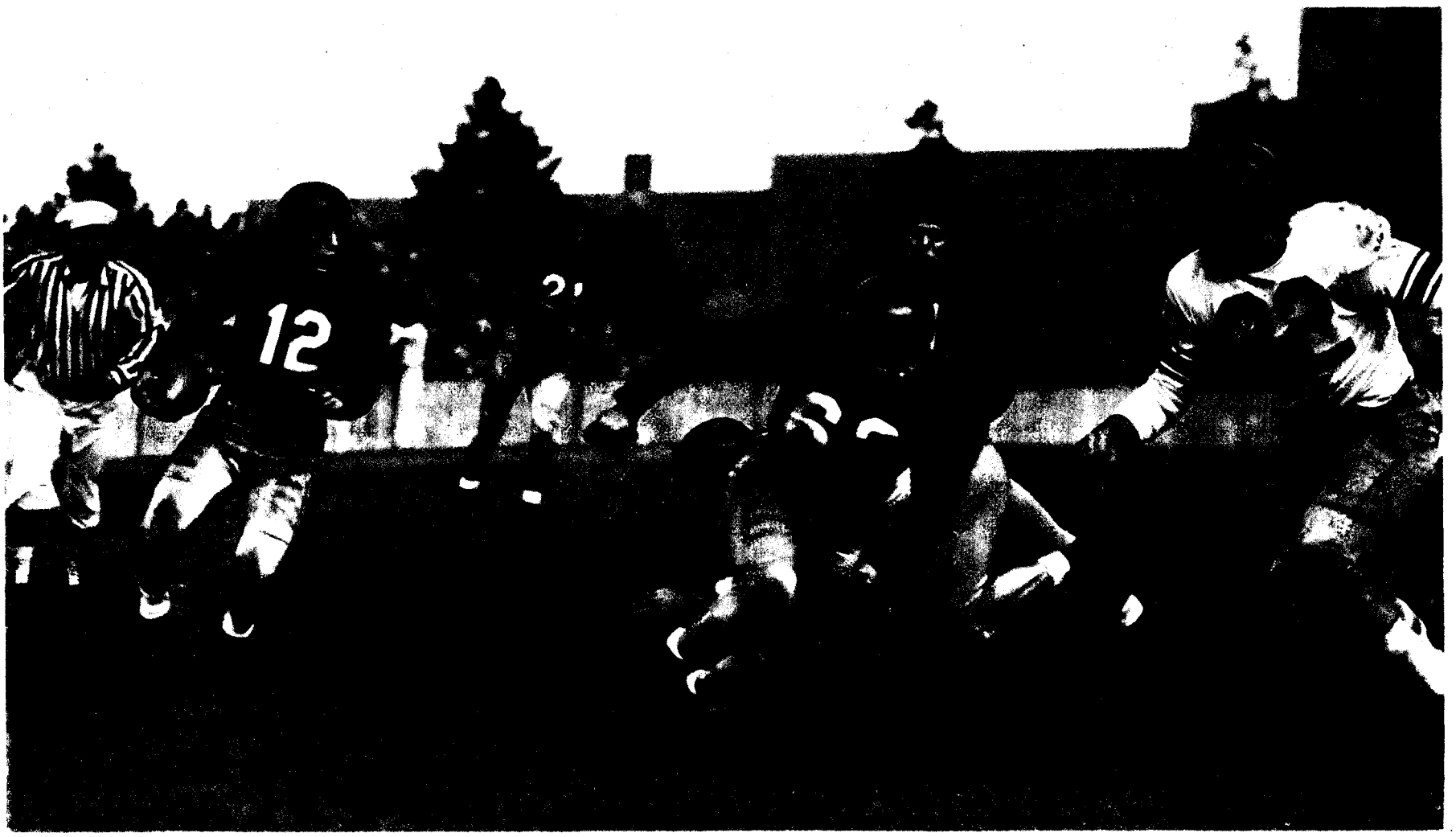
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nebraska's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"MR. TOUCHDOWN"

Bobby Reynolds' 157 points last year was tops for the nation and the highest total in three decades. Cornhuskers predict he'll be some shucks in '51, too



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HY PESKIN AND BOB GORHAM

Against Missouri last year, Bobby (12) went 33 yards to a TD through entire Tiger team. To do it, he had to cover almost 100 yards

By BILL FAY

A FEW minutes before the opening kickoff of the football game between Oklahoma and Nebraska at Norman, Oklahoma, last November, the announcer on the public address system invited the 54,000 spectators to pay particular attention to a sophomore Nebraska halfback named Bobby Reynolds.

"There he goes!" the announcer declared, as a white-jerseyed Nebraskan grabbed a practice punt on the dead run. "That's Reynolds—Number 12—the nation's leading college scorer. Reynolds started the season with three touchdowns against Indiana . . . then kept right on rolling along with two touchdowns against Minnesota . . . three against Colorado . . . three more against Penn State . . . one against Kansas . . . three against Missouri . . . three against Kansas State . . . and one against Iowa State. That's 19 touchdowns in eight games, ladies and gentlemen, and it's beginning to look like Nebraska's Mr. Reynolds simply can't be stopped . . ."

As might be expected, this flattering introduction by the Oklahoma announcer (a subtle form of gridiron psychological warfare) profoundly agitated the home team; at the time, Coach Bud Wilkinson's Oklahoma lads were unbeaten and untied in 29 consecutive games and ranked No. 1 nationally in the Associated Press poll. By way of showing their disdain for Reynolds' reputation, they seized the opening kickoff and pounded 76 yards in 10 plays for a touchdown. What's more, when Nebraska went on the offensive, the Oklahomans bounced Reynolds backward on three successive running attempts for a total net loss of seven yards.

Having thus put Nebraska's sophomore phenomenon in his place, firmly but not gently, the aroused Oklahomans slammed 65 yards for another touchdown and a 14-0 lead.

Then, just when it appeared that the allegedly unstoppable Reynolds had been stopped, a red-jerseyed Oklahoma back fumbled.

Nebraska recovered on the Oklahoma 20. Quarterback Fran Nagle called Reynolds' favorite maneuver—a slant off right tackle. Bobby scampered into the end zone. Touchdown!

When Francis Wallace flashed word to us that Bobby Reynolds was a top cover bet for the issue carrying his annual football preview (Collier's Sept. 15th), we followed up fast by assigning Bill Fay, Midwest editor, to wrap up the kid fans have named "Mr. Touchdown" —The Editors

An exchange of punts later, Nebraska drove 40 yards to the Oklahoma 13. Nagle called upon Reynolds and Bobby scooted around left end. Touchdown!

Five plays after that, the disconsolate Oklahomans fumbled again on their 16-yard line. Nagle called Reynolds' signal. Bobby sliced off left tackle. Touchdown!

Eventually, Oklahoma's man power overwhelmed Nebraska, 49 to 35, but Reynolds' three-touchdown blitz on this last day of the season (spectacularly executed within the span of 33 plays against 1950's national champions) made Bobby the highest intercollegiate scorer in more than 30 years. Averaging 2.4 touchdowns per game over the season, he rolled up 157 points (22 touchdowns and 25 conversions), for the biggest total since Jim Leech compiled the all-time high of 210 points (26 touchdowns, 48 conversions and two field goals) for Virginia Military Institute in 1920.

Excluding Leech, only three other college players have ever accumulated more points in one season than Nebraska's Reynolds. Jim Thorpe counted 198 for Carlisle in 1912; Jerry DePrato racked 188 for Michigan State in 1915; and Bill Ingram tallied 162 for *(Continued on page 58)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PILLAR of the COMMUNITY

By WILLIAM FULLER

I'm just a poor, spooky little man, but I loved that Bessie Birdsong and it was breaking my heart to have old big-talking John cut me out

"ASA," I said, "I ever tell you about Long Tom Osceola?"

Asa Birdsong never said a word.

"Biggest dad-burned Indian in this world!" I said.

Asa just stared out over his land.

"Fearless, that Indian! Ride anything with hair on it!"

Asa picked at his teeth with a stove match. He hunched up his great big shoulders. He glowered at me. "Rance," he said, "I don't care to hear another word about that Indian. I reckon you've told me about that Indian nine hundred and twenty times. I declare I don't ever want to hear another word about that Indian, and that's a fact!"

It seemed like I just couldn't do right any more. It seemed like I didn't have a friend in this world. I had no business sitting there on Asa Birdsong's front stoop. I should have been back at my home place down the road. But a man gets lonesome, living by himself. A man gets mighty blue.

"Like you say, Asa." I stood up to go.

"Sit down, dang you!" Asa said.

I knew I shouldn't do it. But I did. I had put in many an hour sitting there on Asa's front stoop, spinning yarns with Asa. And letting the warmth of our friendship thaw the cold reaches of my blueness. And letting the home sounds of Asa's house —the clinking clatter of dishes as Asa's wife Opal did them in the kitchen, the snuffling whine of Asa's old hound Prince, as he slept by the stove and dreamed himself twitch-footed up a warm trail —get inside me and chink the crannies of my lonesomeness.

Now, from inside the parlor, I heard a sound that—for all my cussing myself as a fool, and not-so-young fool to boot—gave a twisty tear at my heart. I heard Bessie Birdsong giggle. That was a lovely giggle. A young and happy giggle. I knew that Asa's daughter, Bessie, now a grown girl of courting age, was entertaining John P. Withers in the parlor. And I knew that giggle, with all its youngness and happiness, was for him.

To cover my yearnings, I said quickly to Asa, "Asa," I said, "it's a mighty fine evening. I got me a new Walker bitch with a voice that won't keep. What say you and I go try her out?"

I might have known what he would say. He had been singing the same song since John P. Withers had started hanging about his house. "Rance," he said, "I sure would like to do it. You know how much I admire listening to a good hound talk. But I'm bound over to go to a meeting tonight with John P. Withers. The responsible men of this section are meeting tonight down in town. John P. and I are getting up a petition to force the county to build us a new schoolhouse."

"What ails the one we got?"

"It ain't modern."

"All right," I said. "It ain't modern."

"Rance," he said, "you can't be made to realize that this section is changing. This section is not backwoods any more. This section's progressing, Rance. It's up to us to move with it!"

Oh, but he'd changed. My, but he'd changed some! And I didn't like it a bit. "Progress," I said. "Progress, foot! I know it's changing, but that don't make me like it! What this section needs is a little retardment. Getting to where a man can't live natural any more. Rules, regulations and responsibilities! I'm going on home!"

"Rance," Asa said. "You poor, spooky little man, you. You've come to have about as much face-up-to-itiveness as some swamp rabbit. I reckon it comes of living alone so long. What you need to do is to get married. Nothing like a good woman to make a man face up to his responsibilities."

Just then Bessie and John P. Withers came out on the stoop. You couldn't have hauled me off that stoop then with a brace of Georgia mules. That's what Bessie Birdsong had come to do to me, though I never had rustled up the gumption to tell her. Now she was looking at John P. like he was a natural man. Her eyes shone blue as deep-sea water on a sparkly day. Her lips were parted slightly and her teeth were white and bright behind them. If I was Asa, I thought, I'd boot that big-talking scraper John P. Withers right off that front stoop into the yard dirt.

Not that John P. wasn't smart. He wasn't but my age, thirty or so, but he owned about half the town of Chinaberry. They said he had about a hill-high stack of dollar bills stashed away. You hear Asa's wife Opal and Bessie tell it—and here lately even Asa himself—the fat-faced scofer played second fiddle to God! He was a lawyer by trade and a behind-the-scenes county politician by choice. They said he was a good lawyer. All I knew was, I'd feel mighty sorry for a widow woman with John P. Withers handling her inheritance. For that widow woman would sure God end up on the relief! And John P. would be buying in a couple of more town lots!

WITHERS hauled out a watch that must have weighed a pound. "Time to go, Asa," he said. He saw me sitting there. "Oh," he said. "You here again, Odell?"

"I ain't saying," I said. "Howdy, Bessie."

Bessie smiled at me. I could hear my heart pounding. "Hey, Rance," she said. "How you making it?"

"I'm making it fine. How you making it?"

"I'm making it fine, Rance."

John P. interrupted our conversation. "Here's something you can tell that bunch of loafers down at the feed store, Odell. We've had enough of the way the county school board is neglecting the city of Chinaberry. We've persuaded Asa here to run for the school board in the fall elections!"

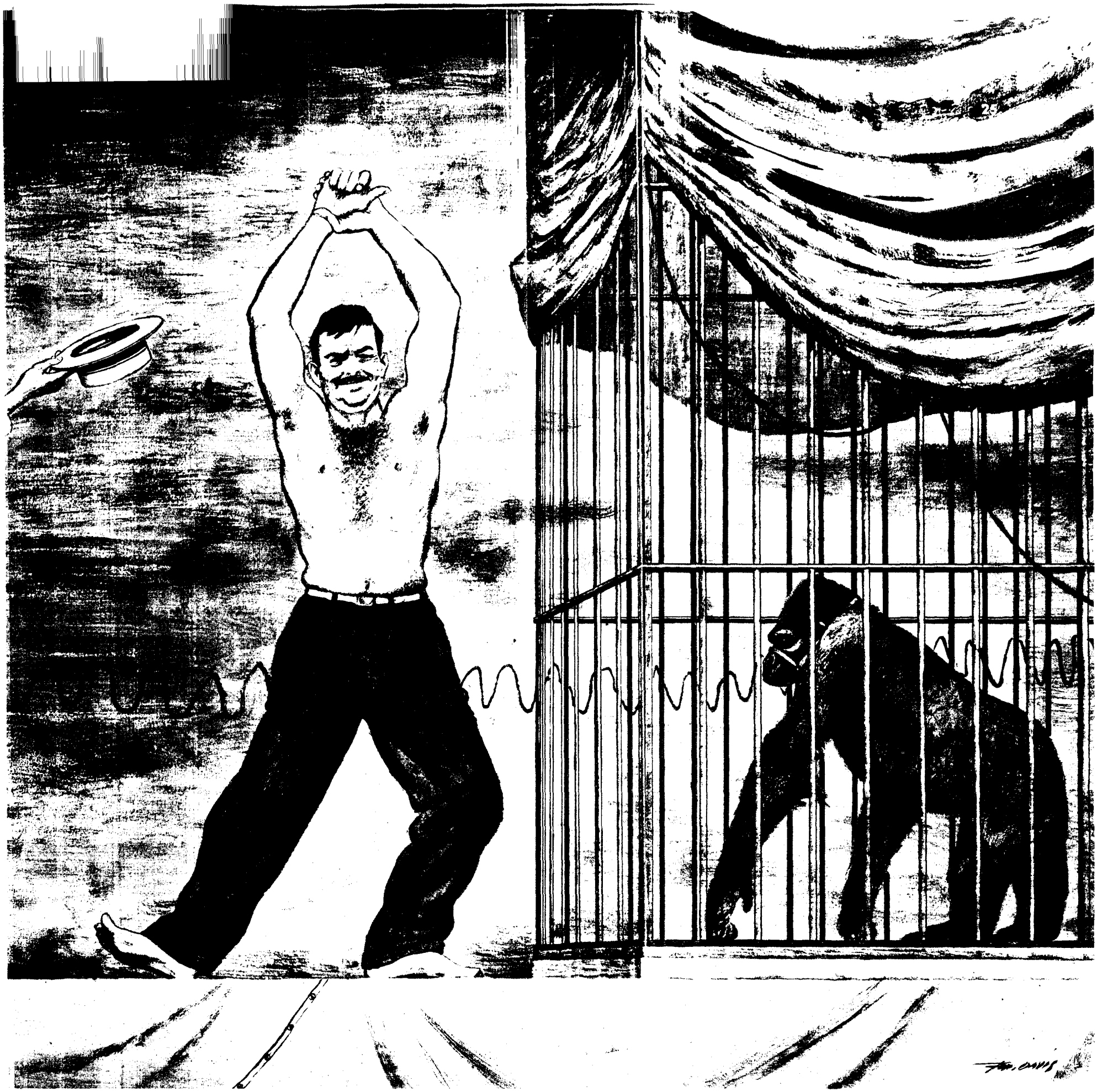
Asa looked full of himself.

"Ain't that just dandy," I said.

They all looked at me like I'd stole the lock off the henhouse door. Then John P. and Asa took off for their meeting. I hung around trying to think out something pretty to say to Bessie. Before I could think of it Bessie and her mama took off for town. There wasn't a thing for me to do but go on home.

I got in my old car and drove on down the red clay road. I started feeling real lonesome again. All I could think on, at first, was how much better life had been when Asa Birdsong and I—in spite of the difference in our ages—had been sworn buddies. That was back—and not so long ago, either —before Asa had decided that it was his bounden duty to become a pillar of the community. That was back when Asa would drop most anything he happened to be doing when the spirit moved him, and he and I would take off into the woods for a few days. We'd hunt some or we'd fish some or, if we felt like it, we'd just laze around the fire and drink a little and spin yarns sometimes until the sky grayed in the east. We weren't doing a thing important, and that is true. But I just naturally

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Every time somebody would make a good joke on Asa, Asa would grin and clasp his hands over his head the way prize fighters do

thought it was fine out there, living the way folks had lived before they got to worrying about progress, respectability and money in the bank. Folks like Asa—now that it looked like John P. Withers might become a member of his family.

Oh, we'd had some fun, Asa and I, I was thinking as I drove along home. We had done a fine lot of loafing and roistering about the countryside at cockfights, coon hunts and the like. There had been a lot of little boy in Asa before he'd changed his way of life. He'd joke and he'd take dares and he'd laugh and fight or frolic with the best of them, for the spark of fun was in him always. I was minded of the time he and I and my three bragging kinfolk from Marion County went on a bear hunt. We'd roistered all right, and my three bragging kinfolk had finally got their fill of liquor and had staggered off to bed in the bunks in the cabin.

"These kinfolk of yours, they've killed many a big bear, Rance," Asa said, and I saw the sparkle in his eyes.

"What you got on your mind, Asa?"

He showed me. We strapped stock saddles to the backs of my three bragging kinfolk as they lay there snoring in their heavy whisky sleep. Then Asa sent me down to the bayhead beyond the cabin to call five lean, mean razorback hogs in from the brush and toll them up to the cabin with scraps from the table. Then Asa was throwing open the door and I was driving the hogs into the cabin and Asa was beating a tin drum with the poker and the hogs were stampeding about that cabin and Asa and I were yelling at the top of our voices, "Bear here! Bear here!"

And my three bragging kinfolk were leaping wild-eyed from their bunks and running, two for the door, the third for an open window. And then Asa and I were sprawled right out in the sand outside that cabin, laughing ourselves rubber-jointed at the foolish sight of my three bragging kinfolk standing there glowering at one another with the stock saddles still strapped to their backs!

That's the kind of a man Asa Birdsong had been.

I was driving slow. But it wasn't slow enough. I was back at my home place all too soon. I was walking into the cold, darkened house. And I was thinking as hard as I could of Bessie Birdsong, trying to dream her brightness and freshness and happiness right into that room with me, to drive away the cold and the gloom. But the dream wouldn't work, and my dream was over, and I was standing there achy-armed and catch-throated in that six-sided, empty-faced room.

I lit the lamp on the *(Continued on page 42)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD DAVIS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALAN

He's a guy who does nothing

By LLOYD SHEARER

AN AFFINITY for minor mishap first fixed Alan Young in the public eye at the delicate age of six. Appearing in a school play in his boyhood town of Vancouver, British Columbia, he fell flat on his face before the footlights, just as the curtain rose. Undismayed, he gazed out at his audience and announced in solemn wonder, "What a bump *that* was!" Then he trotted off into the wings, to tumultuous applause.

Since then, there's been scarcely a day when Young hasn't tripped over an electric light cord, walked into a door, lost his keys down a grating, or attracted other trouble of a similar nature. The sight of Alan suffering another defeat at the hands of civilization has never stopped amusing people; by simply re-enacting his personal disasters before a television camera—and adding a few more that *might* have happened (and may yet)—he has become TV's most popular comedian of the beloved bumbler, or sad sack, school.

"People won't believe it," says his wife, Virginia, "but on television he's actually playing himself. Sometimes I wish CBS could set up a camera or two around the house. Within a week, I promise you, we'd have enough film for half a dozen shows. Like the time he tried to fix the plumbing."

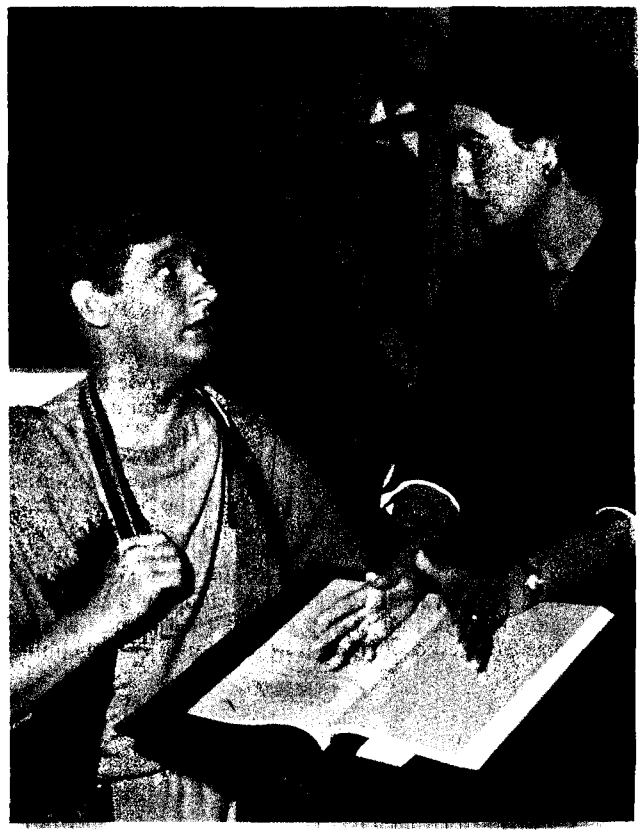
It seems that the water, for some reason, wouldn't run in the Youngs' kitchen sink. Dreading the inevitable, Mrs. Young begged her husband to get the plumber, but Alan would have none of it. "I'm good at this sort of stuff," he said. "Where's the wrench?"

For half an hour, Alan struggled grimly with the offending pipes. Finally, thoroughly at a loss, he called the plumber. The plumber looked at the socket, said gently, "You been turning your wrench the wrong way," and proceeded to repair the sink in a matter of minutes.

Early this summer, having come to the end of a long and tiring series of television programs, Alan thought he had earned a week-end's vacation. "Why don't we," he asked his wife, "take a drive up to Apple Valley tomorrow? It's only 100 miles from Los Angeles and the change will do us good."

The comedian's real name is Angus, and his folks were Scottish, so he comes honestly by the kilts and bagpipe—although infant son Cameron seems to have his doubts. Mrs. Young's name is Virginia

On set of Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick, in which Alan plays country boy who bests city slicker. Left to right, producer George Seaton, director Claude Binyon, producer William Perlberg, Young



Actress Jean Simmons rehearses Alan for his lead role in the film Androcles and the Lion

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOUNG—Beloved Bumbler

right. And that's fine, because he re-enacts his mishaps on TV, and they're hilarious

Full of enthusiasm, they climbed into their car the following morning and set out for Apple Valley. After driving 100 miles, Young stopped at a filling station. "Can you tell me," he asked the attendant, "if the Apple Valley Inn is near here?"

There was a moment's silence, and then the man pointed up the road. "That way," he said. "Two hundred miles in the direction you just come from."

Looking at Alan, it is easy to believe that the next move he makes will end in catastrophe, and this perhaps explains why he was such an immediate hit on television. Described in the trade as a "sight" comedian (one who relies on gestures and expression, rather than on witty dialogue, for his laughs), Alan is the living, breathing example of the harmless bungler he portrays on his show. His hair is lank and pale, his eyes mildly hazel, his voice high-pitched, and his manner tentative and slightly bewildered.

Young makes no bones about the fact that his comedy style was inspired by Charlie Chaplin and such other pioneer film pantomimists as Harry Langdon, Buster Keaton and Harold Lloyd—although, since he is not quite thirty-one, he was unable to see these comedians at the height of their careers in silent films.

Charlie Chaplin's Success Formula

"I once heard Chaplin explain the secret of his success," Alan confides: "'Do something funny, but don't be funny while doing it.' And right there I realized that was the basis of most humor. Let a guy be smashed in the face with a pie, or have a dog bite off the seat of his pants, and the audience will scream."

According to Jack Benny, who should know, few comedians handle this sort of pseudopathetic humor better than Alan does. "Young gives his audience a feeling of comfortable superiority," Benny says.

It is only natural that the motion-picture industry, which found such a bonanza years ago in Chaplin and the other great comics of the silent era, should be scrambling for Young's services (although it wasn't always thus, for Hollywood gave him up as hopeless two years ago). Today, Alan is one of those rare performers who has simultaneous contracts with two studios. Having just finished starring in a picture called Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick, for Paramount, he is now hard at work for RKO (in between TV shows) on the movie version of George Bernard Shaw's Androcles and the Lion.

The latter picture, with its well-known story of the beast who saved the life of a man who had befriended him, is a natural for Young—at least, in the Shaw version. In his prologue to the drama, the Irish playwright presents a description of Androcles which goes, in part: "He is a small, thin, ridiculous little man who might be any age from thirty to fifty-five. He has sandy hair, watery, compassionate blue eyes, sensitive nostrils, and a very presentable forehead . . ."

With certain allowances (the comedian's eyes, for example, are not blue), the description might be that of Young, who stands just over five feet, 10 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, and appears to be of indeterminate age. To RKO producer Gabriel Pascal, Alan fits the character of Androcles in almost every respect. "He has deep humanity, deep humility," says Pascal. "He has boyish sadness—a tender, poor-fool kind of thing.

"When Androcles is released," the producer adds, "Young will be the greatest comedian in America."

Among the others who eagerly attest to Young's personal warmth are his television writers, Nate Monaster and Stan Shapiro. Having slaved for a number of other top comedians, the two writers insist that Alan is easiest to work for—and not just because he does a (*Continued on page* 54)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY JOHN FLOREA AND BOB LANDRY

As mermaid Jeanne Mahoney watches in disbelief, diver Young munches lunch in television skit. He accomplished this feat by quickly opening his face plate, grabbing bite, then battening hatch again

In this TV routine, comedian lost cantaloupe price war to competing grocer Cesar Romero. After Young cut price to one cent a melon, Romero bought him out, thus cornering market for whole town

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

High fashion model Susie Parker, at 18, averages $500 a week. She's at the top, but her feet hurt

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

The MODEL LIFE

CLUTCHING high hopes and small savings, some 10,000 girls every year journey to New York, the nation's mecca for mannequins, in search of the model life. They dream of joining what seems to be a glamorous and carefree parade of beautiful women followed by handsome men followed by cameras.

Of the hopeful 10,000, perhaps 100 eventually reach their goal and become top photographic models. Another 1,000 or so lose themselves in a labyrinth of wholesale and retail fashion showrooms, at an average of $50 a week. The others are detoured completely.

The girls on these pages have made the grade in the six categories which, generally, represent the profession. And each has come to realize that modeling isn't what it's cracked-up to be.

For nineteen-year-old Edna May Thompson, who works for dress manufacturer Henry Rosenfeld, the model life is an endless series of quick dress changes for demanding buyers—at $55 a week. Edna dreams of floor work in some plush salon. If the dream comes true she will find, like Kay McKeever of exclusive Bergdorf Goodman, that floor models get no closer to glamor than the clothes they wear and have about as much fun as a wax dummy. Kay, twenty-three, thinks photographic modeling *must be a livelier art than her $60-a-week job.*

It is, according to Lynn Dalton, twenty-three, a commercial model who supplies allure for story illustrations. More, Lynn says: "It's nerve-racking. Blinding lights and cramped muscles." For enduring the strain she gets $20 an hour, 10-odd hours a week.

Junior fashion model Margie Sullivan, nineteen, finds it easier to make her $20 an hour. "Young fashions are more fun than svelte stuff," she points out. "You don't have to act sophisticated to fit the clothes." In slow seasons, however, Margie works as a salesgirl to build up her average earnings to $150 a week.

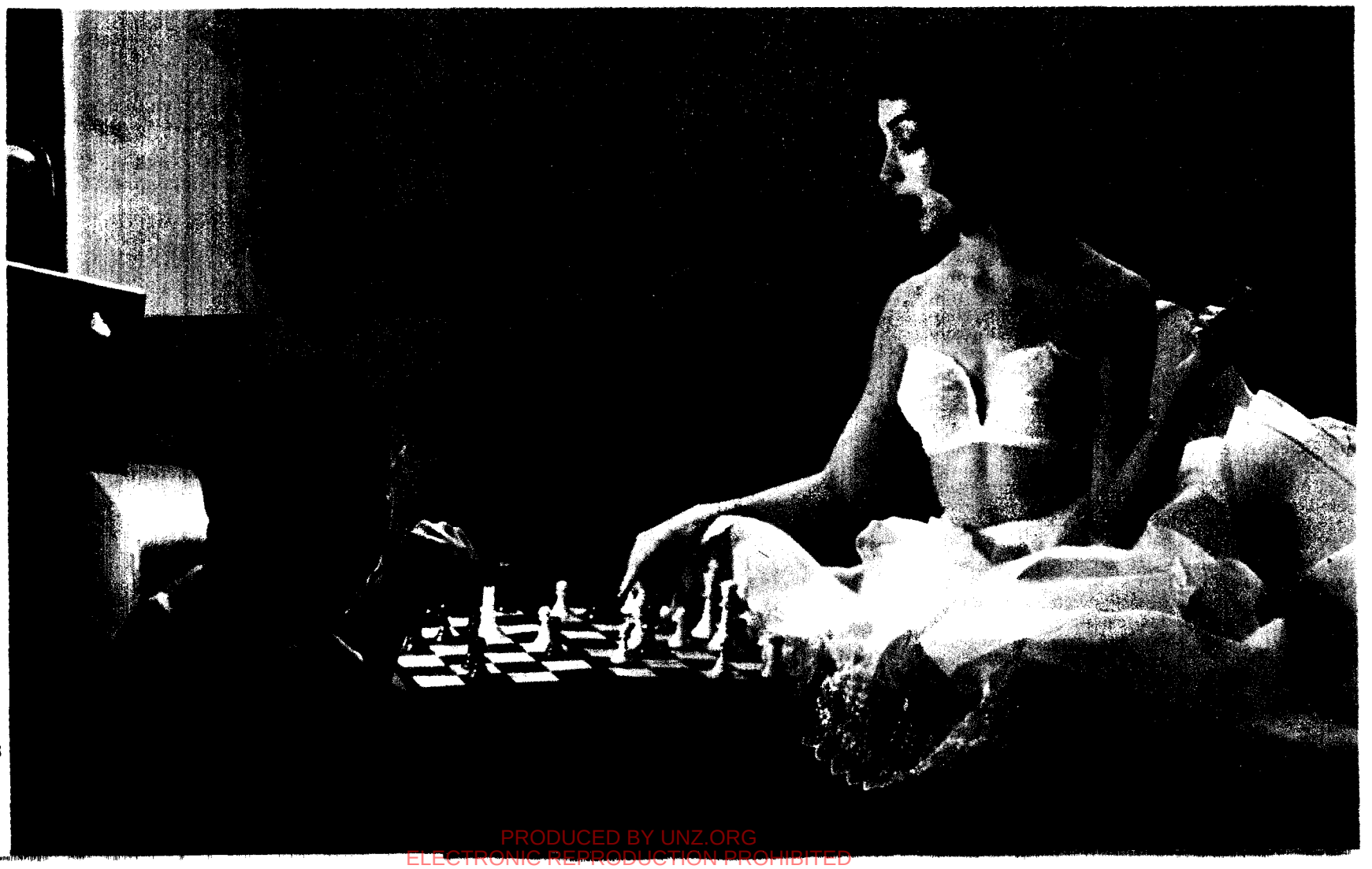
Twenty-three-year-old Annlee Danels is an advertising model specializing in lingerie. For such assignments she earns $50 an hour, says: "At least it's good to my pocketbook." Other modeling chores help round out her income to $250 weekly.

To all these girls, high-fashion model Susie Parker, eighteen years old and averaging $500 a week, symbolizes the top. Yet, even in Susie's case, the dream-come-true is calloused by reality. Although she may report for work decolletaged instead of white-collared, Susie must show up at nine—to face a small army of designers, photographers, advertisers, fitters, who pin her, pose her, turn her, twist her. For her, too, hot lights are torture and every muscle rebels against impossible poses.

And this is success; this is the model model life—more work than glamor, and less bliss than blisters.

MARTHA WEINMAN

Advertising model Annlee Danels earns $50 an hour for lingerie jobs but would rather be a singer, because "it's more creative work"



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Junior fashion model Margie Sullivan, 19, still poses for same sort of fashions she glorified at 14. She's wife of a young accountant

Wholesale model Edna May Thompson wears 30-odd dresses a day, must double as salesgirl

Floor model Kay McKeever shows chic clothes she can't own to famous people she won't meet

Commercial model Lynn Dalton, less charmed than she looks, would prefer job in television

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SHARLAND

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOUCHES of PINK

Life was awfully dull for Isabel. Timmie was always tired, and there was nothing to do but go to parties and buy new dresses—nothing to do but try to steal another woman's husband

By SPEED LAMKIN

AFTER the last World War most of the well-off young people of Miro built their first houses in a lovely new section called the Auburn Lots. The Lots had once been dark green woods separating the cotton fields from Bayou St. John. For seventy years this property had belonged to the Claytons, an old and fading Miro family. When Miss India Clayton, given up as a spinster English teacher at thirty-four, fell in love with and married a lieutenant in the Navy, she put up her share of the property for sale. Her share became known as the Auburn Lots, because her hair had been rich dark auburn. But only the old families in Miro remembered Miss India Clayton.

The new people in Miro probably thought that the property got its name from Isabel Fearing's hair. Isabel lived in the Auburn Lots, and Isabel's auburn curls were a great deal more famous than Miss India Clayton's. In every small American city at that time there was a rich, careless girl like Isabel. Talk about Isabel would temporarily push the war out of conversations at the country club; in fact people kept up with her the same way that they kept up with Dick Tracy or an important star in Hollywood. They had been talking about Isabel since she was fourteen years old.

At that important age she was seen parked at a drive-in restaurant, kissing the handsomest and fastest senior of Bird High School. At fifteen she had got the reputation of a girl who had to be watched, and she was sent away to boarding school.

Miss Darlington's, in Dallas, was undoubtedly the most expensive school for girls in the entire South. Three sixteen-year-olds had full-length mink coats, and a fat girl from Atlanta arrived every September in her father's private plane. So far as Isabel was concerned, Miss Darlington's was prison. She had to smoke in the bathroom; when she had a date with a sailor, she was nearly expelled.

From Miss Darlington's, Isabel went to Louisiana State University. With a Buick convertible, two trunks of dresses, and her passion for fun, she soon became the rage of the campus. Within three months, Isabel had loused up her college career. She eloped with Timmie Fearing, a lanky, penniless intellectual, a student of creative writing, with blue eyes and enormous artistic ambitions. He was, people exclaimed, the last person in the world you would have expected Isabel to marry.

Since the marriage three years before, Timmie's ambitions had deteriorated one by one: from becoming a writer to becoming a psychiatrist to becoming an English teacher—all for Isabel. Finally, Timmie accepted a job as a salesman at the large mayonnaise factory owned by Isabel's father, and within three years the young Fearings had built a low gray-pink modernish house out in the Auburn Lots. The house was set on a piece of ground thickly screened by live oaks, bamboo and honeysuckle vines. The house had four pink rooms and a pale-pink door, and two months after the house was built Isabel had got tired of it. She spent the rest of the money which her parents had given them for furniture on more clothes for herself.

While Timmie worked hard all day, Isabel slept till noon, leaving the housework up to Ollie May Clay, the colored girl. At noon she had Melba toast, marmalade and tea on a pale-pink bed tray. From one to two she bathed, and fixed her face, and from two thirty to five thirty she played canasta with the young wives of the Auburn Lots. She varied her days with visits to the beauty parlor and to Miss Johnnie's Dress Shoppe.

The nights were worse than the days. Timmie wanted to read and to listen to records on the record player.

"Timmie darling, can't we go to see Gregory Peck? It's a divine movie, really it is."

"Timmie, we'll have to have supper at the country club. I forgot to tell Ollie May what to order."

"Timmie, I just can't stay cooped up in this house another minute."

You saw them driving late at night: Isabel, puffing on a cigarette, resting her auburn curls on the back of the seat, Timmie keeping his tired blue eyes on the white line.

ISABEL'S bed was in a window alcove at the front corner of the house. It was a modern bed and it was so low that behind her back the other young wives called it "the cat's pallet." For two months the building of a white cottage diagonally down the street had been disturbing her so much that it was impossible to sleep past nine o'clock.

One morning Isabel woke up at nine, and she heard no noise. When she turned on her side to look out the window, she saw through the trees and vines that the house was finished: a charming cottage with old-fashioned green shutters and a sweet Georgian doorway. A yellow moving van had stopped in front of the cottage, and a young wife in slacks, her hair done up in a bandanna, was giving directions to four husky men.

"Ollie May! Ollie May!" cried Isabel.

"Yes'm, Miz Fearing?" Ollie May came grinning to the doorway. Ollie May had one bright gold tooth in front, and this tooth, framed in a smile, was the first thing that Isabel noticed when she woke up in the mornings. No matter what humor Isabel woke up in, Ollie May always smiled.

"Ollie May, they're moving in!"

"They sure is, Miz Fearing. The young lady, as I passed by, said good mawnin' to me."

"She did?" said Isabel. "I wonder where they're from."

Isabel turned again to look at the cottage. A tall, brown-haired young man had come up beside his wife. Their arms were around each other's waists, and they were looking at their cottage.

Isabel sipped her tea; then she squinted her golden cat-eyes to take in more of the scene. This time she saw a red cocker spaniel chewing at the young man's trouser cuffs. The young man, still with his arm around his wife, was telling the dog to go away.

Two days later, Ollie May reported to Isabel that pots of ferns had been placed in the kitchen window, that the young wife did her own housework, and that she even baked her own bread because the husband liked homemade bread. Later that morning Isabel saw the wife planting rose bushes along a red brick walk. At ten thirty Isabel dressed herself in a pink linen sun dress, and decided to take a walk in the direction of the cottage.

"How do I look, Ollie May?" she asked.

"You's out of a picture book, Miz Fearing. Pink sure is your color."

"Yes," Isabel said. "If I ran the world, I'd paint everything—trees, bridges, and even post offices—pink."

"You got just about everything in this house pink right now, honey."

Isabel left her house, and with a cigarette glowing between her lovely manicured fingers, she crossed the shady Auburn Lots road toward the cottage. The cocker spaniel, playing in the road, saw her coming, and started barking warnings to the wife. The wife, nearly finished with her planting, was working on her knees in the same old slacks, pushing the rich dirt around the last of the roses. When she first heard the barking, she did not look up.

But as Isabel came nearer, a vision of pink, the dog barked louder. When the young wife looked up, Isabel had nearly reached the walk. The dog darted out and ran in warlike circles around Isabel.

"Get away! Don't you dare come near me! Oh, please call him away," Isabel cried.

The young wife laughed as she got up from the walk. "Here, here, Geronimo." The dog ran to her at once, wagging his tail.

"He certainly does mind you," Isabel said. "I wouldn't mind having a dog if it minded me."

"You have to train dogs," the young wife said. "Dogs are little children. Dogs have to be taught good manners and what is right and wrong."

"He's awfully cute," Isabel said. "Really he is."

Geronimo, a wise-looking cocker with ears dragging the ground, had run up to the young wife to be petted.

"He's got to be more than cute," the wife said, tightening her strong dark brows. The wife had one of those salt-of-the-earth faces, thoroughly scrubbed and unglamorous—a face that Isabel had come across on community chest drives.

"Training a dog must take an awful long time," Isabel said, stomping out her cigarette on the lawn.

"Don't you think that anything worth while requires a long time?" the young wife said, bending to pick up Isabel's cigarette.

"Oh, yes, I think you're right," Isabel said quickly, remembering the hours she spent on her clothes and her face.

"Do you live near us?" asked the young wife with a smile.

"I live in the house behind those trees. You can hardly see the house from here. But it has a pink door."

THEN they introduced themselves. Jane and Charlie Rivers came from Cleveland. Jane Rivers had worked her way through Smith, where she had majored in fine arts, and one summer she had lived in France, working for the Quakers. Charlie Rivers worked with the Grunewald & Davis Construction Company, one of those big Northern outfits that had opened branches in Miro after the war. Charlie was as smart as Bernard Baruch, but he needed someone behind him. Someday Charlie Rivers would have a firm of his own.

They had no children yet, only little Geronimo, and they were very happy living in Miro, especially now that they had their own house.

"It's awfully pretty," Isabel said. "Really it is."

"Why don't you and your husband have cocktails with us this evening? We'd love to get to know you," Jane said.

"Oh, that does sound fun," Isabel cried. "I love dressing up for things." *(Continued on page 36)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ROSWELL KELLER

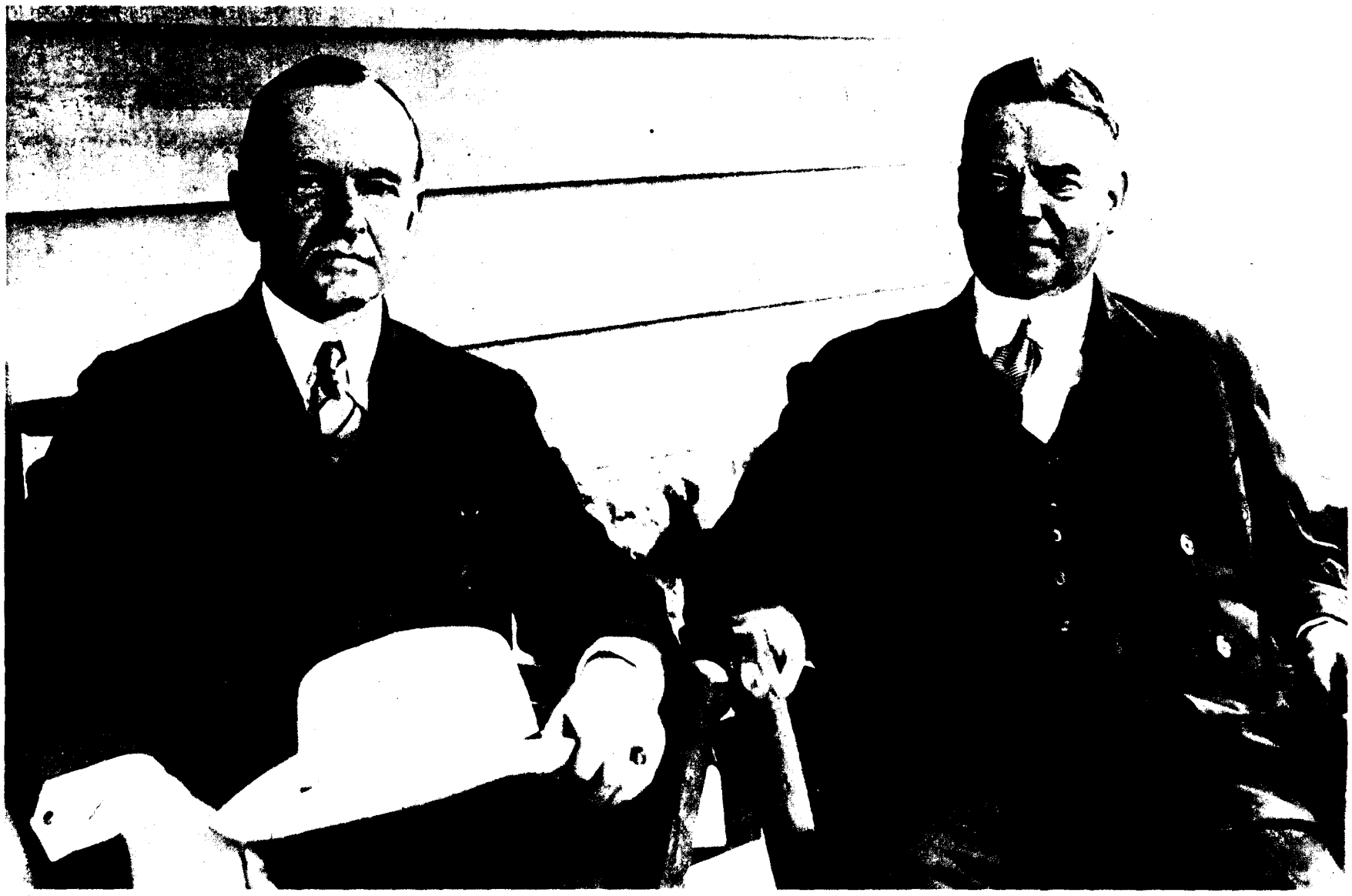
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I had to call you, Charlie," Isabel said. "I'm just going to die if I don't see you." "I'm very busy," he said with the cool[ness] of dry ice. "I've got to get back to [work]."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

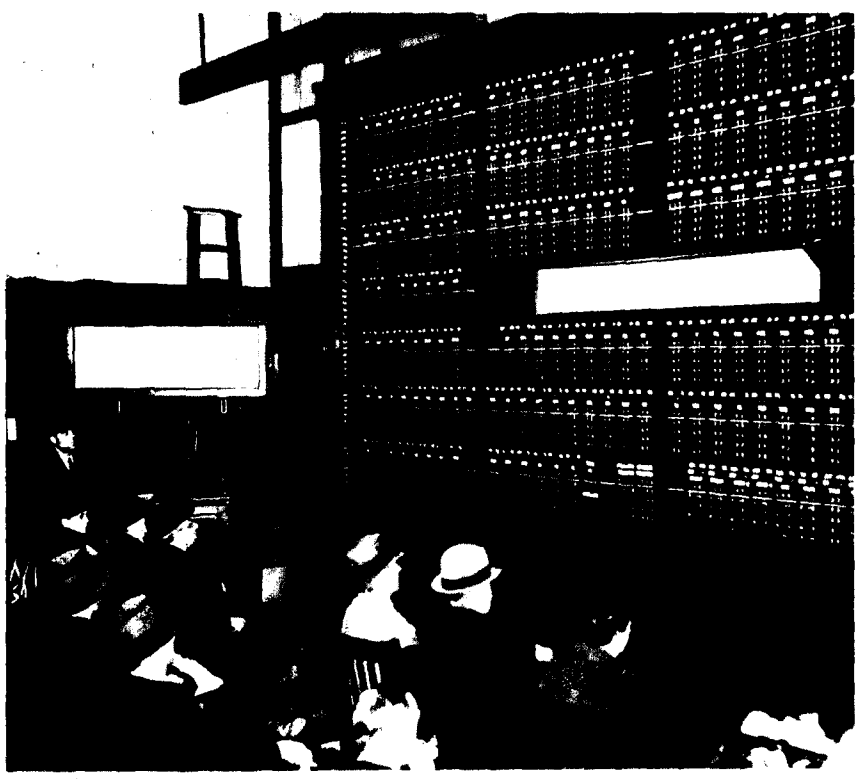
Continuing Herbert Hoover's Memoirs of Public Life

"COOLIDGE PROSPERITY"



WIDE WORLD

President Coolidge and Secretary of Commerce Hoover relaxing at the "Summer White House," Black Hills, South Dakota, in 1927



LIONEL GREEN

Crowded brokerage offices were typical of the Coolidge era. Hoover blames Federal Reserve Board for actions which produced inflation

INTERNATIONAL

Evangelist Aimee McPherson, told by Hoover's men to keep her radio station on the beam, wired him to call off his "minions of Satan"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our boom-time President rejected warnings that the orgy of speculation was leading the country to inevitable economic disaster, writes his successor

By HERBERT HOOVER

IX

MR. COOLIDGE was far better equipped for the Presidency than Mr. Harding. New England horse sense incarnate, he was endowed with certain Puritan rigidities which—in those times of no great crisis—substituted well enough for expert knowledge. The thrift which he embodied to the nth degree was given fine expression in his strict hold on government expenses and steady reduction of the public debt.

Mr. Coolidge was not especially interested in social or economic questions. He was most reluctant to take any action in advance of the actual explosion of trouble in those sectors. One of his sayings was, "If you see ten troubles coming down the road you can be sure that nine will run into the ditch before they reach you and you will have to battle with only one."

It was a philosophy that served well while the nation was rapidly convalescing from its war wounds. But the difficulty with it was that when the tenth trouble reached him Mr. Coolidge was wholly unprepared, and it had by that time acquired such momentum that it spelled disaster.

The outstanding example was, of course, the orgy of mad speculation which began in 1927. The President rejected or side-stepped all our anxious urgings and warnings to take action against it. I suspect he thought that behind it all lay real prosperity. In any event he enjoyed the phrase "Coolidge prosperity" more than any other tag the newspapers and public pinned on him.

Mr. Coolidge could more nearly be called a "standpatter" than any other President since Benjamin Harrison. He was a fundamentalist in economics and religion—and in fishing as well, for he used worms (until the nation's fly casters took note). If Mr. Coolidge is weighed in the scales of time, America is a better place for his having lived in it.

Before he came to the Presidency, I had only an acquaintance with him such as one gets by dinner contacts. His reputation for taciturnity was true in his relations with the general run of people and with the press, but not with his associates. Many times over his five years as President he sent for me to come to the White House after dinner just to talk for an hour or two. He had a fund of New England stories and a fine, dry wit.

After my election in 1928, he undertook to give me some fatherly advice as to how to run the White House. He said: "You have to stand three or four hours of visitors every day. Nine tenths of them will want something they ought not have. If you keep dead still, they will run down in three or four minutes. If you even cough or smile they will start up all over again."

Among the men who served with me in both Harding and Coolidge Cabinets were Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes and Secretary of the Treasury Andrew Mellon. Mr. Hughes was the most self-contained man I ever knew. I do not believe it was selfishness; he simply had no general instinct for personal friendship that I could ever discover. He was the soul of courtesy and fair dealing. Had he possessed a larger capacity for friendship, he probably would have been President.

His abilities in law and his sense of justice were transcendent. When, after I came to the White House, I appointed him Chief Justice, he distinguished the position no less than John Marshall and certainly more than most of his predecessors.

Mr. Mellon was in every instinct a country banker. His idea and practice had been to build up men of character in his community and to participate in their prosperity. He had no use for some branches of New York banking, which he deemed too often devoted to tearing men down and picking their bones. When the boom broke he said, "They deserved it."

Once he remarked to me that he had always been puzzled as to the distinction some charity seekers made between "good" and "tainted" money. He explained that when his grandfather came here from Scotland he brought a small fortune which he divided into three parts. With one part he opened a private bank in Pittsburgh; with another he bought common stock in the Pennsylvania Railroad; with the third he bought real estate in St. Louis. Mr. Mellon added that the railroad investment never brought more than $6,000 a year, but was apparently "tainted"; so, apparently, was the money made by building up the steel and aluminum industries which gave jobs to hundreds of thousands of men. But the part invested in real estate, which brought the family millions of dollars without any effort at all, was apparently "good" money, and appropriate for gifts.

EARLE C. ANTHONY

Mr. Hoover, on vacation a few years ago at Bohemian Grove, in the California redwoods

Generosity Rewarded by Persecution

Later, when Mr. Mellon was in my Cabinet, the question came up of a certain Washington site for a public building. After the Cabinet meeting he came to me and asked that that site be kept vacant. He disclosed his purpose to build a great National Art Gallery and present to it his own collection, including the large number of old masters he was then purchasing from the Soviet government. He said he would amply endow the gallery; he thought the cost might total $75,000,000. I urged him to announce his plan at once, and have the pleasure of seeing it started in his lifetime. A shy and modest man, he asked me to keep it in confidence.

Had he made this magnificent benefaction known at that time, public opinion would have protected Mr. Mellon from the scandalous persecution under which the New Deal drove him to an earlier grave by accusing him of having evaded income taxes. I knew that in the years he was supposed to be robbing the government of taxes he was spending several times the amount charged against him to support the unemployed in his state and to provide other benefactions.

While he was exonerated he deeply felt the wound to a lifetime of rectitude and many years of single-minded public service. The whole affair was an ugly blot on the decencies of democracy.

On the balance sheet of national welfare both Mr. Mellon and Mr. Hughes must be credited with having added to the spiritual assets of our country.

During the 1924 campaign Mr. Coolidge asked me to make a number of addresses in the Middle and Far West. This was my first experience with political campaigning. I learned that it consisted of (a) sitting about with local committees, (b) making a little speech at a public luncheon, (c) another at a dinner and (d) a third to a large audience at night. I also discovered that the universal campaign menu was fried chicken and peas.

The Western radio had been engaged for a half hour for me to make a supposedly important speech at Salt Lake City. The meeting chairman, who had never before had such an opportunity to address the whole West, used 20 minutes of the time. During his ecstasy, others on the platform pulled his coattail repeatedly. He finally acknowledged this with a random backward mule-kick which reached the shinbones of the lady chairman, who sat immediately behind him. She did not applaud.

The occasion reminded me of the story of a debate between Congressman Cole and Senator Brookhart, both of Iowa. *(Continued on page 62)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There's This Girl

By JOHN CLARE

TRACY SUGARMAN

He had only three ideas roughed out, three ideas that for sheer inanity and lack of bounce he felt could not be surpassed

Collier's SHORT SHORT

GEORGE SCOTT, a tall, sandy-haired young man with a harried expression, hit himself on the forehead with his clenched fist. Then he held his hand in mid-air for a moment, shook his head slowly and sadly, and began walking up and down the room again.

The room was small, and sparsely furnished. A drawing board and a high stool stood in one corner, under a gooseneck lamp which was lighted, even though the early-morning sun flooded the place. Over by the single window squatted an overstuffed chair, and beside it stood a low table, bearing a crazily tilting pile of magazines.

George Scott was an artist. Not quite an artist, he told people; a cartoonist. He explained that a cartoonist was an artist with his brains knocked out. Sometimes he would go on to explain that a cartoonist wasn't necessarily crazy, but it helped if he was. He meant all this as a joke about his work, but this morning it was almost literally true.

For this was Wednesday morning, and each Wednesday a little bit of him died. This was the day he took his rough drawings around to the editors. From the drawings they gloomily made their selection of his most uproarious material, and then he came home and finished the ones they liked. From these, he and his pretty, dark-haired wife, Helen, and their three children—George, Jr., six; Margaret, four; and Judy, six months—got the money which kept them in cake mix, Pablum, cowboy boots, cigarettes and the other items which made life tolerable.

Today, George was convinced, he would die completely. He had only three ideas roughed out, three ideas that for sheer inanity and lack of bounce he felt sure could not be surpassed in the worst high-school yearbook in the country. And that was all. And there were no more. He circled the room again, stopped and threw his arms above his head, and shouted, a little wildly: "And there never will be any more. I'm finished. Washed up. I'm a burnt-out husk. My kids will starve. I'll—"

The door opened, and Helen put her head around it.

"Trouble?" she asked sweetly.

He shook his head violently. "Oh, no. Everything's wonderful. Just wonderful. I'm standing here fighting off the ideas with a stick." He crossed the room and took her by the hand. "I tell you I've never been so dry before." He looked at his watch. "And in two hours I've got to be downtown, talking to those guys."

Helen stepped inside the room, and wiped her hands on her apron.

"Every week it's like this, George. Take it easy. The ideas always come. You'll kill yourself if you go on like this. I've got to get the kids' breakfast now," she said to him, and turned toward the door.

George was looking out the window. He reached for her, pawed once, and then found her arm.

"Kill yourself," he said dreamily. "Hey, listen to this. It's a terrible day outside, see. Sleet, snow, everything. People are sloshing through the mud" —he sloshed a few steps in his worn moccasins— "coat collars turned up." He pulled the sweat shirt up around his ears. "And in this haunted house a ghost is standing at the window. He's stretching his arms wide and he's grinning. He says: 'Man, what a wonderful day to be dead.' " George turned quickly, and looked into her face. "How about that, huh?"

Helen held her head to one side. "A little morbid, perhaps, but not bad."

"Not bad. Not bad, she says. It's sensational. You should have seen the ones I threw away," George said. "You go and get the kids' food. I'll just make a few notes."

IN FIFTEEN minutes he was pacing the floor again. Then he stopped, and snapped his fingers. He threw open the door and flapped down the hall to the kitchen.

"Helen, listen, Helen," he said breathlessly. He made a frame with his hands, as though to hold the picture he was drawing with words. "This guy is on his hands and knees crawling into a teeny-weeny building, just about the size of a dog kennel. There are three people behind him, and they're on their knees, too. One of them is a big fat dame. Very comic dame. The guy's saying over his shoulder: 'This is the little restaurant I was telling you about.' How about that, huh?"

Helen put a dish of fruit in front of young George, who had been watching his father closely with big eyes, while he sucked ruminatively on an empty spoon. She turned to face her husband, shaking her head.

"Partch used it. Or one very much like it," she said.

"Partch!" George roared. "The sneak, stealing other guys' ideas." Then he said, "Let him have it. I don't think too much of it, anyway." He went back down the hall.

Another ten minutes, another ten minutes of pacing the floor, and he threw the door of his room open and shouted: "Helen. Hurry."

He met her with a broad grin at the door.

"How about this one?" he asked. "This workman is carving the name of a new bank in stone over the door in great big letters." He indicated with his hands how impressive the letters were to be. "A kid is standing behind him and tugging at his coat, and the workman is snarling at him, 'Go away. Can't you see I'm busy?' The guy's left a letter out of the sign and it reads 'SECUITY TRUST COMPA—' "

He shook his head.

"No good, eh? Where's the old eraser." He snapped his fingers. "How about *that?* Same scene, only the guy puts one letter too many in. Makes it read 'SEECURITY TRUST COMPA—' He turns to one of the other workmen and says, 'Got an eraser with you, Joe?' "

Helen nodded. "I like that. See, you're not all shriveled up after all, are you?"

George pulled her close with one hand, and looked down at her.

"You think I'm crazy?"

She nodded vigorously. "Nice crazy."

"Love me?" he asked.

She nodded again. He kissed her.

Half an hour later, she brought him a cup of coffee.

"How about this, Helen?" he said, swiveling around on the stool. "These two pigeons meet in mid-air, and they're snarling at each other. It's in Korea or someplace. One has USAF insignia on it, and the other has a red star."

Helen was smiling as she put the coffee down at a safe range from his gesturing hands. She pursed her lips. "I'm not sure I get it," she said.

"Well, then, how about this? This one needs two or three frames. A guy is being kept awake by a mosquito. He's in bed with his wife. He can't catch the mosquito, so he wakes up his wife. Last frame shows him sleeping, with a big smile on his face, and the wife is batting away at the mosquito, mad as hell. How about that?"

"I like it," Helen said. "Now, will you calm down and stop worrying. You're going to be all right. Again. You've no idea how worked up you get."

George nodded and grinned.

"Listen," Helen said, smiling, "there's this girl, see, and she's standing in front of a sink piled high with dirty dishes. Her hair is all over the place, and she has a run in her stocking. Her three kids are crawling around, getting in the way, yelling for their breakfast, and this guy comes in—he's her husband—and walks up behind her and says: 'Do you really love me, honey?' How about that?"

HIS grin was growing all the time she talked. "Aw, you're making fun of me," he said. "I can't help it if I get excited and don't think of anything but cartoons. But I'm all right now. All cooled out. Like you said. Again."

Helen turned toward the door.

He called softly, "Hey, do you? Do you really love me, honey?"

This time she kissed him. "You'd better hurry, George. You've just got time to get cleaned up and get downtown."

He watched her leave the room, and as she closed the door he nodded his head once in a gesture of tenderness and admiration. Then, after a glance at his watch, he grabbed a fresh sheet of drawing paper and began to make a rough sketch of a girl standing in front of a sink, a sink piled high with dirty dishes. THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We don't try to decoy you
with medical claims—
If you want a TREAT
instead of a TREATMENT
... smoke Old Golds
Hunting for the low-down on cigarette medical claims? Here's the straight story: No other leading cigarette is less irritating, or easier on the throat, or contains less nicotine than Old Gold. This conclusion was established on evidence by the U. S. Government.
Old Gold
Made by Lorillard, a famous name in tobacco for nearly 200 years
Old Gold

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Touches of Pink

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

"It won't be a cocktail party," Jane said.

"It doesn't have to be a party," Isabel said. "I dress up on the slightest provocation."

"I like your frankness. I think we'll be friends. But as far as clothes are concerned, I don't think they're half as important as who's wearing them."

Isabel ignored Jane's foolish opinion about what was important, and she crossed the blacktop road in splendid spirits. There was something new to look forward to.

THAT afternoon, Isabel played cards with three girls she had grown up with, all safely married, and all rewarded with a certain amount of her respect. They talked that afternoon about the new dresses at Miss Johnnie's, about shades of lipsticks and pearl earrings. They talked about pineapple upside-down cake, though they protested they didn't know how to cook and never wanted to learn. They talked about Louise Sawyer, who wasn't at all pretty, getting divorced from that ensign she had married during the war.

It was the kind of conversation that amused Isabel. But that afternoon her mind was back in the sliding-doored closet in her bedroom, choosing from four new spring dresses. The dress she was going to wear to the Riverses had to be a knockout. Near the end of the last hand Isabel could control herself no longer. She got up from the card table and telephoned Ollie May.

"Ollie May, just go on and press all four dresses. I'm losing my mind trying to decide which one to wear. And, Ollie May, I'll—I'll give you a fifty-cent tip."

Isabel and her partner lost two dollars that afternoon, and the partner swore that she would never play with Isabel again.

When she got home, Isabel decided to wear a white silk dress with a pink kid belt and pink linen pumps. She spent forty minutes fixing her face, twenty minutes fixing her auburn curls (in spite of the vogue for short hair, Isabel had refused to cut hers), and she drenched herself with Shalimar, which was at the moment her favorite perfume. After she had put on the white silk dress, she called in Ollie May.

"Tomorrow, Ollie May, we're going to do over the house. And I want you to call up the grocery store and find out where we can get two dozen pink rose bushes. And then I want you to plant them up and down the walk. Now, hand me my purse, Ollie May."

Ollie May handed Isabel her white beaded purse. Isabel took out a quarter.

"Beg pardon, Miz Fearing, but you said you was going to give me fifty cents. I done already invited somebody to go to the picture show with me."

"I'm surprised at you, Ollie May. Think of all the pretty dresses I've given you."

Ollie May dropped the quarter into her pocket, and she left. For exactly one minute Isabel was sorry over cheating Ollie May, and then she started wondering if her nail polish was the right shade of pink. She thought about the nail polish for about ten minutes before she decided that it was all right. Then she heard her husband coming in.

"Timmie, get into the tub right away. We're invited out for cocktails."

"Take it easy," he said pleasantly. "Remember I've been working all day."

Isabel turned her cheek for Timmie to kiss.

"Ummm. You smell good."

"Do I look pretty?"

"You always do. Why else would I put up with something like you?"

"Timmie, do be an angel and get cleaned up. We're expected there at six thirty. It's nearly six thirty now."

"Where're we going?"

"We're invited to the Riverses. They're the most interesting couple, who've moved into that sweet white cottage across the street."

"Yeah?" he said, grinning at her. After three years of marriage, Timmie had managed to keep his wonderful old grin.

"When'd you meet them?" he asked, taking off his shirt.

"This morning. Jane Rivers is awfully interesting. She's interested in a lot of those things you like."

"Ohhh," he groaned.

"Why did you do that?"

"It won't last."

"What won't last?"

"The Riverses. They're something new to you, that's all."

"Now don't get sarcastic. Why does everything you've said in the last year sound sarcastic?"

"If you don't know, I certainly won't tell you."

"Do get ready, Timmie. Don't just stand there arguing."

At dusk the Fearings made their way to the Riverses—Timmie in his old gray flannel suit; Isabel in her new white silk dress with touches of pink. Geronimo, who had been playing down the road with little Billy Easterling, barked when he saw them. Charlie Rivers, in his shirt sleeves, met them near the red brick walk.

"You must be the Fearings," he said with a smile. He shook hands with them. "Don't wait for me. Every evening about this time I have to chase down Geronimo."

Charlie Rivers drew a deep breath. Charlie was broad at the shoulders and narrow everywhere else. His eyes were clear, wet gray and his features regular enough to make Isabel care what he thought of her. Charlie completely satisfied Isabel's notion of what a brilliant and easygoing young man should be like.

"Why, Geronimo's right down the street," Isabel said. "You won't have any chasing to do."

"Have you ever tried to get a dog away from a little boy?" Charlie said, smiling again. He looked at Billy Easterling striding the middle of the road in an Eisenhower jacket. "Here, Geronimo. Here, Geronimo."

Isabel and Timmie went on inside the cottage. It was furnished, Jane said, with leftovers from both sides of the family: a cherry-wood table from Charlie's; from Jane's a water color of abstract apples, painted by her sister. There were a great many magazines and books. Jane and Timmie got off to a fine start. Right away they started talking about things like Picasso and modern art, and Hemingway's novels, and New York plays. Not for months had Isabel seen Timmie so happy. Timmie acted the way a tramp would act if he were suddenly invited to Antoine's.

Jane must have understood that Isabel felt left out of the conversation, because she said, "It always takes Charlie hours to collect Geronimo." And then she gave Isabel an understanding smile.

It was nice of Jane to understand how bored to death she had got hearing about Picasso and Hemingway. During the conversation she had tried to amuse herself with being jealous over Timmie with Jane. It would have been exciting being jealous. Unfortunately, deep down Isabel knew that Timmie was monotonously faithful, and anyway she could not arouse the slightest jealousy over a girl like Jane.

Isabel yawned. She lighted four cigarettes, one after the other; she appraised Jane's awful little dotted Swiss—twelve ninety-five—and she twice repaired her lips with cherry lipstick. By the time that Charlie Rivers appeared with Geronimo nestled in his arms, she was ready to go to the country club.

"Signals. . . . Eighty-two million, sixty-seven billion, hundred and forty-four trillion. . . ." COLLIER'S ROLAND COE

"I see you've already had a round," Charlie said.

"Oh, yes," Isabel said. "We've had a round of Martinis and six rounds of art talk." Jane and Charlie laughed at this, but Timmie, aware of the deadly intolerance behind Isabel's cuteness, frowned.

"I think I'll go with Charlie to put doggie to bed," Isabel said, flouncing after him.

Charlie placed Geronimo, who was very sleepy, in the center of an old Army blanket spread in a corner of the kitchen. When Geronimo was in bed, Isabel knelt down and cautiously patted him good night.

"You're afraid of animals, aren't you?" Charlie said.

"Yes, I am," she said.

"Once they think you like them, they won't hurt you," he said, helping her up.

"Then I won't be afraid any more," she said. She was close enough to him to be able to see her reflection in his gray eyes. Charlie swallowed a lump, and put his hands in his pockets. . . .

The next morning, Ollie May moved the sofa, planted two dozen pink rose bushes, and hung new curtains of pale lemon organdy. In spite of these improvements, the house still kept its bare and temporary look.

When Timmie telephoned at four o'clock to say that he had forgotten to tell her about the sales meeting that night, Isabel was still angry because her house didn't seem to have the look that Jane Rivers' house had.

"Oh, do you have to stay for one of those old meetings?"

"I'll be home at nine, honey. We'll have supper at the club. How's that?"

Ollie May left at five, and from five to five thirty Isabel skimmed through Life's Picture History of World War II to help fill an empty feeling that had replaced her anger. It must have been about five thirty-five that she heard Charlie Rivers calling Geronimo on the Auburn Lots Road. "Here, Geronimo, here, Geronimo."

Isabel threw aside the Picture History and ran to the pink door. She opened it and called to Charlie Rivers.

"We—we had a wonderful time with you last night."

His hands in his pockets, Charlie started walking toward the pink door. "Did you really?" he said.

"Oh, it was fun talking to you, Charlie." Then for an instant neither of them said anything, and Charlie kicked a clump of grass.

"I'll bet you were responsible for the pink door," he said finally.

"Why, yes. How—how did you know?"

"Pink's your color. You wore pink shoes last night and a pink belt around your waist. Tonight," he said, "you're wearing a dress with pink flowers."

"Charlie! I didn't think you'd noticed!"

"I don't think I'll ever see pink without it reminding me of you. Believe it or not, Isabel, we're going to paint our door pink!"

"You are, Charlie?"

"Yeah," he said. "Jane and I think your pink is wonderful."

The mention of Jane brought a flush to her face. She had been trying so desperately to dislike Jane.

"Timmie's away at a sales meeting tonight. I'm always a little afraid on sales-meeting nights." She rested her head against the pink doorway.

"If anything bothers you, well, call me," Charlie said.

"You *are* sweet, Charlie," said Isabel.

ISABEL dreamed, that night, of going away with Charlie to Cairo and Capri. In the beginning Timmie had promised to carry her away to new places. Timmie was going to be a famous writer like Somerset Maugham, and they were going to travel on beautiful Cunarders and in silver airplanes and on a camel's back. "It will take years of work," he had said, "and a great deal of patience on your part." But he had promised her all that.

After living seven months in that horrible smelly rented room in Baton Rouge, waiting for Timmie to graduate, she had persuaded him to come back to Miro, where she could at least have the things that she had been used to. She was one of those people who breathe only where there's luxury. Take away Ollie May, pretty clothes and the country club, and Isabel imagined herself getting deathly ill and dying. Charlie Rivers, she admitted, was not quite so important to her as those necessities, but he *was* something to look forward to, that mysterious X quality she required for her life.

She saw that a painter was at work at the Riverses. He was actually changing the Riverses' door to pink. She laughed until she cried over that.

The next morning she concocted a plan. Although she knew nothing about the ways of dogs, she had seen cartoons of dogs eating chains of frankfurters. And so, late that afternoon she put two frankfurters on a gold-banded plate and set the plate outside the kitchen door at the back of her house. Then, in a fine spring dress that had great pink stripes running around it like the stripes on a peppermint stick, she moved around the dark green trees on her lot, pretending to be looking for something. She remembered that little boys got very interested in you when they thought you were looking for something.

Presently she spotted Billy Easterling

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They look alike... but which whiskey <u>really</u> tastes better?

Be your own whiskey expert!

Are you stumped by conflicting claims about whiskey? Why not be your *own* judge? Let your own taste decide by comparing Calvert Reserve with *any* other whiskey —regardless of price or type.

We're confident you'll switch to *smoother, mellower* Calvert, because it is blended to a taste determined by a "Consumer Jury" of thousands of folks like you. But if you still prefer another brand, then stick with it. *Fair enough?*

MAKE THIS SHOWDOWN WHISKEY TEST!

Just ask a friend or barman to pour ¼ oz. of Calvert into a glass, and the same amount of any other whiskey into another—*without telling you which is which.* Compare each one for smoothness, flavor and freedom from bite, burn or sting. Then pick the whiskey that *really* tastes better to you.

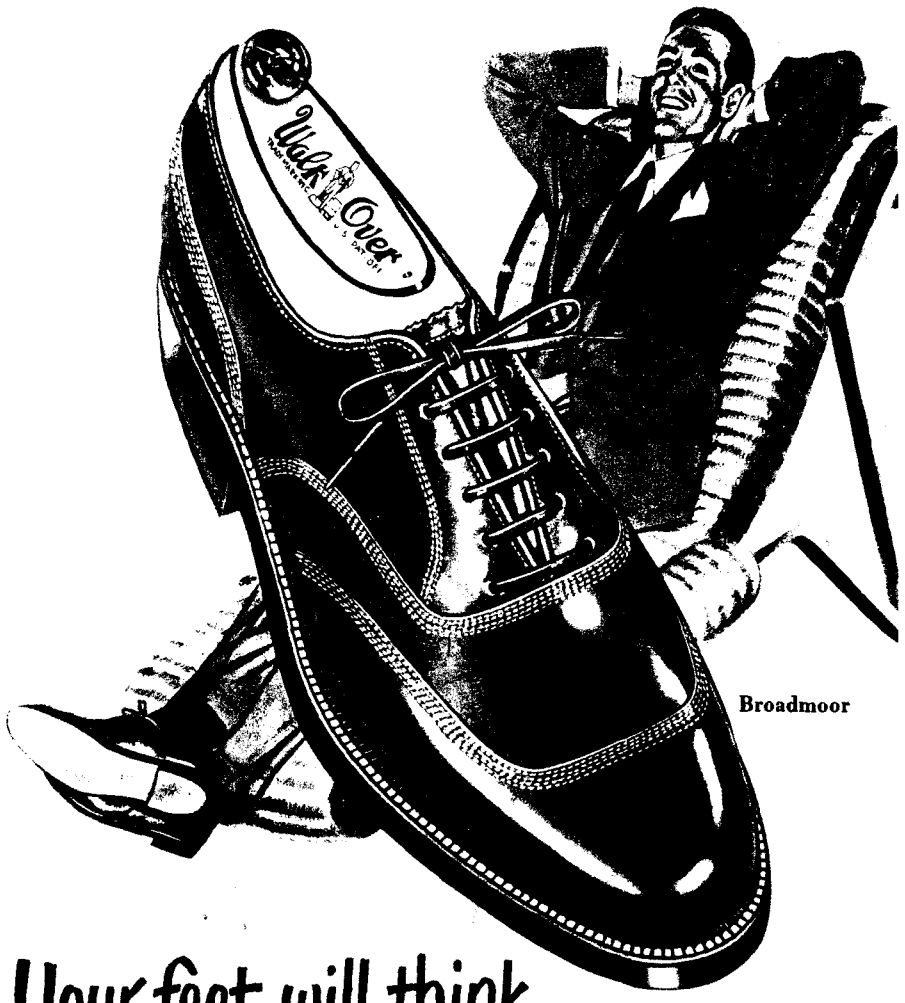
It's smart to switch to **Calvert**

Calvert Challenges Comparison

with any whiskey... at any price!

CALVERT RESERVE BLENDED WHISKEY—86.8 PROOF—65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Broadmoor

Your feet will think you've inherited a million bucks

The tough life of pavement pounding is over. Here's a new kind of relax-while-you-walk comfort that your poor, old, overworked feet never dreamed was possible: *Vel-Flex Shoes by Walk-Over.*

They actually do some of the walking for you. As your foot bends, the super-flexible sole helps *lift your arch!*

Raleigh

Belmar

Your foot is floated on an air-foam cushion. Sidewalks feel *soft!* And the Treadsmooth insole can't curl, *ever!*

Look like a million, too. See these and other handsome Fall styles at your Walk-Over dealer today!

Walk-Over Vel-Flex

Vel-Flex styles from $19.95
Other Walk-Overs from $15.95
Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

The world's most restful shoe

strutting down the road. Billy was one of those imaginative little boys who liked to dress up in costumes. That day he was a patch-eyed pirate, and Geronimo was following him.

Isabel kept her eyes on the ground, and she knelt once and stared hard. From the corner of her eye she saw Billy crossing her property line.

"Whatcha lookin' for, Miz Fearing?" he said.

"Well, if you must know, there was a little frog."

"What kind of a frog?" Billy said, his eyes sweeping the ground.

"He was green."

"Where did you last see him?" Billy asked, getting down on his knees. Geronimo sat on his haunches and scratched his ear.

"He was in those vines," Isabel said, stealing toward the back of the house.

WHILE Billy Easterling hunted for the frog on his hands and knees, Isabel went around to the back of the house and got the gold-banded plate with the frankfurters. She brought the plate around the side of the house, just far enough for Geronimo to see it. Geronimo had got pretty bored with waiting for Billy to find the frog, and so when he finally did see the plate he jumped up and ran to Isabel.

Isabel wouldn't give Geronimo the frankfurters until she had got him into her kitchen. He ate them up in about three minutes, and then he wagged his tail at her and whined, and she opened the icebox to look for something else. She gave him a lamb chop that was supposed to be Timmie's supper. He was still eating the lamb chop when she heard Billy calling Geronimo.

"Geronimo, where are you? Where'd you go, Geronimo?"

They both kept quiet; they both wanted to put something over on somebody.

"Geronimo, Geronimo, here, Geronimo."

But little Billy's voice got softer and softer. When Isabel looked out the living-room window, Billy was walking down the Auburn Lots road, all by himself. Geronimo, she thought, was getting thirsty, and so she gave him some chocolate milk, which he loved. And then she gave him a purple felt LSU tiger to play with. When her back was turned, he chewed the tiger apart.

"You horrible nasty dog. The president of the Alpha Epsilons gave me that tiger."

Geronimo, drowsy after so much food, was settling down to go to sleep when he heard Charlie Rivers calling him in the Auburn Lots road. As soon as Charlie called him, Geronimo made such a fuss that Isabel had to let him out the back door. She sighed with disappointment.

But as she was leaving the kitchen, she suddenly heard Geronimo barking outside. He was wagging his tail, and Charlie Rivers had followed him there.

"He's taken a real liking to you," Charlie said.

"That's funny," she said.

"There's no reason to be afraid of Geronimo," Charlie said, lighting a cigarette.

"If you promise he'll behave, I'll come out."

"You'll behave, won't you, fellow?" Charlie said to him.

Geronimo was still wagging his tail when Isabel opened the back door, and sat down on the concrete steps. Geronimo buried his head in her lap.

"I'll have dog hairs all over me," she said.

"They're easy to brush off," Charlie said, smiling. They were sitting close to each other, with only Geronimo between them. The trees that hid the house made them seem lost in the woods. The sun was slipping like a jewel into a rose-pink velvet sky, and you could hear the first concerts of the crickets and cicadas. Lost in the woods.

"Would—would you like a cigarette?" Charlie said.

"What I'd really like is a drink. Why don't we go inside and have a drink?"

"Sounds fine," Charlie said. "Where's Timmie?"

"Timmie's at a horrible sales meeting. There're always a lot of sales meetings this time of year."

THEY were standing by the back window of the living room, and Isabel had put her hand on Charlie's shirt sleeve. Outside, the world seemed to be changing to lavender and deep blue. When Charlie did not move his arm away, she turned her face toward his, and she slid her arms around his neck. Charlie set his drink on the table, and then he kissed her.

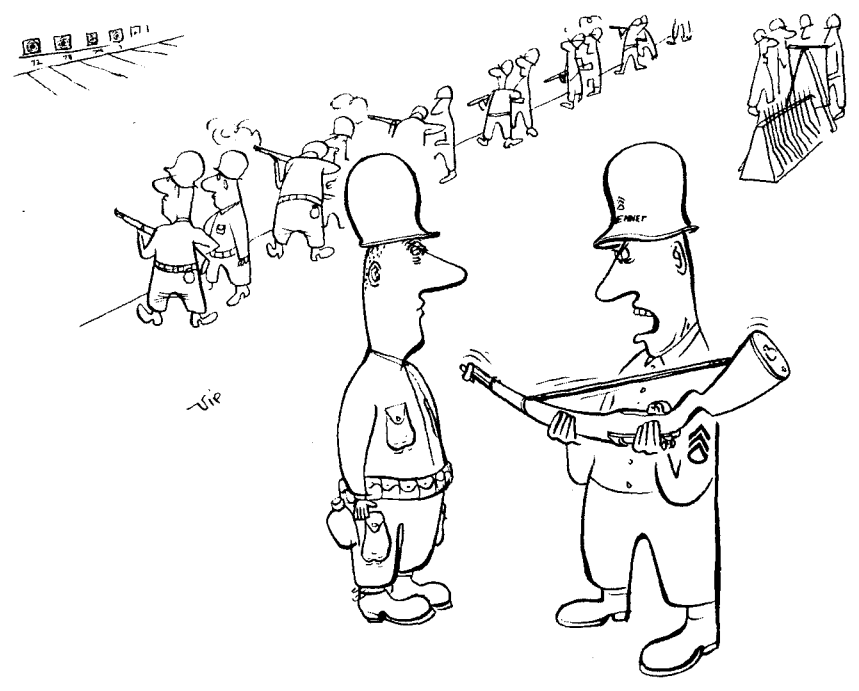
"This is crazy," he said.

"I know it is," she said.

"We can't ever do this again," he said.

But when she closed her eyes and caressed his neck with the back of her hand, he kissed her again. Then she left him for a moment to put a worn record of Stardust on Timmie's Magnavox.

VIP'S WAR



"No wonder you aren't hitting anything. The sling's too tight"

COLLIER'S — VIRGIL PARTCH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It's all worn out," she said. "It's practically the only record I like."

They danced, and the record played over and over and over. He kissed her a lot, and stopped saying things like "This is crazy," and "We mustn't ever do this again." Then Charlie said, "It's late," and when his eyes swept around Isabel's living room, he saw that Geronimo had settled himself on the sofa and gone to sleep. Charlie picked up Geronimo, and Isabel led the way through the kitchen. On the way out they both saw the saucer on the floor with traces of chocolate milk. They avoided each other's eyes. But when Charlie said, "Good night, Isabel," he didn't show the least bitterness over her tricking him.

DURING the rest of the month, they continued to meet in that fashion, sometimes as often as three times a week. Isabel's house, hidden by thickly vined trees, was the perfect setting for the meetings. She was positive that no one ever saw Charlie.

Billy Easterling came back the first few days looking for Geronimo, but after a while he stopped coming. Isabel attributed this to the fact that Billy's father, an Army dentist, was being transferred to Oklahoma. Three times that month Isabel passed Billy in the Auburn Lots road. Twice he acted very shy around her, and the third time, playing Indian behind a Cape jasmine bush, he shot her with a rubber-tip arrow.

As the month ended, Isabel began to worry about Timmie's coming home again at six o'clock.

"Can't you leave work a little sooner, Charlie? It's awful silly you having to stay at the office all afternoon."

"I can't do that," Charlie said.

"You're all I look forward to."

"Don't be silly," he said.

One afternoon, Isabel saw Jane Rivers carrying Geronimo in a blanket to a big black car. For the first time in weeks Isabel had a conversation with Billy Easterling. Geronimo was so sick that he was not expected to live. They were taking him, Billy said, to the dog-and-cat hospital out by Rattlesnake Bayou. Billy said that he would cut off his right leg if it would make Geronimo well again.

"I'll buy you a dog," Isabel said.

"I don't want a dog. I want Geronimo to get well again."

"He'll get well," she said.

"He'd never have got sick if you hadn't fed him chocolate milk."

"How do you know I fed him chocolate milk? How do you know?"

"I know," Billy said, backing away from her. "I know."

While Geronimo stayed at the dog-and-cat hospital, two upsetting things occurred. The first of these things was her quarrel with Charlie. This happened because she telephoned him one morning at his office.

"I had to call you, Charlie. I'm just going to die if I don't see you."

"I'm very busy," he said with the coolness of dry ice.

"What's the matter, Charlie? Why haven't you come to see me?"

"I've got to get back to work," he said. Then he hung up in her face.

Every day while Geronimo was away, Billy Easterling went to see Jane Rivers to ask about him, and Jane Rivers was very nasty to Billy, because she thought that it was Billy who had made Geronimo sick. The second upsetting thing occurred the day that the big black car brought Geronimo home from the hospital.

Isabel, spying among her dark green trees, saw the whole thing. The car stopped in front of the Riverses' house, and Jane was standing out front, not paying much attention to Billy Easterling, who was crying and trying to explain something a mile a minute. As soon as the driver placed Geronimo on the ground, Geronimo tore down the road to Isabel. It was very embarrassing because then Jane and Billy spotted her among the dark trees, and Billy pointed and cried, "You see, I told you so. You see."

Isabel was so embarrassed that she went inside her house and lay down on her bed. Geronimo spent the day hanging around her back door, whining and carrying on like a love-crazy man.

It was about four that afternoon that, from her window, Isabel saw Jane in her old slacks painting the pink door copied from hers back to bright green. Charlie Rivers had come home from the office and was pulling up all the roses, which had turned out pink, and then when Charlie tried to put his arms around Jane, Jane got mad and slapped his face with the brush full of green paint.

On top of everything, Billy Easterling, dressed as Hopalong Cassidy, rang Isabel's doorbell at five o'clock and announced that he had come for his dog.

"Your dog?" she said.

"Mrs. Rivers gave him to me," he said, keeping away from her as if she had scarlet fever or something. "Mrs. Rivers said he's only a lap dog, and she can't bear the sight of him any more, so I said I would take him, and she thought it was fine, because I'm moving away from here. Here, Geronimo, here, here, Geronimo.

"We're moving away tomorrow," Billy was saying, "so I'll say good-by now, Mrs. Fearing. And good luck. Here, Geronimo, here, here, Geronimo."

WHEN Billy Easterling passed through Miro on his way to spend Christmas in New Orleans with his grandmother, he went to see the Riverses' baby boy. Billy was all dressed up as Santa Claus, and he took Geronimo along as a reindeer. While he was at the Riverses, he heard that the Fearings had sold their house and had moved to California, where Timmie was teaching English in Los Angeles.

It had been a sudden move, Jane said. Isabel had been playing bridge at the country club one afternoon, and when she got home, Timmie had apparently decided a lot of things. He had given up his job as a mayonnaise salesman, and was packing his bag. Of course it would have taken Isabel a long time to pack all of her clothes, because she had five times as many clothes as Timmie, so her mother sent hers as soon as they had found an apartment near the university where Timmie taught.

For a while Isabel did her own housework, but after two weeks Timmie telegraphed Ollie May Clay to come to California, because Isabel was looking terrible.

"She must be feeling fine now," Jane said, "because I ran into her mother in the grocery store, and she told me that Timmie had found a lovely pink house on the beach in Santa Monica not too far from Timmie's work. He's quit teaching, because Isabel's father is buying a mayonnaise factory in Los Angeles." Jane said that very minute Isabel must be decorating a pink Christmas tree in an all-pink house. Billy said that he thought all-pink Christmas trees were silly. The Riverses thought so too.

Billy said good-by to the Riverses, and called Geronimo, who followed him to his parents' waiting car. But when they were inside the car, Geronimo leaped through the car window and ran down the road toward the house with the pink door.

"Geronimo, Geronimo, come back." Billy ran after his dog, but Geronimo was soon out of sight.

"Come back, Geronimo. She's gone, she's gone."

Billy's parents waited nearly three hours, hunting for the dog. When it was six o'clock they told Billy that they would have to go on without Geronimo.

Billy cried a great deal after he lost Geronimo. He said that Geronimo had completely forgotten Isabel until he saw that pink door. He said he wished someone would tell him why Geronimo loved Isabel better than anybody else in the world, after she had made him so sick he nearly died.

Billy Easterling was positive that his dog was on the way to California. From New Orleans he sent a post card to Isabel, telling her not to give Geronimo any chocolate milk when he arrived. THE END

AMERICAN-Standard

First in heating . . . first in plumbing

Your heating contractor will tell you

THE FINEST IN WARM AIR HEATING IS MADE BY AMERICAN-STANDARD

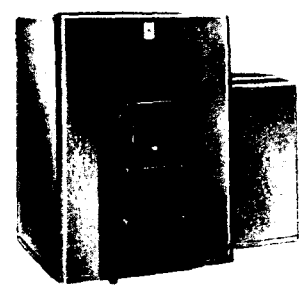
A complete line of warm air furnaces and winter air conditioners for every type of fuel.

SENECA WINTER AIR CONDITIONER

Automatic gas fired winter air conditioner at moderate price for small and medium homes. Cleans, humidifies, and circulates warm air throughout the house.

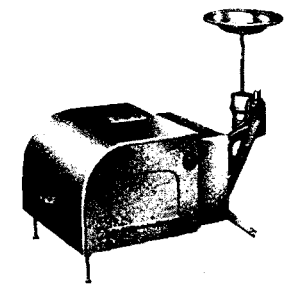
WESTMORELAND WINTER AIR CONDITIONER

Engineered for efficient, economical oil firing. A de luxe, basement unit that will give you years of trouble-free, automatic service. For large, medium or small homes.



ALLERTON WINTER AIR CONDITIONER

For automatic firing with stoker or oil burner and for hand fired coal. Readily converted to gas. Assures clean, healthful warmth. For small to medium homes.



STANFLAME CONVERSION BURNER

Adaptable to almost any type of heating unit. Gives you the benefits of clean, automatic gas heating from your present furnace. Easy to install. Quiet and safe.

FREE BOOK ON WARM AIR HEATING

Illustrated in full color. Packed with money-saving facts. Pictures wide choice of American-Standard equipment available through heating contractors who sell, service and install. Explains easy time payment plan for remodeling. Just fill in and send the coupon at right.

American Radiator & Standard Sanitary Corporation,
Dept. KS-10, Pittsburgh 30, Pa.
Please send me your free WARM AIR HEATING BOOK.
Name .....
Street .....
City and State .....
In Canada: Standard Sanitary & Dominion Radiator, Ltd. 1201 Dupont Street, Toronto

Serving home and industry: AMERICAN-STANDARD · AMERICAN BLOWER · CHURCH SEATS · DETROIT LUBRICATOR · KEWANEE BOILERS · ROSS HEATER · TONAWANDA IRON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here's the Secret of getting Clothes Cleaner...

Westinghouse

LAUNDROMAT®

AUTOMATIC WASHER

WASH AWAY RINSE AWAY ACTION

GETS dirt out . . . KEEPS dirt out

No other washer made . . . automatic or conventional . . . has the thorough action of the Laundromat. Thanks to its exclusive WASHaway-RINSEaway washing action, clothes are lifted up and out of the water . . . turned over . . . washed inside and out, again and again and again. Then triple-rinsed in fresh clean water . . . equal to 1,500 hand rinses. Every speck of soil and soap is flushed out . . . and *stays* out. Dirty wash and rinse waters are drained *away* from clothes . . . never through them. That's the secret of why the Laundromat gets white clothes whiter, colored clothes brighter. And it's all so easy . . . the whole job is *completely automatic.*

THESE 3 LAUNDROMAT FEATURES MAKE THE DIFFERENCE

Exclusive WEIGH-TO-SAVE Door weighs your clothes. A few pieces or a full load is accurately weighed. Size of load is shown on Indicator-Scale . . . *Small or Medium or Regular.* There's no guesswork.

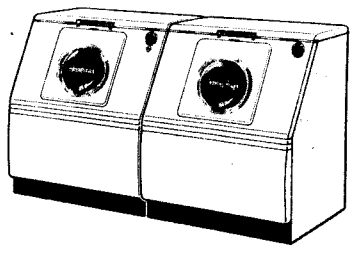
Then you set the Water Saver according to the size of the load. It automatically measures amount of water needed. You save thousands of gallons of water a year. Save large amounts of soap, too.

The *whole* load is washed *gently*, yet thoroughly. Then triple-rinsed with clean, clear water. Every speck of soil and soap is flushed out, and *stays* out, thanks to the WASHaway-RINSEaway action.

Have a load of your clothes washed *FREE!*

Phone your Westinghouse retailer today. Arrange to watch a load of *your* clothes washed the easy, efficient Laundromat way. It's free. Westinghouse Electric Corp., Mansfield, Ohio.

AMERICA'S FAVORITE "TWINS" . . . Westinghouse Laundromat and Clothes Dryer



What a *double* blessing for busy homemakers. The Laundromat washes, rinses and damp-dries your clothes, cleans itself and shuts off . . . *automatically*. Its matching twin, the Clothes Dryer, does the drying. You save your time, your clothes . . . *yourself.*

LOOK TO WESTINGHOUSE FOR TV's TOP ENTERTAINMENT . . . Exclusive Telecasts of Outstanding COLLEGE FOOTBALL GAMES . . . plus WESTINGHOUSE "STUDIO ONE" every week

YOU CAN BE SURE . . . IF IT'S Westinghouse

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pillar of the Community

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

table and turned it high as it would go. I rustled around my mantelpiece and found an old catalogue. I thumbed through it. I stared at the words and the pictures, but the words and the pictures meant nothing to me.

I had the lonelies and I had them bad.

I TRIED to stay away from Asa's place. But I couldn't do it. Ten days later I went back. I made out like I wanted to talk crops with Asa. Asa's wife Opal saw me first.

"Come on into this house, you poor skinny little man, you!" Opal said. "I'll set you a place at the table."

It was noontime and I was hungry. "I don't care if I do, ma'am," I said. I went in the back door. Bessie was in the kitchen. Her cheeks were flushed from the heat of the stove, and little tendrils of hair curled damp around the back of her neck, and I wanted to take her in my arms and kiss her. "Hey, Bessie," I said.

"Hey, Rance."

Opal came in. "You heard the big news?"

"No'm," I said.

"This girl child's marrying John P. Withers!"

I'd sooner she had broken a hoe handle over my head.

Bessie was staring at me with those great blue eyes. "Ain't you going to say anything, Rance?"

I stood there stumble-footed and knot-tongued, trying to think of something to say. I smiled a crookedy, messed-up smile at her and dredged out a God-awful lie. "If it makes you happy, honey, then it makes me happy, too."

"Why, Rance, you sweet little man!" Bessie said.

Asa came in from town then. Opal and Bessie served up dinner. That dinner fretted me to a frazzle. Opal and Bessie sat there with their little fingers poked out like suckers on an orange tree and chittered like jay birds about goings on in town. And when Asa could get a word in edgewise he talked about progress in the section and how he and John P. Withers had forced the county school board, with that petition they had gotten up, to vote funds for the new schoolhouse. All the time it was "John P. said this," or "John P. said that," till I thought I would go crazier than a peckerwood eating stick candy. John P. Withers had changed the whole passel of them.

I knew when I was whipped. "You'll pardon me," I said, "for I've got to go."

"Why, stay for some seconds," Opal said.

"I thank you, ma'am. I've had a gracious plenty."

"Hold off, Rance," Asa said. "I've been laying off to clear me a few acres of bottom land down by the east branch, and raise me a crop of beans. You've raised beans. Come tell me what you think."

"Well, let's go," I said.

"Oh, Daddy," Bessie said. "There're magnolias on the east branch. John P.'s coming tonight and I want to pretty up the house. Will you bring me some?"

"I'm too old of a man to be shinnying up any dad-burned magnolia tree," Asa said. "Maybe Rance here will do it."

The last thing I wanted to do was clamber up any tree so's a house could be prettied up for John P. Withers. But when Bessie looked at me with those eyes of hers I knew I'd clamber up a hundred trees if she but asked me. So I told her I would do it.

"I'll come carry them," Bessie said.

We walked down the trail by the branch, and I looked at Asa's bottom land and told him what I thought. We were standing in a cool, dark place—a sort of glen—thick on both sides of the branch with swamp myrtle, sweet gums and magnolias. The air was sweet and heavy with the smell of the magnolia blooms. It was a quiet place, with the soft gurgle of the branch and the song of a mockingbird the only sounds. We all three of us stood there feeling the peacefulness of the place.

Asa cleared his throat. "Won't find a better place to get those magnolias," he said. "And while Rance is up one of these trees, I'll just step down here a piece and check my fence line. Hogs been getting to my cucumbers, some way."

Asa left us. I started for the nearest magnolia tree, with Bessie beside me. A good-sized black snake slithered out of the brush and right across our feet. He lay in plain sight at the foot of the magnolia.

"Ugh!" Bessie said. "One thing I purely do hate, it's a snake." She reached down for a stob, then moved up to kill him.

"Hold off, Bessie," I said.

She looked at me, puzzled.

"That poor thing done you any hurt?" I said.

Bessie shook her head.

"Bessie," I said, "a man is thought to be pretty sorry if he's short on ambition and if he's got no money in the bank. One thing I've decided is, if a man never harms a living creature, outside of for food or self-defense, then he ain't so sorry."

I walked over to the black snake, moving free and easy. I reached down, quick, and picked him up. I held him out to Bessie. "God's critter," I said, "and look at him shine. Ain't that a pretty thing?"

Sun rays were slanting down through the magnolia. The rays glimmered off that snake's hide and there was a rippling sort of a force about him that put me in mind of fine, fast music, and of pretty words strung together in a way that made them lilt. I laid the black snake on the trail and watched him race for the brush. I looked at Bessie. Bessie was looking at me. There was a curious, soft, trembly little smile playing about her lips. We stood there looking at each other for a long minute. There was something between us there in the rich warmth, the heavy sweetness, that made me feel tall and straight as a Georgia pine.

"I got a feeling, Rance," Bessie said. "I got a strange feeling I maybe never knew you before. Until just now."

"And now it's too late, Bessie?"

"Don't you want to make something of yourself, Rance?"

"Like how, Bessie?"

"Like—like settling down. Like facing up to some responsibilities. Like—well, like Pa has done."

"A man can't change the way he's made," I said.

"Pa has."

"What you see of him has. You can't see him down deep inside. I've seen the hungry look in his eyes on warm moonlight nights when he's spoiling for a fight or a frolic. Your pa's a natural man, Bessie. That naturalness is bound to break out. Or else drive him crazy."

Asa interrupted us. "You'll never get them magnolias, standing there on the trail. You want me to help tote them, you'll get a hump on!"

"Rance Odell, you're a fool!" Bessie said.

"Now, that could be," I said.

And that, I figured, was that.

ELECTION day grew close. So did Bessie's wedding to John P. Withers, which was due to take place the evening after elections. Asa, they said, had a pretty good chance of being elected. There were some folks, though, who said that Asa was nobody but John P. Withers' man. And that if Asa was elected, the words he'd speak and the votes he'd cast would be John P. Withers' words and votes. And that John P. would somehow stand to profit from what the school board voted to spend.

I reckoned Asa hadn't heard these rumors. I didn't know for sure I hadn't been back to Asa's place since the day Bessie Birdsong had read me off. I *hoped* Asa hadn't heard these rumors. For if he'd heard them and hadn't whipped somebody, *then he had changed more than I had thought!*

Folks take their elections pretty seriously in our section. There was a big political rally the night before elections in the park in the center of town. Folks had come in from as far as twenty miles out in the scrub to hear the stump speeches and see the fun.

A little traveling carnival had taken advantage of the occasion, and had moved into town that day and up in vacant lots across the street from the park. There wasn't much to this carnival. There was a beat-up Ferris wheel and a merry-go-round. There were three or four games of chance where a man might win him a Kewpie doll for his mantelpiece or a plaster-of-Paris stop for his door. And there was a musty-smelling animal show with some little feisty dogs that walked a tightrope and monkeys that looped-the-loop on a roller coaster and a moldy, sleepy-looking gorilla in a cage. It wasn't much of a carnival, but most everybody in the section turned out for it.

I saw Asa there, trying to look as dignified as he could, him being a candidate for public office. I saw Opal and Bessie there, but I didn't see John P. Withers. I reckoned he felt himself too important a man to be wasting his time on cheap carnivals.

The thing that interested me was the gorilla. I had never seen one before. I had seen pictures of some real big ones, though, and this one didn't look so big. I reckoned he had had his growth stunted somewhere along the line. He was a fearsome-looking beast, though, and I sure would have hated to have him get holt of me.

I was standing there watching him, feeling sorry for any poor beast that must spend its life behind bars, when Asa came over and spoke to me.

"Evening, Rance. You're figuring on voting for the right man for the school board tomorrow, ain't you, Rance?"

He sounded just like any run-of-the-mill politician, and it hackled me. It so happened that I had a pint bottle of whisky in the inside pocket of my Sunday coat. I knew Asa had laid off drinking along with his other bad habits, but I couldn't help but bait him a bit.

"Care for a little bite, Asa?" I said.

"You know I quit drinking, Rance."

"Mind standing while I have one?"

Asa looked around him in a nervous way.

"I won't lose you no voters, Asa, by disgracing you in public. No more than you've lost already, anyhow. We'll just step over here in the shadows behind this gorilla cage while I take this drink."

THE gorilla's cage was on a raised platform. Asa and I stepped over behind it. I had me a little nip from my bottle. Then Asa said, "What'd you mean just now, Rance?—'no more voters than you've lost already'?"

I hated to tell him.

Now he was hackled. "You made a statement. Back it up!"

I figured I might as well get it over with. "I understand you favor building that new schoolhouse on the high ground west of town, Asa."

"That's the best place to build it, is why!"

"Who owns that land, Asa?"

"You know Old Frog Malfers bought that land a year ago!"

"And Frog stands to turn a nice profit on the transaction?"

"What are you driving at, Rance?"

I said, "The word's around that Frog Malfers don't own that land. The word's around that John P. Withers owns that land, that Frog Malfers is John P. Withers' dummy. And that if the school board votes

SISTER

"That nice Mrs. Dugan is moving into some mean old apartment house that doesn't allow pets"

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here's the truck picture in small towns...big towns... <u>all</u> towns!

Everything that's built, everything that's grown, everything that's bought has to get from one place to another.

Here's the job for Chevrolet trucks . . . the trucks that *serve more users* throughout America than any other make!

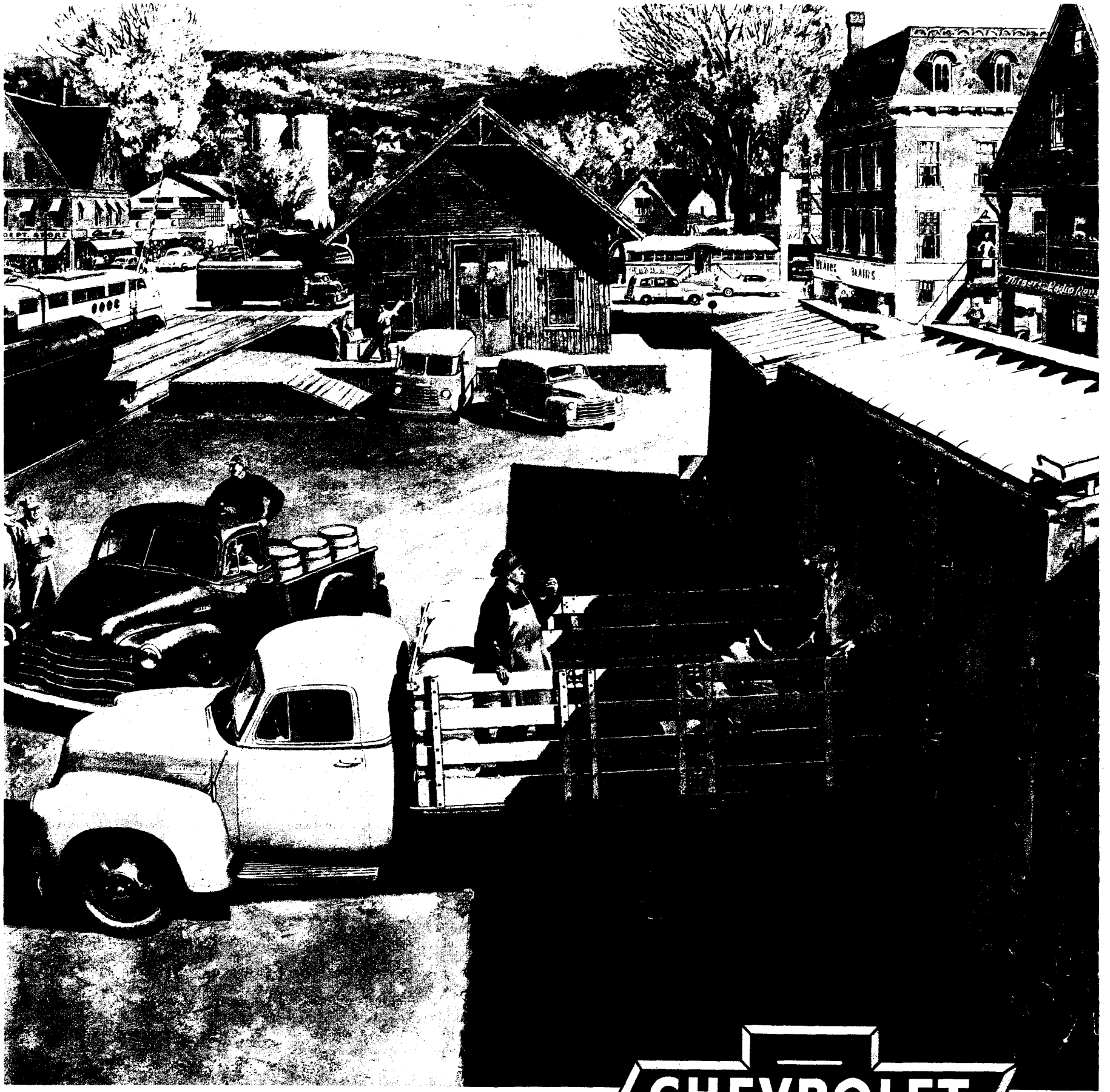
That goes for small towns and big towns, for light-, medium- and heavy-duty hauling. Chevrolet trucks are *first choice by far* among men who move the nation's goods.

The reason is clear and it explains why more than a thousand Chevrolet trucks are bought every day: *Chevrolet trucks get more work done at less cost than any other truck built.*

They save you money right from the start by their low purchase price. They operate at rock-bottom cost. They bring more dollars at trade-in, traditionally, than other trucks of comparable specifications.

If you have a job for a truck, your Chevrolet dealer has the right truck for the job. You just can't beat a Chevrolet truck—to save your money! Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

(Continuation of standard equipment and trim illustrated is dependent on availability of material.)



CHEVROLET ADVANCE-DESIGN TRUCKS

CHEVROLET

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EGG SALAD SPAMWICH

Winning lunchbox combination of creamy egg salad with savory SPAM slices. Add chopped stuffed olives; sprinkle with chives. Round out the lunch with paper cup of chopped vegetable salad, an apple, cookies, plus a vacuum bottle of milk.

OTHER "SCHOOL-OR-WORK" LUNCHBOX IDEAS:

SPAM 'n' sharp cheese spread, horseradish mustard. Include: ripe tomato quarters, cup of fruit gelatine, spice cupcake, cocoa.

SPAM 'n' peanut butter with dill pickle slices. Also pack carrot sticks, a banana, ginger cookies, cream of tomato soup.

SPAM 'n' cottage cheese mixed with chopped chives. Good with cup of coleslaw, a fresh peach, slice of cake, chocolate milk drink.

ECONOMICAL ALL-MEAT BUY! No bone, no waste in SPAM . . . just juicy pork shoulder and mild tender ham. Easy-slicing, easy-eating! Keep several cans on hand for sandwiches.

COLD OR HOT,
SPAM®
HITS THE SPOT.

SPAM is a registered trademark for a pure pork product, packed in 12-oz. cans by Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

Hear MUSIC WITH THE HORMEL GIRLS • Saturday, CBS • Sunday, NBC

It's fun to serve HORMEL CHILI

Whether you're throwing a party or feeding a family, it's fun to serve Hormel Chili Con Carne! Folks enjoy that lusty blend of lean beef and plump red beans in lively sauce. Try it!

Hormel Chili Con Carne with Assorted Crackers
Tossed Green Salad with blue cheese dressing
Watermelon Pickles
Hot Corn Bread
Individual Pumpkin-pecan Pies
Coffee

Hearty main dish-only 20¢ a serving

Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

HORMEL CHILI CON CARNE

to buy that land for the new schoolhouse, then they'll be turning a pretty penny for John P. Withers—who'll be, if he has his way in the election, the son-in-law of one of the school board's members!"

"Why, you mangy, goose-livered—"

"You don't believe me, Asa?"

Asa looked like he was about to swing on me. It made me sad.

"Why don't you go ask John P., Asa?"

Asa stood there glowering at me for a split minute before he made up his mind. "Well, by gonnies, I will!" he said.

Asa found John P. in his office making phone calls. I didn't hear what happened until later. Asa was dead serious.

"Lay that phone down, John P.," he said.

"What ails you, Asa?" John P. asked.

"Who owns that high ground west of town, John P.?"

John P. stared at him for a minute. Then he laughed. "My God, Asa!" he said. "For a minute there you had me worried. You've heard the rumor going around that I own that land, not Frog Malfers. There's nobody can prove a thing. Not a thing."

"And you own it?"

"Naturally, I own it. And I'm going to turn a pretty penny on it, too—after you convince the other members of the board that that's the place to build the school. Somebody's bound to make money on the transaction. And we might just as well keep it in the family, huh, Pa?" He winked at Asa.

I don't know why Asa didn't hit him. Afraid he'd kill him, I reckon. Asa just turned and wheeled out of that office, like a man desperate for fresh air.

I WAS still standing there watching that gorilla, thinking how much he favored Asa—the big, hunched-up shoulders, maybe, or the hairiness—when Asa came back. He had a wild and reckless look in his eyes, a look I hadn't seen there since he'd set in to become a pillar of the community.

"Step back behind this gorilla cage, Odell," he said.

I followed him, shucking off my Sunday coat.

"Pull that coat back on your shoulders, Odell!" Asa said.

"We ain't going to fight?"

"Why, you poor, spooky little man, you!" He laughed that big, happy, natural laugh that I hadn't heard in many a month. "Hand me that bottle of snake-eye, Rance. For I'm fixing to take me a drink!"

We started talking then, both at once. But neither of us could hear what the other was saying. For the barker for the animal show had started sounding off on the platform just above us. He was getting up a crowd for the feature show of the evening.

"Now, folks, gather round!" he shouted. "Now, I hope I'm going to be able to show you something here tonight that you've never seen in all your born days. Hey, come now, come now, come now!"

Asa and I went around front so we could see better. The barker was drumming up trade, all right. He hadn't put his tickets on sale yet, but he had a passel of folks out front listening to his spiel. I saw Opal and Bessie in the crowd.

The barker finally said, "Now, here's what you're going to see on the inside, ladies and gentlemen—if," he said, "I repeat *if* there's a man of strength and courage among you. A man of strength and courage and a man who is willing to take a chance on winning twenty-five—I repeat, *twenty-five*—dollars by staying three minutes in a wrestling match with this ferocious wild beast you see caged here before you—Rex, the King of the Jungles!"

I heard Opal scream behind me before I ever saw Asa move. Then I was pawing for his coattails and I was shouting, "Asa, get down from off that platform, man! That fearsome-looking beast will tear you limb from limb!" And everybody in the crowd was laughing or cheering or booing—according to how they felt about Asa. And Asa was standing there on the platform beside that gorilla's cage and the sparkle of fun was in his eyes and I knew that the naturalness had broken out in him again, just as I had told Bessie it would. Just as it always must in a natural man. And I knew I had my sworn buddy back again—a man who would joke, take dares, laugh, fight or frolic with the best of them!

The barker said, "Now, sir, we're going to muzzle Rex so there'll be no bloodshed. You think you can give him a good fight?"

"Well, mister," Asa said, "I'm dogged if I ever fought anything with four hands. But I reckon I can handle the job!"

Everybody cheered. Everybody but Bessie and Opal. Opal was white as a bed sheet. Bessie looked mad and embarrassed. The ticket booth was opened. I'm surprised somebody wasn't trampled in the rush to buy tickets. I got three tickets, and rounded up Opal and Bessie. Bessie said she wasn't going to see Asa make a fool of himself. I said, "How many girls is it have a chance to see their daddy wrestle a ferocious wild beast of the jungle?" Bessie said, "Humph!" but she followed Opal and me into the tent and we sat in the bleachers well up front.

Rex looked bored. Every now and then he would scratch one of his moldy places. He didn't even get excited when they muzzled him.

Asa had shucked off all his clothes but his britches. He was standing barefooted as a yard dog, by the cage. "Hey, Asa," somebody in the crowd shouted, "how we gonna tell you two apart?" And somebody else shouted back, "Why, the gorilla's the one with the muzzle!" And somebody else yelled, "Hell-fire, they'd ought to muzzle old Asa, instead!" And every time somebody would make a good joke on Asa, Asa would grin and clasp his hands over his head and shake them the way prize fighters do.

The barker and Asa got into the cage with Rex. The barker held a stop watch in one hand and a pistol in the other. Just then I heard a commotion beside me. John P. Withers had come bustling up. In a hoarse whisper he was saying, "Get him out of there!"

Bessie said, "There's nothing we can—"

John P. interrupted her: "The damned ignorant cracker! Don't you people realize a man can't run for dignified public office, him making a fool of himself before all these people!"

"You want to watch out how you talk about Asa Birdsong!" I said.

The barker—now the referee—shot a blank with his gun, and the fight commenced. Asa started circling Rex. Rex just sat there. He yawned.

John P. shouted, "Get the damn' fool out of there!"

REX stood to a half crouch. His head swayed back and forth. All of a sudden he sprung at Asa. Asa went flat on his back to the canvas beneath the weight of the beast.

"Bessie," John P. said, "I'm holding you personally responsible for this outrageous exhibition!"

Whatever shame Bessie might have felt at first seemed to be gone. Her daddy was in a fight. And he was getting the worst of it. "Get him, Pa!" she screamed. "Now get him!"

Opal shouted, "Come on now, Pa!"

John P. said, "You don't seem to understand what I'm trying to tell you!"

Bessie looked at him. It seemed as if she were seeing him for the first time: seeing the little meanness of his eyes, seeing him as he really was—a man not *with* her family, taking them and loving them for what they were, but a man *against* the family, using them for his own purposes, trying to make them all over into his ways of thinking and doing.

"Mister Withers," Bessie said. "You're standing in my way. Now get him, Pa!"

"You're coming with me!" John P. said.

"Oh, Pa!" Opal screamed.

"Go away," Bessie told John P.

Asa had managed to get out from under Rex. He was on the gorilla's back now, fighting to put a full nelson on him. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

muscles in Asa's back stood out in knotted ridges as he fought to get that full nelson, and finally he had it, and we could hear the breath rasping from his throat as he applied the pressure.

"I should have known," John P. said, "that you can't make civilized people out of backwoods crackers. That applies to the whole pack of you!"

"Far away!" Bessie said.

John P. left.

The referee shouted, "Two minutes," and just then Asa's grip slipped and Rex shook free and bounded to a corner of the cage. Asa followed him. Rex went to all fours and side-stepped Asa. Asa wouldn't stop moving in, and everybody was screaming. Asa lunged at Rex again. This time Rex scrambled to his shelf and started bawling for his keeper.

That beast had had enough of Asa. He'd had a plenty.

THE next evening I dropped by Asa's place. I had been doing a whole lot of thinking that day and I wanted to tell Asa how wrong I had been. I had thought that when Asa accepted that challenge to fight the gorilla it meant he was going back to his old ways of thinking and doing. I had thought that he would withdraw from the race for the school board membership. I had been so wrong.

Asa had gathered up Bessie and Opal and had gone right from that carnival over to the park. He had clambered up on the bandstand and had made a stump speech that wouldn't keep. He said that he was a man who had always taken a dare and looked for a laugh and that there wasn't any use of him trying to change. He said he'd tried to change and it had almost driven him crazy. He said he didn't see why a man couldn't be the way God made him and still do good in his own special way. He donated his winnings from the carnival to the P.T.A. for their milk fund. Then he said that the votes he'd cast as a member of the school board—if folks wanted him the way he was—would be his own votes. Not the votes of any conniving scofer who had once had some sort of an idea of becoming his son-in-law!

They say that Randall Bafus, Asa's opponent, got three votes at the polls. I figured Randall Bafus cast one of them. And John P. Withers another. And poor old Frog Malfers the third.

I wanted to tell Asa how wrong I had been. I wanted to tell him that if he could face up to his responsibilities as a citizen of the section, then, by gonnies, so could I!

I went in the back door. Bessie was in the kitchen again. Her cheeks were flushed from the heat of the stove again. The little tendrils of hair curled damp around the back of her neck again. And again I wanted to take her in my arms and kiss her, and again I didn't dare.

"Hey, Rance," she said.

"Hey, Bessie," I said.

"Rance," she said, "Rance, you remember the time we were out by the branch after magnolias? And that black snake ran across our feet? And you picked him up? And after a while you asked me—you asked me if it was too late?"

My knees went on trembling. "Yes, Bessie."

"And I never answered you? Right out?"

"Yes, Bessie."

"You want me to answer you? Right out?"

"Yes, Bessie."

"It's not too late, you sweet little old man, you!"

When I found the time, I went out on the stoop. Asa was sitting there. His great big shoulders were hunched up. He was picking his teeth with a stove match.

I sat beside him. "I ever tell you about Long Tom Osceola, Asa?" I said. "Biggest dad-burned Indian in this world?"

"Can't say that you have, Rance." Asa grinned at me. "Can't say that you have, son."

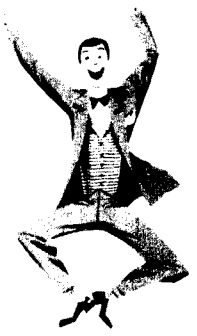
THE END

"I enjoy the sand traps most—you don't have to worry about ruining the grass"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

Fine Shave?

Feeling Fine!



EARLY AMERICAN Old Spice® FOR MEN

for that Top-of-the-World feeling

while shaving

SHAVING CREAM
Lather and Brushless
.50

after shaving

AFTER SHAVE LOTION
1.00 plus tax
(large size 1.75)

SHULTON
New York Toronto

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Blonde Chaser

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

patted her hand, and wrote her a check for five hundred dollars against her next salary deposits.

He went home that evening, determined not to go near Kathy. He would eat in a restaurant, even if it meant a solitary meal and probable indigestion.

A decided knock cracked against his door.

"Well," Kathy said, her hands on her hips, "did you swallow my cutlery, or did you hide it—like Easter eggs?"

He followed her upstairs.

KATHY was still in the white-collared gray dress she had worn to the office, but she looked remarkably trim and smart. There were faint shadows under her eyes.

She stood in the middle of her kitchen and waved one arm around. "Go ahead, unearth it, Geiger Counter."

Even Spence was surprised at the absentmindedness with which he had stowed things away the evening before. The last place he would have expected to find the carving knife was behind a platter on a rather high shelf.

"As long as you're here, I guess you might as well stay," Kathy said. "I'll heat up the roast beef."

"How late were you out last night, Kathy?"

"Two thirty. We went to the Persian Room after the theater."

"You ought to be in bed every night by ten. You owe it to your boss. I'll speak to Donald about it."

Kathy shot him a rapid glance. "What did you think of Donald?"

Spencer found that his opinion of Donald had changed overnight. "Run of the mill, Kathy, run of the mill."

"I don't think he liked you, either," she said. "He said you looked as if you chased blondes."

Kathy made a tossed salad and French-fried some potatoes. After dinner Spencer helped her with the dishes, a civilized, cooperative procedure of which he approved. Then they settled down, dividing the evening paper.

Eventually a mellow mood overtook him. Kathy had furnished her room pleasantly but inexpensively, and brightened it with orange-red curtains. It had a comfortable atmosphere. She, herself, looked winsome, almost little-girl vulnerable, curled up in the brown wing chair, with her legs tucked beneath her and the faint circles under her eyes.

Life was tough on Kathy. She had to slave all day in an office, then chase around all evening, trying to snag some guy so she could fulfill the role for which a relentless Nature had intended her. He wanted to help her all he could.

"Kathy," he said, "I've decided to help you slip the noose over Donald. Lord knows, I've seen it done often enough." He had watched his sister trap his brother-in-law, and he'd been a spectator while two of his fraternity brothers had gone down for the count without ever knowing what hit them. There were certain standing rules discernible to a third person. Since he considered the institution of marriage basically sound, he had no compunction about baiting the hook for Brookfield.

"There are three fundamentals to be observed, Kathy. One: flatter the guy. Butter him up, until he's skidding around so fast on oil he loses his footing. Never give him a chance to recover his balance. Two: defer to him. Make him believe that your brain is a poor, weak, one-cell structure, just good enough to follow the scintillating functioning of his. Three: demonstrate that your nature is warmly affectionate—within the bounds of discretion, of course. Follow those three basic rules, Kathy, and you'll have the poor sucker paying off the mortgage the rest of his life."

Kathy lifted her eyes from the paper and gave him one of those unfathomable looks. "Roger," she said. "Swap you for the sports section." . . .

Wednesday, the weatherman got confused and slipped New York a rare day, neither too hot nor too cold, with sunshine and a sportive breeze. There was soot, of course, but none of it landed in Spence's eyes. There were dark plumes of smoke and carbon monoxide, but Spence didn't inhale any in asphyxiating quantities; and occasionally, just because the breeze was right, there was a small whiff of sea air.

He took a blonde out to lunch. Crystal Hovac, the receptionist in his uncle's office, had deep yellow hair that looked as if it had been thoroughly taught its lesson of never showing dark at the roots. Her skin was velvet, hand-painted by an expert. She was willowy, with a wonderful rhythm to her hips.

Spence beamed cheerfully across the lunch table and thought that before he was ready to settle down five or six years from now, he might very well be able to teach Crystal to call him "Spence" instead of "Mr. Chaffee."

"Like a lamb chop, Crystal?"

"I love lamb chops, Mr. Chaffee."

"Call me Spence. Rather have lobster salad?"

"Lobster salad's just wonderful, Mr. Chaffee."

"Or how about chicken curry?"

"Chicken curry's real nice, too, Mr. Chaffee."

IN THE afternoon he phoned Britha Threkeld, a Bryn Mawr graduate who was doing a bang-up job in a child-welfare agency. Her blonde hair, inherited from a Swedish father, was an unvarying enchanting white gold. Her handclasp was forthright and warm. She wore flatheeled Oxfords, but Spence liked to think that that was because case work kept her on her feet a lot.

"I want to see you, Spencer," she said warmly. "Our kids are selling tickets to a jubilee—square dancing, spun sugar candy, and a clay exhibition by the eight-year-olds."

"Put me down for five tickets, although I'll be busy that evening."

"What evening? This shindig's Friday afternoon."

"I'll call you next week, Britha, honey."

By evening, still cheerful, he had decided to take Kathy out to dinner. She would probably like to get away from her own cooking for a change, women being unreasonable that way.

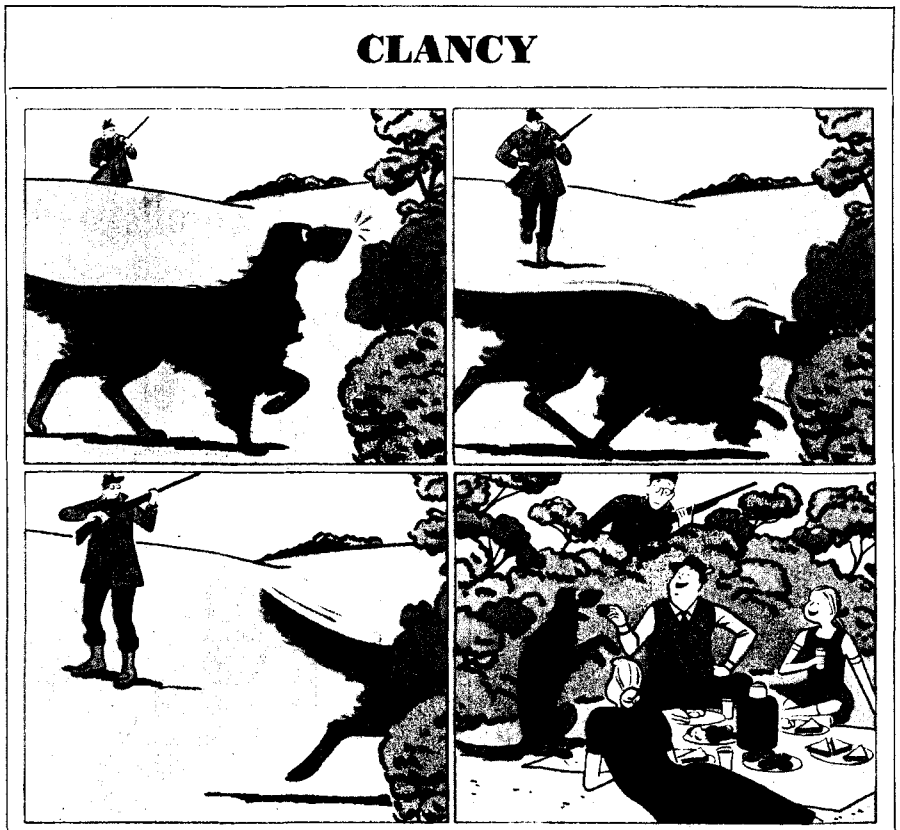
Kathy opened the door, wearing a bright blue dress he had never seen before. It was the exact color of her eyes and made her hair seem more than ever an artist's creation in charcoal.

"Donald's taking me out to dinner," she said. "But there's a little cold roast beef in the icebox, if you—"

The bell rang.

Either Donald had stumbled across a fire sale on roses, or he had come out the worst of it in a bout with a botanical garden. Kathy gave a low exclamation and, throwing her arms around him, kissed him warmly on the cheek.

A glazed look came into Donald's eyes. "Oh, it's you, Chaffee," he said at last.



"Got any interest in a little bet on the Series?"

"Do they still play baseball? It seems so long ago."

Spence was so disgusted with the atmosphere that he could hardly force himself to go out to dinner with them.

Donald led the way to a famous Village place with purple tablecloths, dim lighting, an expensive menu and a four-piece orchestra that varied dance tunes with vocals of Bohemian corn. He kept studying Spence, as if he were trying to puzzle out how he got there.

To shift the conversation to a bearable level, Spence made a few penetrating comments on the world situation.

"I wish you'd explain things to me, Donald," Kathy said, her blue eyes building him up to forum size. "I get all mixed up."

While Donald obliged, Spence fixed her with a fierce look intended to remind her that together they had recently attended a symposium on international relations, as a result of which a Columbia professor had congratulated her on her grasp of global affairs.

"You know, you have a brilliant mind, Donald," she said.

Large plates of spaghetti had now been placed before them, and Kathy asked Donald if he would teach her to wind it around her fork, Italian style. As he was demonstrating with pitiful amateurishness, Spence skillfully wound forkful after forkful, without attracting the slightest attention.

"You're terrific, Donald!" Kathy said, and had to have him hold her hands to guide her, although in this very restaurant she, herself, had taught Spence all he knew about winding spaghetti.

Donald and Kathy got up to dance. The dimensions of the floor were such that two couples could occupy it simultaneously providing all concerned had been dieting for six months and were now limiting their motions to one step forward and one step back.

Kathy came back to the table, enthusiastically describing Donald's talent. "You have a built-in sense of rhythm," she said.

When Donald stepped over to ask the orchestra to play Young Lovers, Spence took the opportunity of advising Kathy that she was overdoing it. "A little flattery, yes, Kathy. But stop trying to tell an entirely commonplace guy that he's terrific. In time, even *he* is going to catch on."

"Why, I haven't flattered him at all yet!" Kathy said. "So far I've just been telling the truth!"

SPENCE dropped off at his own apartment and let them go unaccompanied to Kathy's. Donald's right arm appeared muscular and itching for action. In any case, Spence could use a long night's sleep. Once in bed, though, he found it impossible to sleep in the peaceful quiet with which he was surrounded. From the apartment above there came not a sound—no records, no voices, nothing to indicate that the couple concerned was rearranging the furniture or otherwise usefully employed.

At one o'clock, when Donald's step echoed on the stairs, Spence turned over with a sigh. But he became aware of noises—trucks on Sixth Avenue, an alley cat in the courtyard, a party across the street.

The next morning, he stumbled out of bed at the lowest pitch of his existence. It took him some time to realize that the sun was shining. He couldn't imagine what the trouble was.

He hauled himself to the office and plunked himself dourly at his desk. Pretty soon Euphronia Addison, a middle-aged novelist who had just made a killing with a best seller, swept in, all flowing scarves and rattling silver jewelry.

"Find me some sucker, Chaffee," she begged. "I want to unload a horrid piece of property in Connecticut. I bought it when I was first in the dough and thought I couldn't be chic without it. Now I get agoraphobia if I can't look out my window and see the RCA sign on Radio City."

"Describe it," Spencer said.

"It's a nasty little piece of land, smack on the Sound, with a revolting fieldstone house, all historic and in perfect condition. Appalling vegetable and flower gardens burst and bloom all over the place, and there's an enormous lawn for children and dogs. It would turn your stomach."

An idea stirred in Spence's brain. "I think I might be able to take it off your hands, Euphronia," he said cautiously.

"You mean you know a moron? Chaffee, this is the finest firm in New York City."

At the end of an hour's haggling over terms, Spence gave her his personal check for a down payment, along with assurances that she could put her charitable little mind to rest about the matter.

He sat looking at his check stub, in a peculiar mood of exultation. His embryonic nest egg was now smashed to smithereens, but unexpectedly he was a member of the landed gentry, a householder, a paterfamilias, without, of course, the familias. But that ought to be easy enough to remedy.

He went out and draped himself over Crystal's switchboard. Her hair today was a shade brighter than yesterday and, if anything, more beautiful.

"Crystal, how would you like to live in a house in the country?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

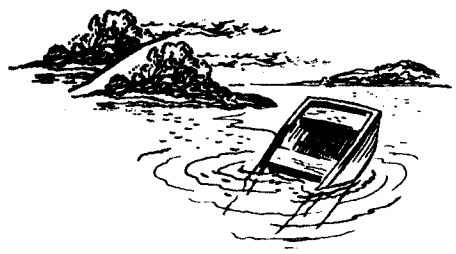
A LOVE STORY OF TODAY'S YOUTH

filling the screen with ecstasy...
as they seek
a place in the sun!

MONTGOMERY
CLIFT
ELIZABETH
TAYLOR

"I'm in trouble
George... bad trouble..."

SHELLEY
WINTERS



in

GEORGE STEVENS'

Production of

A PLACE IN THE SUN

with KEEFE BRASSELLE • Produced and Directed by GEORGE STEVENS • Screenplay by Michael Wilson and Harry Brown • Based on the novel, AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY, by THEODORE DREISER and the PATRICK KEARNEY play adapted from the novel.

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No Other Whiskey... ONLY

FLEISCHMANN'S

GIVES YOU THE

1. CHOICE QUALITY
Fleischmann's Superb Straight Whiskies Blended With Fine Grain Neutral Spirits

2. Every drop 90 PROOF rich, robust, delicious!

3. WINNING PRICE
America's Greatest Whiskey Value!

BLENDED WHISKEY · 90 PROOF · 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

"A house in the country, Mr. Chaffee?"

"You know, dogs, kids—"

"I live in Brooklyn, Mr. Chaffee."

"Crystal—"

"But if you mean what I think you do—"

Spence's stomach turned over. "What I mean, Crystal," he said hastily, "is that people who live in Brooklyn ought occasionally to contemplate living in the country, and vice versa, provided, of course, they're wise enough to stick to their *status quo*."

"Stick to their what, Mr. Chaffee?" Crystal said, a little sulkily.

HE PHONED Britha Threkeld. Her clear voice was somehow suggestive of her white-gold hair and pink cheeks. "Britha, how'd you like to live in a nice little place in the country—kids, dogs?"

"Confidentially," Britha admitted, "that's just what I'm looking for. And a man, of course. It's time I started worrying about my own kids, instead of someone else's."

"Good for you, Britha!" And then his stomach flip-flopped. "Um—suppose I keep an eye out for a likely candidate and, if I find one, try to steer him your way."

"You do that, Spencer," Britha said. "By the way, could you make it ten tickets to the jubilee, instead of five? The sales resistance is fierce."

He dialed Nadine Nelson, who, in the morning press, had been hailed as the Molded Meringue of television. Her voice came over the wire several degrees grumpier than mere throatiness. "What's the idea of waking me up? I was out at the Copa till four."

"Nadine, how would you like to live in a nice little house in the country?"

"And a duplex in town." Even through her sleepiness, Nadine's voice had a calculating interest.

Spence's stomach did that disagreeable turn again.

"I don't know, though, Spencey. Maybe your proposition isn't so smart. What I need is a boy who knows his way around the *international* set. You're more the scoutmaster type."

And what, Spence asked himself indignantly as he hung up, was the matter with being the scoutmaster type? Who had been a better influence in his own young life than Mr. Walkley, his scoutmaster? For several years, Spence and his small friends had shaped their characters to Mr. Walkley's upright demands and been all the better for it. So far as he was concerned, he would be proud to be leader of a Boy Scout troop.

He would take the boys on hikes and nature-study trips, teach them to handle themselves under all circumstances, give them a course in navigation if they wanted it, and toss in wiener roasts for good measure. Naturally he would have to award some of the competitive prizes to his own son, for it is a scoutmaster's duty to be fair, and the kid would be a cinch to win.

By the time he had his youngest son, a chubby boy with dark hair and blue eyes like his brother's, as far along as the cubs, Spence knew why he had been so depressed that morning. His conscience had been bothering him. He had offered to aid and abet Kathy in trapping Donald Brookfield, a fine, upstanding young man who had never done him any harm. He had been a traitor to his sex, a betrayer of his fellow man. He would never be free from his load of guilt until he had devised some way of getting Donald off the hook.

He went home that evening with his strategy clear. It entailed a degree of self-sacrifice, but then . . .

Kathy was in her kitchen making dinner, with Donald looking on. Stalking over to Kathy, Spence spun her into his arms and kissed her soundly.

"Don't tramp around my kitchen," Kathy said. "I have a soufflé in the oven."

"I suppose Kathy's told you, Donald. You may congratulate me."

Donald ignored Spence's outstretched hand and looked past his shoulder at Kathy. "What's Chaffee talking about this time?"

"He must have marbles in his head," Kathy said.

"You must have marbles in your head," Donald said. "Go rattle them around somewhere else. Were you invited here this evening, Chaffee?"

"Kathy thinks we ought to keep it secret, but I want everyone to know."

"I wouldn't marry him," Kathy said, "if he had two feet in the grave and his insurance paid."

"A shy girl, Kathy." Spence laid a hand on Donald's shoulder. "We all get it sooner or later, my boy, but watch yourself while you can. Beware of little women cooking dinners. Beware of—"

"I don't think I'm antisocial," Donald said, "but ever since I first laid eyes on you, I've been aching to bust you one."

Spencer backed out of the kitchen toward the living room. "For your own good, Brookfield, be on the alert. Watch out for falling mortgages. Keep an eye peeled—"

Donald hauled his right arm back.

"Donald, suppose I introduce you to Nadine Nelson, the television star?"

The arm arrested to a degree. "The Molded Meringue?" The arm shot forward, passing Spence's counterattack in mid-air. Someone must have stumbled. Donald went down against the sofa, and Spence against the overstuffed chair. Pictures shook. Dishes rattled.

Kathy walked in and looked at the fallen knights. "My soufflé fell," she said.

Donald picked himself up. His nose was bleeding and he was rumpled. "I don't think this is—ugh—quite the time to stay to dinner, Kathy." His voice was muffled by his handkerchief, over which he glared at Spencer. "As for you, Chaffee, I may—ugh—take you up on that Meringue deal. Be seeing you."

KATHY yelled, "Now see what you've done!" She raced into the kitchen and rushed back a minute later, brandishing a frying pan. Spence scrambled to his feet and began to back away, feeling his jaw, which had started to swell.

"Kathy," he said, picking his way backward through the furniture, "in my zeal to be helpful I may have overdone it a little."

"Helpful to whom?"

"Why—uh—" Light struck. "—to myself," Spencer said.

"That's just what I thought!"

"But so long as I said I'd marry you, Kathy, I will!"

"Why?" Kathy wanted to know, coming at him with the weapon.

"Why, because I busted you up with Donald, because you have your heart set on bagging someone and it's the least I can do."

"Why?" insisted Kathy, bearing down inexorably.

Spence could almost feel the *pong* of the frying pan against his head. "Why, because we're congenial, Kathy. We like to be together. The time passes quickly."

"Why?" persisted Kathy.

Spence's back was to the wall now. He felt its unyielding surface. "Why, because —" He hadn't said the words to a girl since he was eighteen. They came hard. "Because I love you, Kathy."

Kathy dropped the frying pan. "Well, Spencer, it certainly took a lot out of both of us to get at that, didn't it?"

"*Kathy!* Which of us were you trying to trap—Donald or me?"

Kathy slipped her arms around his neck and favored him with her Mona Lisa expression. "Why, you, darling," she murmured, "because you're so bright. Because you're so discerning and subtle and your socks have such nice designs. Because I know my brain is a poor, weak, one-cell structure, but if you spell things out slowly I may be able to catch on. And because I just love your advice about being warmly affectionate. It suits my nature to a T." And she began to kiss him ardently.

Through his grogginess Spencer realized that he might never know how it had happened. But from the wholehearted way Kathy was going about her business, one thing was clear—he could never escape being a happy man. THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Operation Storm!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

the Young Communist League and a high-school graduate, the city boy from Chicago began holding a series of small jobs: shipping clerk, drill press operator, substitute letter carrier.

But party activities were his main work. In 1927, the twenty-one-year-old careerist, fired from his post-office job for absenteeism, stepped on to the party payroll as district organizer of the Chicago YCL. He was to make this "youth" organization his main work for many years.

After doing party work in 1928 during the New Bedford textile strike, he turned up in New York as editor of the Young Worker—YCL official organ—and as New York State YCL organizer.

Moscow Fronts for U.S. Youth

In 1932, Green was summoned to Moscow for additional training. Thereafter, he made frequent trips to Russia, meanwhile setting up such fronts in this country as the American Youth Congress. By 1934, he was advising YCLers: "Military science is indispensable to proletarians. You must learn how to fight the *bourgeoisie* of your own country." In 1935, as a delegate to the Seventh World Congress of the Communist International in Moscow, he was elected to the Comintern's important Executive Committee.

Increasingly, Green's job in the Comintern was to spy on other Communist leaders. In time, he put this function to official use in this country, when he became the American party's thought-control boss and a terror to those comrades who were brought up on charges before the so-called National Review Commission. Like many other hand-picked Communist functionaries, in the late thirties Green turned up in Spain to further his training in heresy hunting in the civil war there, but he himself never fired a shot in anger.

By 1939, Green held a seat on the National Committee of the American Communist party. In 1945, with the expulsion of Browder, he moved up into the highest echelon, the American Politburo. Here he began to rival Stachel, both as a guardian of Communist morals and as an agit-prop (party lingo for agitation and propaganda) agent. Younger (he's now forty-five to Stachel's tired fifty-one), more ambitious as a schemer, and less tinged with Browderism, Green began to nose out the saturnine Stachel.

Under other circumstances, forty-year-old Henry Winston, the third man in the command team, might have been a home-loving suburbanite. Even as a Communist functionary—unlike other top Reds—he tried for a time to live a normal life with his wife and two children. Yet, once he had joined the Communist party in 1931, his break away from this was almost inevitable: (1) he was a Negro, (2) he came from the South, (3) he was a trustworthy, responsible executive. For Communist purposes, all three were essential. A Negro Communist like Benjamin J. Davis was valuable as a front man in New York. But Davis came from a wealthy family, he had gone to a fancy Eastern college, and he was given to a wild neuroticism which made him unreliable as a conspirator.

The party used Davis, but it slowly groomed Winston for leadership. After grammar and high school in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, and Kansas City, Missouri, he had joined the party in 1931. In the 1930s, his record was typical: arrested for vagrancy (often a police cover-all term for Communist activity); a YCL delegate to the national hunger march on Washington in 1932; a job with the Young Worker publication; and a YCL organizer in the New York slum areas of Red Hook and Harlem.

After attending the Lenin School in 1933, he was ready for more important party posts in the U.S. In 1937, he turned up in Moscow for two months of postgraduate training, then went back to New York to run the YCL's "action school" at Camp Beacon, where deserving young Communists formerly were trained for future responsibilities. (The camp is now privately owned, and highly respectable.) He was elected to the National Committee in 1940, drafted into the Army two years later.

Like Hall, Winston received his honorable discharge from the service just in time for the critical Browder shake-up. He emerged from it a powerful man in the American Politburo. His title, National Organizational Secretary, was innocuous, but his function was important: to supervise the party's finances and treasury, and somehow to yank the movement away from the intellectuals who were largely in control and steer it back to a working-class base. This task of "industrial concentration"—the Leninist term—was the most important the party faced, a vital prelude to Winston's role in Operation Storm, and to his eventual move underground.

Like a Broadway "Hard Guy"

In startling contrast to these three is Robert George Thompson. Slick-haired, sallow, puffy, he is a dead ringer for a Broadway hard guy. At thirty-six, he is also the youngest of the fugitives. Like most Communists of the Stalin era, Thompson has had little formal education: grammar school and one year of high school in Portland, Oregon. After quitting his textbooks in 1929, he went on the bum, working as a lumberjack, wheat harvester, canner, and railroad hand on the Santa Fe, till the depression lured him into the party in 1933.

By the time he made the inevitable trip to Moscow in 1935, he had a record of two arrests for labor agitation. Ostensibly working at the Kaganovich Ball Bearing Works in the Russian capital, he was actually attending seminars at the Lenin School. When the big opportunity, the Spanish war, came along, he had already begun his meanderings under false names (Robert Johnson, Bob Condon, Roberto Tomes) and false passports.

Spain offered the perfect life for him—violence, danger, brutality—and he quickly rose to command the MacKenzie-Papineau brigade, the Canadian unit in the famous International Brigade. Wounded in action, he was back in the States by late 1937. In the summer of 1941, he made a trip to Mexico, reportedly to take instruction from Carlos Contreras (alias Sormenti, alias Vidale), one of Stalin's most sadistic hatchet men, who had

"You're making too many tackles with no one near you"

COLLIER'S — BORIS DRUCKER

New Shoe Design
Gives More Comfort
Reduces Fatigue

Scientific research proves that fatigue and body aches caused by foot trouble can be relieved

If you have leg-ache, back-ache or body fatigue your feet may be the cause . . . and 7 out of 10 adults do have these symptoms of foot trouble.

Most foot trouble comes from shoes that permit the heel to roll inward under body weight. The Guide-Step principle has solved the problem with shoes that are *correct*, not corrective. Good looking, too!

Get the full story on Johnsonian Guide-Step by mailing the coupon. You'll get a booklet that may show You the way to walk better, look better, feel better!

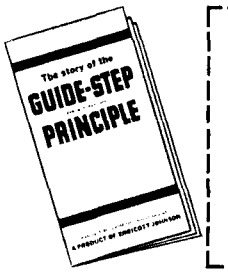
SMARTEST SHOES ON THE SQUARE

It Fits...
YOUR FOOT IN ACTION

1. Cupped heel prevents inward rolling—pear shape eliminates heel slip in action.
2. Shank and forefoot shaped to guide weight to outer edge of foot for support in action.
3. Lacing area reproportioned to avoid excessive pressure over instep in action.
4. Forefoot designed so that every toe can flex with proper support in action.

GUIDE-STEP
Johnsonian
A PRODUCT OF ENDICOTT JOHNSON

MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR FREE BOOKLET



Endicott Johnson Corporation
Department C
Endicott, New York

Please send me the free, illustrated booklet on Johnsonian Guide-Step, plus the name of my nearest shoe store or shoe department.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paulette Goddard says:

"Me? I'm especially particular about the quality of my radio and television reception. That's why I call the man who displays the Sylvania service sign. He's an expert and keeps my sets in top form."

For peak performance from your radios or television set be sure to call the dependable dealer who shows this Sylvania service sign. He uses those extra-fine Sylvania tubes that keep reception smooth and amazingly realistic.

RADIO TELEVISION SERVICE
SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES
Authorized Dealer

SYLVANIA ELECTRIC PRODUCTS INC. 1901-1951 FIVE DECADES OF PROGRESS 50th ANNIVERSARY

SYLVANIA
RADIO AND TELEVISION PICTURE TUBES

Sylvania Electric Products Inc. also manufactures Television and Radio Sets; Photolamps; Light Bulbs; Electronic Products; Electronic Test Equipment; Fluorescent Tubes, Fixtures, Sign Tubing, Wiring Devices

earned a fearsome reputation in Spain as a purger of suspected weaklings in the party.

Nine days before Pearl Harbor, Thompson was again in uniform—this time of GI cut. His record was excellent: staff sergeant in the Red Arrow Division, awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for bravery during the Buna campaign, wounded in the left knee. He came out of the war with a limp, a mild case of malaria, and a $150-a-month total disability pension which he collected until he disappeared in July.

Back in the party, nominally as the New York State chairman, Thompson was surly and overbearing. His home life foundered and he took to drinking heavily. At top-level meetings, he quarreled with the other U.S. Politburo members. But he was a valuable man to Moscow, and the American party knew it. As an expert on street fighting and guerrilla tactics, he lectured frequently to Communist activists. He served another function. Where Green was the party's secret police, judge and jury, Thompson was fitted for the job of carrying out the sentences Green imposed.

Leaders Fit Stalin Pattern

These, then, are the four men to whom Stalin has entrusted the fate of the "second American revolution." They are not men of heroic cast, but instruments in a conscious strategy, based on three decades of intrigue, infiltration and treason. Above all, they meet the requirements laid down by Stalin himself in the homily from which the name Operation Storm was taken. Discussing Communist behavior in times of prerevolutionary stress, the Soviet leader said: "In the face of a storm that has broken out, a group of fishermen mobilize all their energies, spur on their people, and boldly steer the boat into the storm."

"Storm" was a fit word. The party waters were being whipped by a cold wind from Russia (via France). A letter by French Communist Jacques Duclos in an obscure party paper—obviously written at Moscow's command—had sharply rapped Earl Browder's theory that capitalism and Communism could live side by side. Taking the hint, the American Politburo summarily expelled Browder. The older slogan, "To the Revolution," had been raised.

It was a hard slogan to carry out. For, although the party had loyal friends in government, business, the arts and professions, the college campuses, its base in the factories, mills and shops was almost nonexistent. In 1945, a party leader could lament that of the 8,000 party members in Brooklyn, only 201 were bona fide proletarians.

The party, in short, had got soft. It had battened on the goodness and wealth of the American people. By 1944, when Browder "disbanded" the Communist party and set up the Communist Political Association, its political activity had almost ceased, although it had a large membership; fellow travelers brought the tally to about 1,000,000 by FBI estimates.

With the ouster of Browder, reorganization of a revolutionary "party of a new type" began. The Communists started to think in terms of direct action. Back in 1935-'36, Reds in a WPA writers' project in New York had used their time to prepare an encyclopedic report and map of every underground passage, subway tunnel, sewer and water main in the city—a package neatly delivered to Moscow. This was how a Leninist party acted, and the aim was to return to that status.

Taking stock of the party's postwar resources at a series of secret meetings, the Communist leadership sketched out a plan of action. The new blood—Thompson, Green, Winston and Hall—thought in grandiose terms. Jack Stachel predicted that the party's store of good will was going to dwindle rapidly; that there were hungry days ahead, and—with Soviet-American relations worsening—this was the time to retrench. The party, however, was riding a wave of self-confidence (which would not be dashed until the Progressive party under Henry Wallace—non-Communist, but preaching a soft attitude toward Russia—foundered in the 1948 election).

Even as the Communists hoped in manic generalities, they were plotting in depressive particulars, re-examining the old framework of Operation Storm. Its program was no real secret, having been published in the world-wide party's organ, the Communist International, in the more Spartan year of 1931. Written by B. Vassiliev, an outline called Organisational Problems in Underground Revolutionary Work spelled it out cogently:

"The question of an illegal organization must now receive the closest attention . . . In proportion as the legal apparatus of the Party is liquidated, the directing functions will inevitably pass more and more to the illegal apparatus."

To form such an apparatus, Vassiliev di-

KENNESAW

"Now I don't worry about screens *or* storm windows"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rected, the party must find hiding places for vital archives; organize illegal printing plants at which to print a party organ, once legal party papers had been suppressed; form an apparatus for the distribution of party literature and propaganda; set up a corps of activists who could quickly disappear into the underground; acquire houses, some for mail drops and others in which underground leaders could meet and hide; establish a plan for liaison between legal and illegal functionaries; and train a minimum number of party workers in underground work to run illegal presses, handle codes and organize the defense of Communists who ran afoul of the law.

One sentence in Vassiliev's treatise is especially significant: ". . . Preparation for the struggles for power are impossible unless the whole system of Party work is reorganized and the whole Party apparatus reconstructed on the basis of factory nuclei." *Today, every one of these instructions has been put into practice.* This process of building secret factory nuclei, "industrial concentration," has been the chief chore of Henry Winston.

Behind the posturing and speeches, the Communist party got down to solid work in 1946. First it conducted a careful security check of all members. A questionnaire was issued by the control commissions of all Communist districts. Designed to probe a member's past, his party connections, family, the seamy side of his life, this form served a multiple purpose. It gave the control commissions insights into the respondent's reliability and his underground potential, afforded a handle for blackmail, and offered a possible means for identifying government spies. Every one of these questionnaires was microfilmed and shipped to the Comintern in Moscow.

Ralph de Toledano has written for a variety of publications, specializing for the past 10 years on the subject of Communism. He is now on the staff of Newsweek, for which he covered the trial of the 11 top U.S. Communists. He is coauthor of the best seller, Seeds of Treason, the story of the Alger Hiss case

The party's defense forces were also discussed at U.S. Politburo meetings, along with the question of Red Front combat squads. Such units had been organized in 1934, and had held regular training sessions at a summer camp in upstate New York, receiving everything from judo instruction to female hatpin drill (for use against police mounts in street riots). But the combat squads had declined in the prewar years, as the party made greater and greater use of goon squads from captive unions.

Now, with the growing defection of once pro-Red labor groups, the party decided to reconstitute the squads. They made their first combat appearance in September, 1949, in Peekskill, New York, at the second of two riots involving the appearance of pro-Communist baritone Paul Robeson. According to the Westchester County grand jury which investigated the melee, a "security guard" of 2,500 was on hand well before the hour scheduled for Robeson's provocative appearance. Says the report:

"Their leader wore the uniform of a United States Army lieutenant. They were stationed in military formation, shoulder to shoulder," forming a perimeter about the concert grounds. "This force remained in position for eight to ten hours. They were armed with baseball bats, bottles, pepper and can openers . . . The security guard was a disciplined force and conducted itself in a military manner under the direction of leaders."

In its postwar stocktaking, the party also made a survey of its industrial strength. Mournfully, the National Committee learned in March, 1946, that "in plant after plant in the main cities we have little or no organization. For instance, in General Motors plants totaling 20,000 workers we have only 122 members." The survey urged that "in the auto industry, our concentration work must be aimed at sinking strong roots among the workers in such key spots as Flint and Ford Motors." That could be achieved only "if we assign forces, leadership, money, literature, press and schooling facilities to these areas." This was done.

By 1947, "industrial concentration" was going into gear. The party had learned during the Hitler-Stalin pact, in the days before Germany attacked Russia, that strikes at key points, sparked by a handful of Communists, could accomplish more for Stalin than thousands of mass meetings in New York. (In January, 1941, 50 party members at Allis Chalmers had engineered a wildcat strike which held up $45,000,000 in defense contracts, blocked production on 25 destroyers, virtually shut down Ford Motor's aircraft engine plant, and slowed down vital production all along the line.)

Links in a Chain of Steel

With this in mind, the party issued a secret directive to its western Pennsylvania district. Headed, "Concentration Plan of Work for the Homestead Shop Club for 1947," it bluntly proclaimed:

"Political decision resolved that Homestead shall be one of the two district wide concentration points in steelwork for the whole Party in western Pennsylvania. Political reason is that Homestead is one of the two links in the whole chain that makes up the steel industry . . . Through its strategic position politically, economically, and working-class organization, it can influence the whole body of links that makes up the chain in steel . . ."

The shop clubs being set up in Homestead, and in every industry where the Communists had a foothold, were not to be like ordinary party cells. Members were to meet in complete secrecy, to hide their Communist affiliation at all costs, and to agitate merely as union members. They were to operate in the lower echelons, among union rank-and-filers, gain their confidence, and utilize this trust to bring about slowdowns and wildcat strikes.

In some areas, according to a confidential dues check in 1950, this campaign to infiltrate into industry came within 73 per cent of meeting the party's goal (which was not low). For example, the CIO United Auto Workers' Ford Local 600 (which claims to be the world's largest, with almost 60,000 members), is now considered by the party as a "sphere of influence" of inestimable value, although not entirely in the Communist camp. Red leaders cite this as an example of what industrial concentration can do—even when, as in this case, the heads of the parent union are vigorously anti-Communist. (UAW president Walter Reuther is vigorously at odds with Local 600 for various reasons, principally ideological.)

In April, 1949, Gus Hall was happily endorsing the effectiveness of Henry Winston's campaign to infiltrate into industry under the slogan, "Face to the Factories." "The party is all the stronger as a result," he confided to the National Committee. And he ordered that young Communists, regardless of any personal plans, "must get a job in industry wherever possible."

In November, 1950, Winston was exhorting his cohorts: "It is in the shops, at the point of production, that the class struggle originates and rages unceasingly." A party directive spelled it out more clearly:

"It is important to advance the struggle against imperialist war by effectively linking it with the struggle on issues the workers understand more clearly, against wage freezes, controls . . . Even workers who mistakenly support Truman in Korea can many times be won to support action on one or another of these partial demands . . ."

Meanwhile, with U.S.-Soviet relations

ROMA WINE

America's largest selling wine ...because it tastes better

Millions prefer the flavor of ROMA, for only ROMA has the world's largest reserves of aging fine wine, and ROMA can *wait* till its wines mellow to perfection before bottling them. That's why ROMA wines never vary in taste or goodness. They're *fine* wines that you can afford to buy. Serve them proudly — and often.

Your guests know ROMA *best*

© 1951 ROMA WINE CO., FRESNO, CALIF.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

growing steadily worse, steps were taken to insure the party's future effectiveness. In June, 1947, the direct order from Moscow had come: Go underground. Following the 1948 convention, the entire party was put on a war footing. It was split up into roughly 3,500 fragments, the base being the cell of no more than 10 members.

Leaders of cells now maintained secret liaison with section leaders, who in turn passed messages along through one set of couriers to another set of couriers, who then carried the ball to the district leadership. This security-conscious system of lower-echelon leadership-to-courier-to-courier-to-higher-echelon leadership is called a "cutoff"—a term right out of the Soviet espionage handbook. Cutoffs were to maintain liaison between the district leadership and the American Politburo. Secret directives went down this chain of command from the U.S. Politburo to the lowest party members.

The wisdom of these precautions became apparent when the entire American Politburo was indicted on July 20, 1948, under the Smith antisubversive act. The trial was held in 1949, and panic hit the ranks when Angela Calomiris, Herbert Philbrick, and other duty-driven Americans who had infiltrated the Communist movement at FBI request took the stand as witnesses for the prosecution.

A secret directive was sent out to every party district, entitled: "Regarding the Need for Increased Vigilance in Combating the Attacks of the FBI . . ." It warned against the "enemy" (the U.S. government), insisted on a close check of new members, and gave a list of do's and don't's for members approached by the FBI or arrested. Calling attention to the party's legal arm, patterned according to Vassiliev's instructions, it ordered members to "contact the Civil Rights Congress and its lawyers" the moment there was a stirring of the law. "It is imperative that the rights accorded citizens under the Constitution be rigidly insisted upon," the directive stated, warning against "loose talk" and the "bandying about of names."

Precautions for Secrecy

At the 1948 convention, the party already had ordered the destruction of all party cards, placed a ban on dues receipts, cautioned against the use of telephones for confidential messages, devised codes and provided for more couriers. The use of mail drops—postal addresses of unsuspected Communists—became standard operating procedure where mail communications were employed.

The party's financial structure was overhauled. By the use of "front" organizations, the Communist party had siphoned off huge sums over the years from its great campaigns. Millions of dollars—ostensibly collected for Spanish Relief, the defense of the nine Negroes tried in the famous Scottsboro, Alabama, rape case, and hundreds of other causes (many of them also espoused by sincere liberals)—went into party coffers. Much of it was shipped to Russia, which has always attempted to finance its espionage operations with American dollars, because they are negotiable anywhere.

But the larger portion of this money had been invested in legitimate capitalist enterprises—real estate, record companies, a perfume house, a small mail-order firm, a machine tool establishment which handled World War II defense orders, several night clubs, bookshops, even a doll factory. Dummy corporations controlled by trusted Communists have operated these businesses. Among the investments were several large printing firms, through which the party bought presses, mimeograph machines and large stocks of paper and newsprint, all stored away secretly against the day when an illegal press might be necessary. (Unfortunately for the Communists, FBI "plants" have supplied the bureau with the locations of many of these "secret" storage places.)

With the acceleration of underground plans, the party began to liquidate some of these holdings, converting them into ready cash. At the party's last convention in December, 1950—closed to everyone but hand-picked delegates—Henry Winston announced at a secret session attended by several of the top state chairmen that the party had "a reserve fund of several million dollars to carry on our work no matter what course events take." As part of the party's fluid funds, one fellow traveler has close to $500,000 in his bank account. A Communist employed in the bank reports all withdrawals to the party.

Coincident with launching Operation Storm, the party's growing industrial and water-front cells were instructed to begin a survey of sabotage "potentials." In a New York Herald Tribune series, Ogden R. Reid and Fendall Yerxa reported that the first of these surveys—begun in 1947 and repeated in 1948—included painstaking studies of defense plants, as well as transportation and industrial facilities, food life lines and water supply in the large urban areas. This writer is convinced that a third survey was begun in 1950 to gather information made available by the deeper penetration of secret cells in the automotive and electronics industries.

Some idea of the degree of control the party exercises over such cells can be obtained from the secret directives continuing to pour forth. Here's a sampling from among those in this writer's possession:

For a demonstration in Times Square last spring over the controversial rape convictions of Mississippi Negro Willie McGee: "Comrades are to come in groups no larger than three," circulate in a given "assembly area," and await "a signal from several comrades who will be visible from the balcony of the Hotel Astor."

For picketing at the American Safety Razor Company strike in Brooklyn this year: "Comrades . . . are to be as militant as possible, *even to courting arrest.*"

On President Truman's recall of General Douglas MacArthur: "Where possible, members whose political affiliations are not known are to contact anti-MacArthur forces and work with them on the basis of mutual opposition to MacArthur's advocacy of full-scale war against New China . . . This tactic can win scores of people of importance . . . to support our position . . . It is not necessary for these members to divulge their opposition to Truman's policies."

By the end of last year, Gus Hall felt that the time had come to put Operation Storm into second gear. To delegates carefully picked by the party's security experts he anounced that the party had the "machinery and forces to initiate and lead" a movement to sabotage U.S. defense mobilization. The keynote: prepare for "militant strikes and carefully executed slowdown, particularly in war industries."

A new line on revolution was also being promulgated by Moscow. Where Communists had once stressed "armed uprisings of the workers against the *bourgeoisie,*" agitprop directors were to talk now in terms of "armed descent" by the Red Army itself!

The strength of capitalism and the "backwardness" of American workers was responsible for the change in thinking. Communist cells, henceforth, were to prepare not for outright revolution but for sabotage, guerrilla tactics and subversion of the U.S. armed forces, timed to the "breakdown" of Wall Street and an attack by the Red Army. Just when this was to occur was not made clear.

Warnings Against FBI Action

Through late April, May and June, as the U.S. Politburo waited for the Supreme Court decision which ultimately ordered it to prison, the secret directives continued to tighten security and carry out Operation Storm. Marked "Fl. N."—the ninth-floor sanctum at the then party headquarters at 35 East Twelfth Street, New York (now at 29 West 125th Street)—the orders prepared party members for further FBI action. On April 30, 1951, a detailed directive stated:

". . . Leaders elected to replace those imprisoned are to work as secretly as possible from places already designated . . . Presses and newsprint . . . are to be well secluded and should be known only to those charged with the printing of literature." (There are 31 such printing caches.)

On May 8th: "Shop cadres whose political affiliations are not known in their shops are not to reveal them under any circumstances . . . Measures should be taken immediately to discredit the reliability of members under suspicion . . . The type of measures . . . should be of such a nature as to arouse the members' shopmates and neighbors against them."

On June 5th: ". . . It is imperative that [labor] unrest [over wages, prices, rent control] be channeled into action as soon as possible. . . . Once the workers are won to fighting for a wage increase, the peace issue can be raised."

By June 6th, it became apparent that something big was about to pop: the party had ordered the equivalent of radio silence. A verbal order from the highest leadership to all districts stated that, from then on, communications were to be in code with *absolutely no exceptions;* mail drops were to be changed weekly; incoming mail eventually destined for national headquarters was to be in triplicate and addressed to separate drops; couriers were to be changed frequently.

Late in June, an FBI roundup of the alternate party leaders—replacements for those about to enter prison—disclosed that four of them had vanished. On July 2d, the American public learned that Winston, Hall, Thompson and Green were nowhere to be found. Where had they gone? The FBI had no way of knowing. To have maintained 24-hour surveillance of the convicted 11 would have taken eight agents per Communist; the shorthanded bureau had no such man power available.

As federal agents began the difficult task of tracking down the four bail-jumpers, it was clear that the important thing was not where they were holed up—whether in some secret American hiding place, or behind the Iron Curtain—but that somewhere a hard-working, ruthless top command, armed with hate and fanaticism, is coolly plotting sabotage, violence and, when the time comes, American Communist participation in the "armed descent" of Stalin's soldiers.

Already their efforts are bearing fruit, as evidenced by the recent Justice Department disclosure that reports of sabotage in U.S. defense plants are on the up-swing. Will the situation grow worse? The American Communist general staff, in its secret lair, is planning it that way.

When the day the Reds dream about comes true—when the Soviets are ready to attack—the leaders of Operation Storm will emerge, just as Tito, Pauker and Pieck emerged behind the Red Army to subjugate eastern Europe. The fugitives will then be fugitives no longer, but Stalin's gauleiters in the war against freedom and civilization. THE END

Next Week
in
Collier's

Dietrich's Daughter

GROUCHO IS MY POP

What's it like to have a wildly unpredictable comic for a father? Novelist Arthur Marx has a hilarious report

●

OUR FIRST WAR With the Russians

In 1918-'19, U.S. troops battled the Bolsheviks. Here is an exciting flash back from a general who saw action then

●

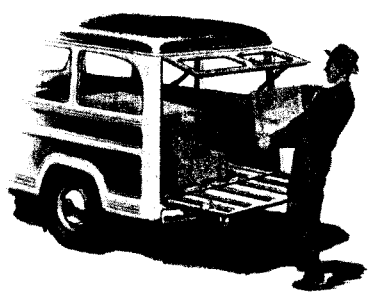
Last of the 'Dedicated Old Maids'

The inspiring story of Katharine Lenroot, a beloved U.S. official, whose lifework has been for happier childhood

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILLYS— BOUGHT BY MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER STATION WAGON

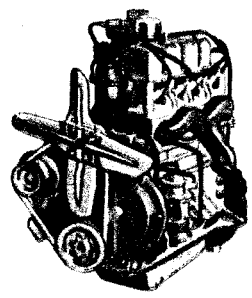
—BECAUSE WILLYS IS MORE USEFUL



This smart, smooth-riding car carries six adults, plus an incredible amount of luggage . . . handles easier . . . parks in less space. It's far more practical for hauling, especially if your load is tall and bulky; cargo space is 4 ft. high, almost 5 wide, 98 cu. ft. in size. Ask your Willys dealer for a road-test.

—BECAUSE WILLYS GIVES LONGER MILEAGE

Weighs less than other full-size station wagons . . . and powered by the Willys F-head *HURRICANE* Engine, with 7.4 compression, that gives singing performance and gets extra miles from regular gasoline.



—BECAUSE WILLYS COSTS UP TO $400 LESS THAN COMPETITIVE FULL-SIZE STATION WAGONS

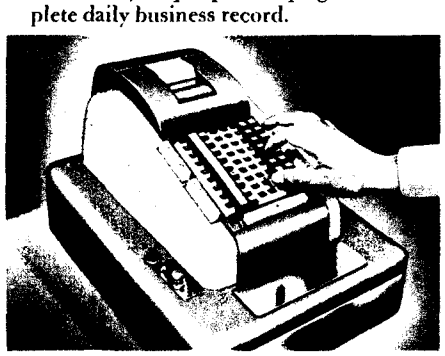
WILLYS makes sense

—IN ECONOMY —IN EASE OF DRIVING —IN COMFORT

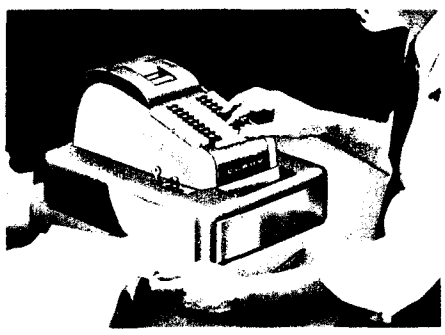
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Retailers! Clary's Bookkeeping Cash Register Gets You Home Earlier— It's Self-balancing!

BALANCE CASH IN 3 MINUTES. "Total" figure on tape always agrees with cash in drawer because Clary subtracts paid-outs. Locked-in, tamper-proof tape gives complete daily business record.



CONVERTS TO WORLD'S FASTEST ADDING MACHINE. All-electric Clary gives you *two* machines for the price of *one*. Adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides at the rate of 188 operations a minute.



SPEEDS ALL AFTER-HOURS FIGURING. Simplifies mark-ups, payroll, taxes, inventory, etc. Outperforms machines costing several times as much. There's a Clary model for *your* business. Easy terms.

Clary does your work faster

SEE YELLOW PHONE BOOK PAGES FOR CLARY ADDING MACHINES, TOO!

Main Office: San Gabriel, California
Eastern Plant: Downingtown, Pennsylvania

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET
"Establishing & Operating Your Own Business"
Clary Multiplier Corporation, Dept. C-32
San Gabriel, California
*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____ ( ) *State*_____
*Type of Business*_____

Alan Young—Beloved Bumbler

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

great deal of his own writing. "The guy is incredible," says Shapiro. "He never drives you, and on the rare occasions when a gag falls flat, he blames himself and no one else."

When a program is especially successful, on the other hand, Young makes comments like, "I'm sure grateful to you fellows for writing such a bang-up show," or, "Honest, I don't know what I'd do without you guys." In a profession where gratitude is a rarity, such sentiments are a constant source of amazement to the two writers.

During script conferences, the comedian's demeanor is much the same. Not cut out by nature to play the boss, he never vetoes a comedy suggestion, in the time-honored fashion, by saying, "It stinks," or "That bit is as old as my grandmother." Instead, when he doesn't like an idea, he smiles gently and says, "I'm sorry, but I don't think I can make that one come off. Why don't we try something like this?" And off he goes on something that happened to him the week end before. Almost invariably, it turns out to be a great idea for a skit.

"What my writers and I try to do on the show," he says, "is devise basic situations that could happen to anyone. Then we enlarge on the situation and exaggerate it for a heightened comedy effect. When people recognize a funny situation as something that has happened or could happen to them, it rings true."

Young's idea of good situation comedy is to put an unhappy man in a laundromat and let him try to wash his clothes while surrounded by busy, chattering women, or to portray the frustrated homeowner losing his privacy and his mind when the neighbors drop in for an evening of television.

Comedy Skit on an Air Liner

On one of his early programs he appeared in a sketch which showed him taking his first flight in an air liner. Seated beside an imposing-looking business executive, Alan quietly proceeded to drive the tycoon into a state of helpless exasperation. When the passengers were ordered to fasten their safety belts, Young obviously cinched up his pants; discovering his mistake, he reached out hastily and, in a matter of moments, succeeded in entangling himself hopelessly in the businessman's safety strap. A few minutes later, when the hostess brought lunch trays, the comedian inadvertently bit into a banana belonging to the executive; for the next five minutes the audience roared as Alan tried to repair the banana with a piece of his own.

Sometimes, for a change of pace, he momentarily abandons the theme of his own inadequacy and turns instead to situations so patently absurd as to be hilarious. Once, playing a British army officer of considerable dignity, Young dropped in on a heap of rubble that was once a house. Offered a spot of tea, he bowed politely to his host and said, "You pour, it's your home." At that precise moment, a giant blockbuster landed in front of them. Alan glanced at the bomb and listened closely to its ticking. "One of ours," he said casually, and went on drinking his tea. When no explosion followed, Young and his host decided the bomb was a dud and started to work out a letter of complaint to the War Ministry. "We wish to complain about a veddy large bomb," their letter began, "serial number three, four, six, zero . . ." at which point the blockbuster exploded. The studio audience howled as the bedraggled Young calmly tore up the letter, explaining: "Not needed."

The two-word punch line is an index to Young's style, which depends heavily on the economical use of words. "Smart repartee means absolutely nothing on television," he says. "What counts on video is movement, facial expression, mood. You learn that in a hurry."

All of Young's TV education has obviously been accomplished in a hurry. His emergence as a top television star has occurred only during the past 12 months. Two years ago, unable to find a job on radio, stage or screen in this country, he was about ready to consider his career a failure. Today, he's the somewhat astonished recipient of earnings approximating some $9,000 a week, including his motion-picture pay.

Despite this affluence, he lives modestly, almost frugally, in what his friends profess to see as a throwback to his Scottish parentage.

The comedian was born in November, 1919, in North Shields, England, his parents having moved there from Scotland. The boy was christened Angus Young; when he was five, the family moved again, this time to Vancouver, British Columbia. The Youngs never had much money (Angus' father, a onetime music-hall clog dancer, worked for a time in Canada as a copper miner). Nevertheless, the youngster and his older sister, Harriet, had a pleasant and busy childhood; the lack of money was never allowed to weigh too heavily on the children.

For example, when Angus was seven, he became fascinated by a banjo he saw lying in the window of a secondhand store in Vancouver. For weeks he went to stare at it, in its dusty setting of ancient guns and tarnished jewelry. Then he decided that, although he couldn't buy it, he'd learn to play it.

He saved up enough pennies to buy an instruction book. Then day after day, he went to the window after school, studied the book, and "practiced" on the instrument through the glass. One day when he turned up for his session, he was shattered to find that nothing remained of his instrument but its outline in the dust of the showcase. Plodding home in tears, Angus found the banjo lying on his bed. The shop owner, it seemed, had watched the little boy's daily ritual, found out who he was and told his mother. By putting down 50 cents at a time, Mrs. Young had finally managed to buy the banjo. (As a fitting sequel to this story, Angus, with no window glass to interfere, practiced briefly and then proceeded to play the instrument with no trouble at all.)

A few years later, the youngster took his first flier at radio. When he was thirteen, his voice was heard piping the tune Little Rosa in Italian dialect over the Vancouver air. For this accomplishment, he was paid one dollar, and he still sends an annual Christmas card to Billy Browne, the Vancouver radio veteran who gave him this chance.

For thus began the fabulous Young career. And nothing about it was more fabulous than the thing that happened next: Still at the incredible age of thirteen, he began writing comedy spots for the Bath Night Revue, a Saturday evening program broadcast by station CJOR. What's more, he acted out his own script. To be sure, he didn't get paid anything for this dual stint, but it was a start; Angus stayed at it for two years, to the detriment of his homework.

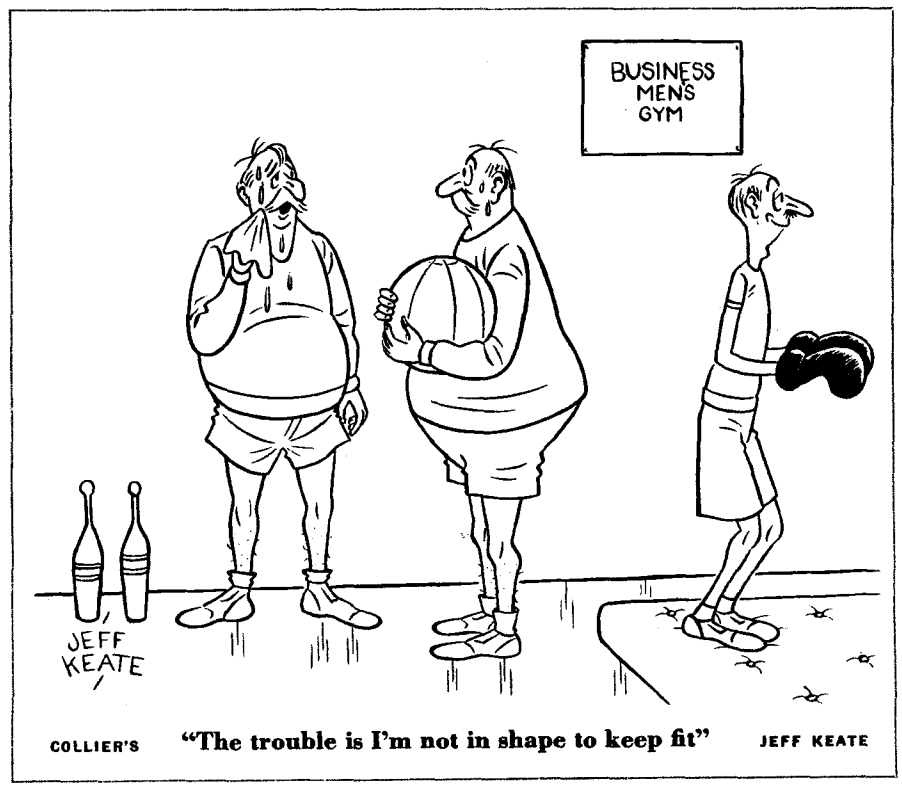
The next time the young performer did get paid for his work, it was at double his previous price: He was hired at $2 a program to write another radio show called Coo-Coo Carnival, which he remembers as a pretty sad affair.

Breaking into Show Business

Naturally, this financial success overwhelmed the lad; deciding there was a fortune to be made in show business—and, particularly, in radio—he left Inglewood High School in West Vancouver for good. For the next several years Young wrote, and served as master of ceremonies for, a number of radio variety shows, and began to develop his wry, gentle style of humor. He also learned to play the drums and saxophone. (A few years ago, he added bagpipe-playing to his musical accomplishments.)

During his years at the Vancouver radio station, Young did just about everything there was to do, from writing and starring in a half-hour show and giving a hand with news broadcasts, to typing extra copies of drama scripts—meanwhile acting every conceivable role from Huckleberry Finn to Captain Bligh. For this display of talents he made as much as $50 a week. At about this time, he changed his name to Alan. "I didn't want people to think I was a typically Scottish performer," he says now.

In 1940, when he was twenty-one, Alan attended a meeting of the Young People's Society at a local church and met an attractive young visitor from Seattle named Mary Ann Grimes. The next time Miss Grimes came to Vancouver, she and Alan were engaged. "And the third time we were together," Young adds, "we got mar-



COLLIER'S **"The trouble is I'm not in shape to keep fit"** JEFF KEATE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ried. I felt that was the thing to do. After all, if a man is seeing a girl, he should have honorable intentions. Mine were just quicker than most people's."

The marriage occurred at an auspicious time. The young performer had been doing a 10-minute comedy spot for a show called Stag Party, among other chores, and had been getting $7.50 a week for it. Now the spot was expanded, and Alan was made the writer, producer and star of the show at a salary of $75.

Then in 1942, Alan was asked to go to Toronto to write and perform on a cigarette program at the staggering weekly salary of $150. This offer, which he accepted, proved to be a milestone in at least two respects. For one thing, it marked his entry into something approximating the big time; for another, it was on this show, a tremendous hit, that he fully developed his present comedy style.

"To tell the truth," Alan says now, "I'm doing the same show on TV today that I did in Canada on radio eight years ago—with allowances for the different mediums, of course. No rapid-fire gags, just simple, everyday comedy situations."

One night in 1942, Frank Cooper, a New York agent happened to tune in the Canadian Broadcasting Company. "I heard this kid getting terrific laughs," Cooper says, "so I sat down and asked him to send me a few transcriptions of his best shows." When the recordings arrived, Cooper sent Young a contract to sign in the next mail. Then, signed contract in hand, the agent canvassed New York, trying to peddle Alan to the advertising agencies.

Just about then—specifically, in March, 1943—Alan took his career into his own hands by joining the Canadian Navy. He became a sublieutenant, but remained in the service for only a few months, receiving a medical discharge for asthma.

A Summer in Cantor's Spot

When he came out, he had a job waiting for him. Cooper, given a little more time to sell Alan to the agencies, had succeeded beyond Young's wildest expectations: In 1944, the Canadian comedian went on the air in this country as a summer replacement for Eddie Cantor, at a salary of $500 a week. At last, he seemed to have made good.

But his wife, Mary, was worried. "Look," she said, "let's go back to Vancouver or Seattle. That's where we belong. All this money is bad for us, and the life is too fast. You'll get hurt."

Alan pooh-poohed her fears, but subsequent events seemed to prove her right, at least partly. North of the border, Alan had written his own low-pressure comedy, loaded with whimsey, and spiced with extemporaneous, topical gags. The pace was leisurely, the style relaxed. Now, suddenly, everything was different. Young found himself hemmed in by a swarm of gag-writers, high-pressure producers and fast-talking agency men, and he didn't know how to cope with them.

"I was twenty-four," he says, "and I couldn't argue with these gentlemen. They were overwhelming. They knew just what they wanted me to do, but they had me reading lines I didn't understand myself. My Canadian accent was a handicap, too. It wasn't heavy enough to be funny, just heavy enough to keep people from understanding what I was talking about."

In spite of these hazards, however—and the resultant fact that Alan's venture into U.S. radio was anything but a sensation—his style of comedy made enough of an impression to get him the come-hither from Hollywood. In 1945, Alan set out for the West Coast under contract to 20th Century-Fox, for two pictures a year at $35,000 each.

The two years that followed were all downhill. Although Alan had featured roles in three movies—Margie, Chicken Every Sunday and Mr. Belvedere Goes to College—he somehow didn't click, and he was dropped by the studio.

At about that time, his wife, who had been unhappy in New York and equally unhappy in Hollywood, returned to Seattle. They were divorced in 1947, and Mary got custody of their children, Alana, now eight, and Alan, Jr., five. (The kids spend their winters in Seattle with their mother, who has remarried, and their summers in Hollywood with Alan and his present wife, the former Virginia McCurdy, whom he met and married in 1948.)

To top everything, the powers in radio gave up on Alan at the same time everyone else did, and he found himself out of work.

That marked the low point of the Young career.

"I wasn't wanted in radio," he recalls. "I wasn't wanted in pictures. I tried making personal appearances and I wasn't wanted in the theater, either. There I was, at the ripe old age of twenty-nine, finished."

New Era of Fortune Begins

It was at that juncture, not much more than a year ago, that everything changed with bewildering rapidity. The one thing Alan hadn't tried was television; in 1950, he made a pilot video film—and the Columbia Broadcasting System took one look and promptly snapped him up. TV was made to order for Young, and he became a hit almost instantaneously. Hollywood changed its mind, and he quickly signed contracts with RKO and Paramount. Even 20th Century-Fox asked to see some film recordings of his television show.

Since then, Alan's errant star has stayed pretty much on course. His video show is in its second season, as popular as ever, and the future looks wonderful. It's no wonder that he says now: "Almost everything I have I owe to television."

The Alan Young show originates in Hollywood, where it is done "live" on Tuesdays at 7:00 P.M.; in the past the program has also been recorded on film for showing in the East three weeks later, on Thursday evenings at nine. With coast-to-coast telecasts in effect, the kinescope repeat performance is to be dropped sometime this season.

On the West Coast, the program is sponsored by the Ford automobile dealers, in the Midwest by the Kroger grocery chain, and in the East and South by the Esso Standard Oil Company.

Each week's program starts off with a solo appearance by Alan, and includes two comedy sketches, plus a musical number which gives the star time to change costumes.

One of the show's most successful openers required Alan, who was perched on the limb of a tree, to saw away at the branch which supported him. As Alan talked, he sawed, and the audience sat spellbound, waiting for the inevitable tumble. Instead, the tree fell, and the limb remained suspended in air, with Alan still sitting on it, talking.

Young has taken out his first citizenship papers, and lives modestly with his wife, whom he calls Gini, and their two-year-old son, Cameron, in a small, two-bedroom cottage in North Hollywood. Alan is very businesslike about his work, and sticks to a nine-to-five routine unless he's working on a movie. At home, he'd rather settle down with a stack of books and magazines than almost anything else he can think of, and, in general, he leads the life of an average suburbanite.

As a matter of fact, the Youngs live so quietly, considering Alan's earnings, that agent Frank Cooper occasionally has a hard time getting his client to spend money on himself. "The boy is naturally conservative," Cooper says. "He's making $9,000 a week, but just a few days ago he phoned and asked if he could afford to buy a new house for $25,000. 'Sure, you can afford it,' I told him.

" 'That's good to know, Frank,' he answered. 'But I'd better wait. This house I have in mind has three bedrooms. If I bought it now, people would probably say Alan Young's gone Hollywood.' " THE END

"YOU'VE GOT A CHICKEN ON YOUR SHOULDER, COLONEL -BUT HE USES MENNEN SKIN BRACER!"
MICHAEL BERRY
MENNEN
skin bracer
AFTER-SHAVE LOTION
THE AFTER-SHAVE LOTION WITH THE
He-Man Aroma That "WOWS" the Ladies!
You'll Like Its Refreshing, "Wake-Up" Tingle!
Helps Heal Tiny Razor Nicks, Too!
MENNEN
brushless
Keep Presentable Longer!
CLEANER, SMOOTHER SHAVES with
No Burning! No Stinging!
MORE DOCTORS Who Specialize in Skin Care
USE MENNEN BRUSHLESS
Than All Other Brands Combined!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now! The Tested Treatment that has helped thousands

Kills millions of germs including the stubborn "Bottle Bacillus" (P. ovale)

MANY PEOPLE never realize that they have infectious dandruff until they see those recurring telltale flakes and scales on the hair, coat or dress shoulder. When dandruff is due to germs, it's a real infection so don't neglect it. It calls for quick treatment... persistent treatment... antiseptic treatment!

So start right now with regular use of Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice-a-day. It's the tested method that has helped so many . . . may help you.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic gives your hair and scalp a thorough antiseptic bath . . . treats the infection as an infection should be treated . . . with real germ-killing action.

Yes, Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs associated with dandruff, including the stubborn "Bottle Bacillus" (P. ovale), the very germ that so many dermatologists say is a causative agent of the trouble.

Improvement in 76% of Test Cases

As you progress with this simple, pleasant treatment, you'll be delighted to see how quickly those flakes and scales begin to disappear . . . how readily itching is alleviated . . . how much healthier your scalp feels.

Remember, in clinical tests twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought complete relief or marked improvement in dandruff symptoms within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

At the first symptom

LISTERINE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for Infectious DANDRUFF of Men and Women

The stubborn "BOTTLE BACILLUS" (P. ovale) which many dermatologists say is a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Use Listerine Antiseptic every time you wash your hair

As a precaution against infectious dandruff, and as a treatment for it, make Listerine Antiseptic a part of regular hair-washing routine for the entire family. Remember children are not immune from infectious dandruff. Simply douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp, follow with vigorous finger-tip massage. Try it the next time you wash your hair. See how healthy your scalp feels! You are left with a wonderful feeling of assurance that you are guarding against a real infection.

See THE SAMMY KAYE SHOW "So You Want to Lead a Band" CBS TELEVISION NETWORK

ANTISEPTIC... *Quick!... and regularly*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nebraska's "Mr Touchdown"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

Navy in 1917. Oddly enough, when Reynolds arrived at the Nebraska campus in 1949, he was ballyhooed not as a potential grid star, but as a great basketball prospect. Bobby's sharpshooting had propelled Grand Island High School to two straight Nebraska state hoop championships. There also was talk that the New York Yankees —impressed by Bobby's sand-lot baseball activities—had offered him a minor-league tryout. So far as football was concerned, Bobby's record was mediocre; he'd been a regular backfield performer at Grand Island, but had never come even close to leading his team in scoring.

Like Easy Meat for Tacklers

Consequently, Reynolds received little attention from the frosh coaches when he turned out for football practice in the fall of '49. Physically, Bobby scarcely resembled a high-scoring halfback. He was a pleasant blond kid with a crew haircut, going on nineteen. Not skinny exactly, but on the slender side (five feet 11 inches and 170 pounds), he obviously didn't have enough power to run over tacklers, and he wasn't fast enough to run away from them, either. Wearing track shoes in sprint trials with the other yearling backfield candidates, Bobby covered 100 yards in 10.6 seconds, a time which would be considered leisurely in a high-school meet.

Despite these deficiencies, in his first scrimmage against the varsity, Bobby squirmed loose for three touchdowns. Bill Glassford, the Nebraska head coach, was pleasantly surprised. "Maybe that kid doesn't have too much sustained speed on the straightaway," Glassford commented, "but he's got a rocket start and he doesn't slow down on the curves, either. Matter of fact, he runs around corners faster'n anybody I've ever seen."

Later, Glassford phoned Jerry Lee, Reynolds' high-school coach. "Jerry," Glassford said, "for a basketball player, this Reynolds is a terrific ball carrier. He fakes and cuts and zigs and zags and he's running my varsity ragged. Funny thing, though, I've been double-checking his high-school record and Bobby always trailed a couple of kids named Bill Noble and Bobby Hann in scoring. How come he didn't score more touchdowns?"

"Well," Lee confessed, "I guess it was my fault for making him the quarterback. Every time we got close to the goal line, Bobby called somebody else's number."

Although Glassford saw to it that Nebraska's quarterbacks overcame Reynolds' reluctance to carry the ball for a touchdown, Bobby's record total last season did not result from an excessive number of easy scoring opportunities. Only four of his 22 touchdowns originated from inside the 10-yard line; the other 18 scoring dashes ranged from 11 to 80 yards (average: 28.5).

Probably the most spectacular exhibition of Reynolds' zigzag touchdown technique took place against Missouri, when Bobby attempted to throw a forward pass from the Tigers' 33-yard line. Finding his receivers thoroughly covered, Bobby cut to the left to avoid three tacklers, then reversed his field and took off for the right side line. Still retreating rapidly, he straight-armed another tackler way back on Nebraska's 35-yard line. At that point, he was exactly 32 yards behind the line of scrimmage!

Then, Bobby turned around and jackrabbited through the whole Missouri team for a touchdown, evading (as movies subsequently revealed) a total of 17 tacklers along his circuitous 65-yard route. Although the play went into the record book as a 33-yard advance, Bobby actually traveled almost 100 yards, thereby disproving the old football axiom that the shortest touchdown distance between two points is a straight line. During the course of the run, one frustrated Missourian had missed Reynolds three times.

A few moments later, when Bobby got loose on another long run, teammate Charlie Toogood blocked Missouri's Dale Portmann, knocked him down, then rolled on top of the Missourian and held him there.

"Lemme up," Portmann protested. "Reynolds is gone."

"I know," Toogood replied, "but you never can tell when he may come this way again."

Reynolds' 22-touchdown binge has failed to detract in any way from his main ambition, which is to play professional baseball for the New York Yankees. So far as Bobby is concerned, football is a lot of fun and a healthy autumn pastime, but that's all. Last spring, while the rest of Glassford's Cornhuskers sweated through basic football training, Reynolds was frolicking at second base for the Nebraska baseball varsity. (He batted .360.)

Turned out (unfortunately for John Bentley, Nebraska's able sports publicist) that instead of worrying about football all summer, Bobby had been playing infield for the Storm Lake White Caps.

As an interviewee, Reynolds definitely does not belong to the shucks-I-was-just-lucky school of bashful athletic heroes. Bobby is articulate and factual; he discusses his touchdown runs objectively, and has no illusions about the difficulties of duplicating or surpassing his 1950 scoring exploits. "If that football bounces the wrong way a couple of times," he acknowledges candidly, "I could be the flop of the year."

Admittedly, this is the remotest of possibilities, but here's how Bobby analyzes the situation. "A touchdown," he remarked recently, "is a chain of circumstances involving 22 players. Very often, the fellow who carries the ball across the goal line is the least important link in the whole chain.

"Take our Oklahoma game last year," he went on. "Oklahoma was leading us 14 to 0 when we recovered a fumble. Up to that point, we weren't even in the ball game. So we got our first scoring chance on a break.

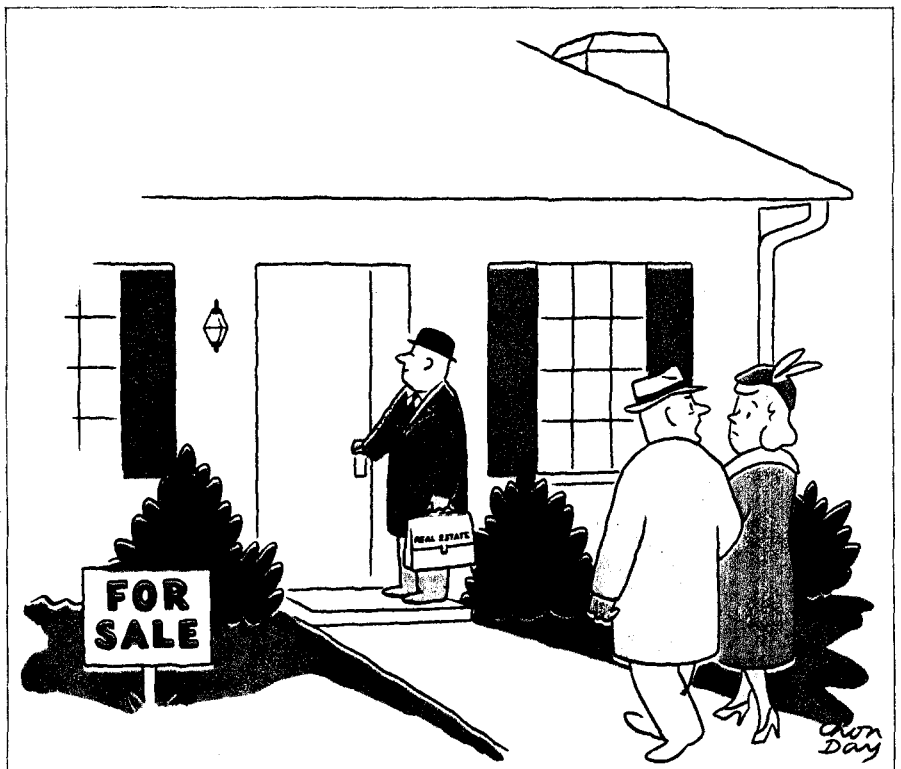
"In the huddle, our quarterback, Fran Nagle, picked a play on which I was supposed to feint to the right, then cut back through center. But—and here's the important link in the touchdown chain—as we came out of the huddle, Nagle noticed that Oklahoma's big eight-man line was bunched in close. So, Fran yelled a warning signal—what we call an 'automatic'—which completely changed my part in the play. Instead of cutting back through the middle, I went wide outside the right end —and got loose.

"In other words," Bobby concluded, "the difference between my running into a mass of Oklahoma tacklers at center and going for the touchdown around end was Nagle's alertness in detecting a defensive weakness and instantly redirecting our offense to exploit the weakness."

Reynolds recalls that six of his 22 touchdowns were scored on Nagle's "automatics"—plays which were redirected a split second before the center snapped the ball. Three other touchdowns followed recoveries of enemy fumbles ("You gotta get the ball before you can score"); and, of course, there was that all-over-the-field scramble against Missouri (". . . which actually was a dumb play—I should have passed that ball, instead of fading back at the risk of being tackled for a big loss").

As Reynolds reviews his 1950 activities, 10 touchdowns—almost half of his total output—resulted from fortunate circumstances, and the other 12 scores represented competent running jobs, aided and abetted by solid blocking. "We had a great line," Bobby remembers. "Five of our seven offensive linemen were ex-high-school fullbacks—big guys with lots of speed. They got downfield to make blocks, and nobody goes anywhere without good downfield blocking."

This year, Nebraska brought some fine linemen up from the 1950 freshman team, and preseason expectations were that Bobby would get good blocking again. But Coach Glassford—himself an ex-high-school fullback turned guard, who captained Pitt's 1937 Rose Bowl victors—says this isn't as important as Reynolds makes it out to be. "A great ball carrier like Reynolds makes his blockers look good," asserts Glassford. "When Bobby fakes, he forces a would-be tackler to lunge to meet the fake. The lunge is the blocker's opportunity. He moves in, makes contact, and shoves the lunging tackler along in the direction of the original fake. Then Bobby cuts the other way. But it's the ability to make a convincing fake—the trade-mark of all great runners—that sets up tacklers for the blockers."



"I still say you're taking too much for granted. The bombardier has one vodka too many, his aim is a hairsbreadth off, and boom goes Westport, Connecticut"

COLLIER'S — CHON DAY

Rockne in Summer Training

It is said that Knute Rockne and Gus Dorais originated Notre Dame's famed forward-passing attack by playing catch with a football on the sandy beaches of Cedar Point, Ohio, where they worked as lifeguards in 1913. Fabulous Red Grange toiled as an iceman to strengthen his legs for Illinois ball-carrying assignments; and, more recently, Dan Foldberg, Army's 1950 All-America end, reportedly achieved finger-tip control on pass receptions by flipping a football against the barracks walls, then fielding the unpredictable ricochets.

But not Reynolds. On his return to the campus for the start of fall practice this year, he was questioned by a football writer for a Chicago newspaper, who observed: "From the looks of that tan, Bobby, you must have been practicing most of the summer. Improve your passing any?"

"No," Reynolds replied. "To tell you the truth, I spent most of July and August in Storm Lake, Iowa, learning how to bunt."

Nickname May Reduce Scoring

Ironically, Reynolds' nickname, "Mr. Touchdown, U.S.A.," courtesy of the Nebraska publicity department, may drastically reduce his future production of six-pointers. There is precedent for this seeming paradox in the sad case history of Johnny Karras, the sensational Illinois sophomore who broke the Big Ten rushing record in 1949.

Karras commenced 1950 heralded as "the New Red Grange," and finished the season as the Forgotten Man of Football. It wasn't Johnny's fault, either. During the early games, the Illinois strategists astutely employed Johnny as a decoy to create touchdown opportunities for an unpublicized but extremely capable fullback named Dick Raklovits; then, in midseason, when the scoring script called for Karras to resume heavy ball-carrying duties, the weatherman provided three rainy Saturday afternoons. Between decoy assignments and the mud, Karras never had a chance to duplicate his '49 statistics.

Whether or not Reynolds is employed as a de luxe decoy for any considerable portion of the '51 campaign, with a consequent diminishing of his touchdown activities, one thing is certain. Bobby will continue to have a lot of fun playing football. If it wasn't fun, he wouldn't be playing, because Bobby is that rarest of college athletic phenomena—an unsolicited, unproselyted (and virtually unstoppable) halfback.

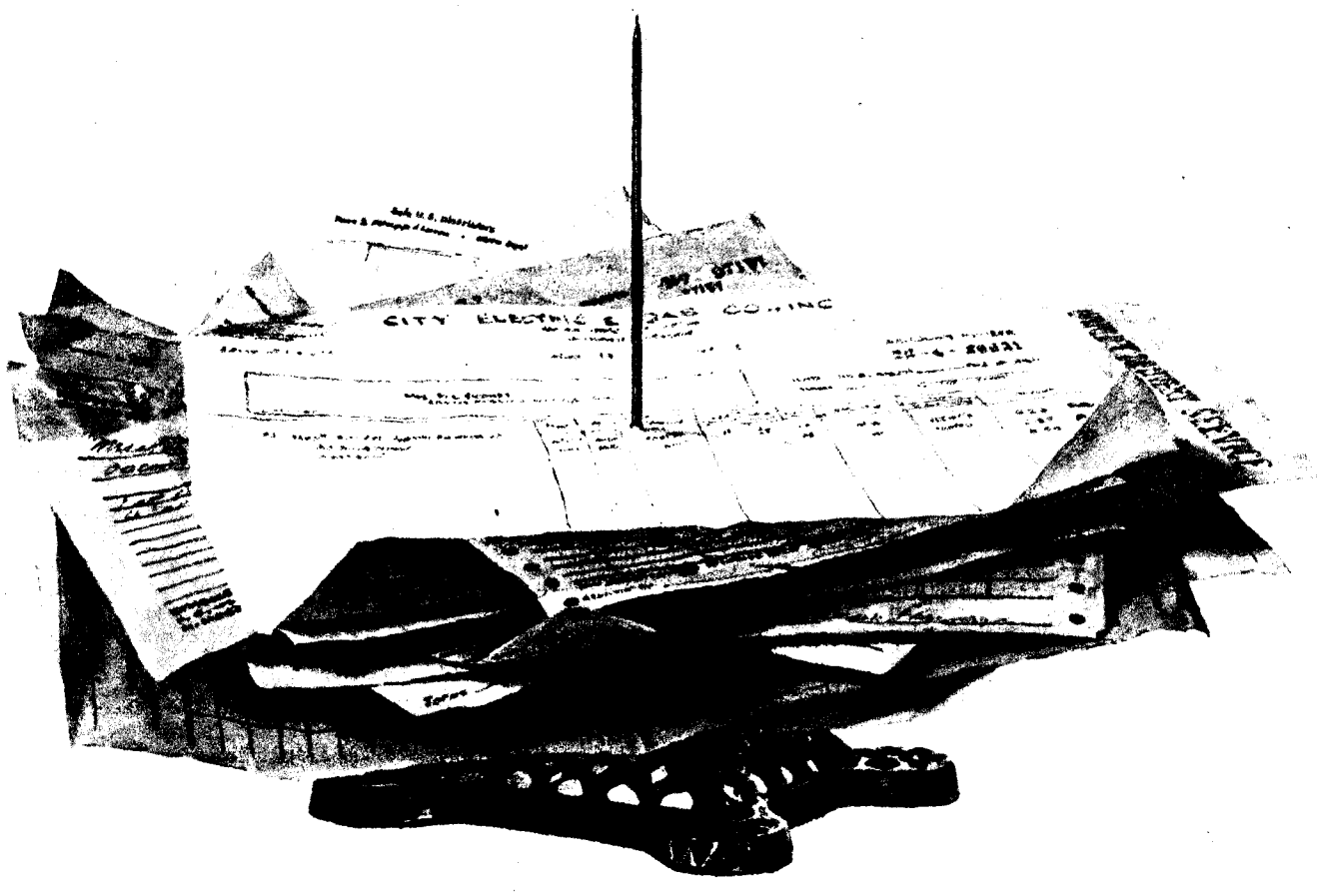
In the spring of 1949, a scout for a Midwestern university, who visited Grand Island in an effort to engage Reynolds' basketball services, was amazed to learn that Bobby had already enrolled at Nebraska without even inquiring into prospects for a scholarship. The scout pointed out hopefully that his school provided skilled basketball players with scholarships —and an ample monthly spending allowance.

Bobby thanked the scout for the kind offer, but turned down the proposition. "Maybe I ought to explain," Bobby added, "that my grandfather left me a lot of money."

Bobby's late grandfather, Charles Olson,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

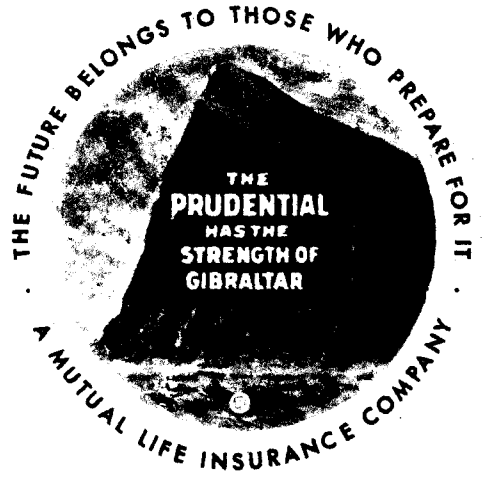
Q:



How will the bills be paid if you're not here?

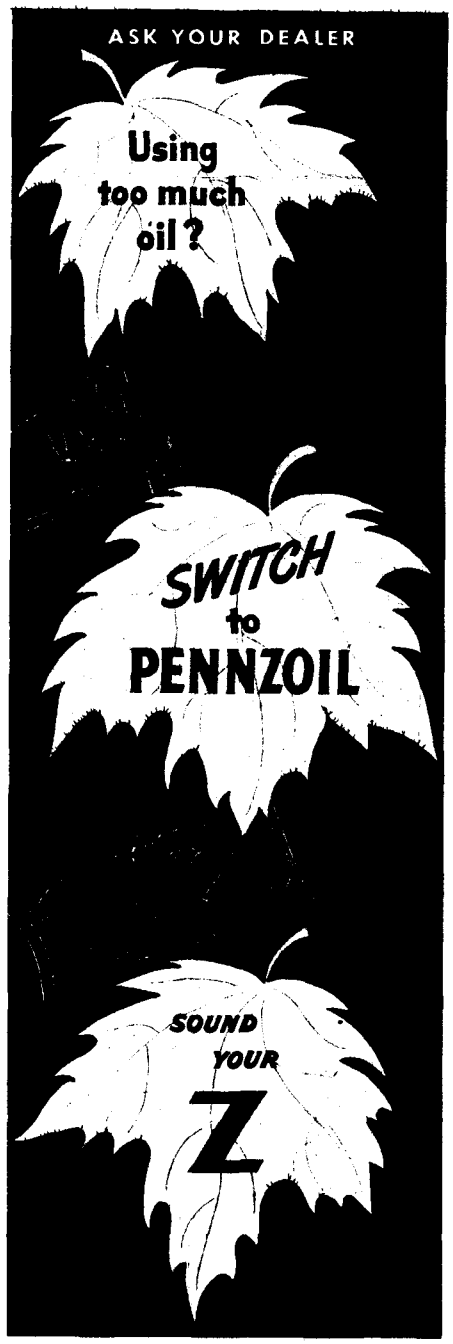
A:

The PRUDENTIAL
INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

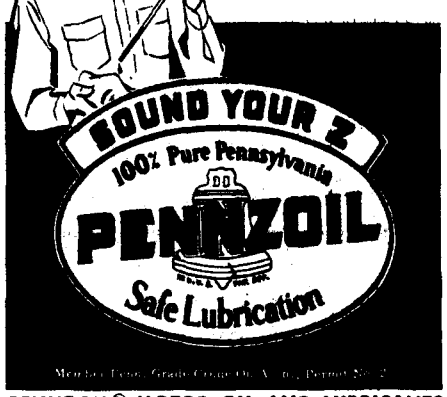

THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT
THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR
A MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

CARROL M. SHANKS, PRESIDENT • HOME OFFICE: NEWARK, NEW JERSEY • WESTERN HOME OFFICE: LOS ANGELES, CALIF. • CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO, ONT.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



When you demand the best motor oil for your car, you're entitled to Pennzoil Quality... INSIST ON PENNZOIL!



PENNZOIL® MOTOR OIL AND LUBRICANTS AT BETTER DEALERS... COAST TO COAST

a rugged Swedish immigrant, settled in Wahoo, Nebraska, in 1882. Charles, who was twenty years old at that time, had seventy-five cents in cash and a notion that any young fellow who worked hard at it ought to make a fortune in the construction business. This may or may not have been sound theory; in any event, it worked for him. Once, commenting on his enormously successful career, Charles observed: "Just when I learned how to call a yob a job, everybody else started calling it a praw-yack." By the time Charles learned to call a praw-yack a project, he was a millionaire.

Five of Charles Olson's eight children were graduated from the University of Nebraska, including Bobby's mother, Blenda, and his uncle, Carl, who now heads the construction firm which Charles Olson founded. Incidentally, three of the largest buildings on the Nebraska campus —the Student Union, Library and Engineering Hall—are Olson praw-yacks, and there is a story, of doubtful authenticity, that Uncle Carl plans to erect an addition on the field house just as soon as Nephew Bobby draws enough dollars through the football turnstiles to pay for it.

Blenda Olson captained Nebraska's senior girls basketball team in 1925, the year she married Gil Reynolds, an Omaha paper salesman. Gil had been a third-string halfback on the Cornhusker football squad in 1923 (and—to confound those who may believe that football ability is hereditary—never came close to scoring a touchdown).

"There never was any question about where I was going to school," Bobby says. "Just about everyone in our family went to Nebraska."

That apparently was true of the neighbors, too. Bobby was born in Omaha in 1930, right next door to Dave Noble, who still ranks (along with Bobby) as one of the most dangerous running backs in Nebraska's long and periodically brilliant football history. Veteran Cornhusker fans recall Noble as the halfback whose slashing runs paced Nebraska to upset victories over Notre Dame in 1922 and '23, the sophomore and junior years of an Irish backfield which became famous in 1924 as "the Four Horsemen."

Mother Feared He'd Be Clumsy

Bobby didn't walk until he was thirteen months old. That wasn't extraordinary, but it was a trifle late, and the delay troubled his mother, inasmuch as a contemporary toddler in the sturdy Olson family was up and around at nine months. "Maybe," Mrs. Reynolds suggested to husband Gil, "Bobby's going to be awkward."

Her apprehension persisted for almost five years, until the Reynoldses moved to Grand Island, Nebraska's third largest city. "Then," Mrs. Reynolds recalls, "I saw Gil and Bobby playing baseball at the Wasmer grade-school playground one afternoon. Gil was at home plate, batting long flies, and Bobby was out in center field catching them."

There's nothing very surprising about that, of course—except that Bobby was just six years old.

"He wasn't much taller than Gil's bat," Mrs. Reynolds says. "After that exhibition I decided Bobby had enough co-ordination to take care of himself in any game."

But Blenda and Gil Reynolds certainly had no idea that Nebraska would transform their son into Mr. Touchdown, U.S.A. When Bobby enrolled as a freshman, the Cornhuskers hadn't experienced a winning gridiron season in almost a decade, and there was no reason to suspect that the newly appointed coach, Bill Glassford, would be able to accomplish a quick rebuilding job.

But Glassford got two lucky and wholly unexpected breaks. The first, of course, was Reynolds; the second was a twenty-six-year-old war veteran named Fran Nagle, who had never played high-school football. However, during the war Nagle had been pressed into gridiron duty on a service team, had liked the game, and subsequently put in two years as a quarterback at the University of Massachusetts, Fort Devens branch, before transferring to Nebraska in the fall of '49. Glassford, desperately in need of a T-formation quarterback, admired the way Nagle threw a pass and gambled on him as the Cornhuskers' No. 1 signal caller.

In 1949, Nebraska won four games and lost five. More important, Nagle acquired play-calling experience, and Glassford developed the burly line which was to open holes so devastatingly for Reynolds a year later.

When the Cornhuskers assembled at their camp in Curtis in September of 1950 to open training drills, the temperature climbed all the way to 98.5 degrees. Despite the heat, Glassford drove the players through a two-hour workout which terminated when an overweight and temporarily dehydrated tackle swooned near the water bucket.

Marvin (Preacher) Franklin, the ordained Methodist minister who coaches the Cornhusker ends, revived the prostrate tackle with a dipper of water. Then, turning to the squad, Preacher inquired:

"If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses?"

This apt Biblical admonition keynoted two blistering weeks of rugged conditioning drills.

"Got so hot," Reynolds recalls, "my stomach wouldn't hold anything but toast and milk for three days straight. I'll say one thing—we really got into condition."

They must have. Over the season, Reynolds played a total of 299 minutes (roughly, 33 minutes per game) without incurring an injury or requesting a time out. Equally important, only two of Glassford's varsity performers were side-lined even temporarily with injuries—a remarkable health record which contributed mightily to the Cornhuskers' first winning season (six victories, two losses, one tie) since 1940.

In one respect, Reynolds qualified as the hardest-working halfback in the United States, thanks to a tradition which decrees that Cornhusker sophomores must carry senior squad members' luggage. After the Penn State game, fourth on the schedule, by which time Reynolds had scored 11 of Nebraska's 14 touchdowns, tackle Toogood, a senior, observed:

"You know, that Reynolds is a handy fellow to have around. He's scored 71 of our 89 points so far, and he also runs, punts, passes and totes suitcases. I've heard of triple-threat backs, but I'll bet he's the only quadruple threat in the whole country."

Off the field, Reynolds devotes sufficient time to academic pursuits to maintain a 79 average in his courses (he is studying for a degree in business administration).

His study habits are unorthodox and rather hard on others. When reading is required, he slumps sideways in an easy chair and lays the open book in his lap—a comfortable position which leaves his hands free to squeeze the handle of his favorite Ted Williams-model baseball bat. This undoubtedly strengthens the wrists, but the action of Bobby's callused palms against the taped bat handle produces an annoying crunch. His Phi Kappa Psi fraternity brothers have condoned Bobby's study methods thus far only because there are certain practical advantages connected with having the nation's top scorer around the house—such as the quantities of shirts, ties and other accessories bestowed upon him by appreciative Lincoln merchants.

Why He Won't Play Much Golf

Although Bobby has an occasional date, his social activities are sharply curtailed by a self-imposed 10:00 P.M. curfew. He owns a car—an ancient four-door sedan—but he's usually too busy to drive it anywhere. He shoots golf in the low 80s, but rarely plays because he figures swinging at a stationary ball might have a harmful effect on his baseball batting average. He's an expert card player, but spends most of his time on football trips reading scouting reports—particularly, comments on enemy linebackers. (He's ineligible for the military draft, incidentally, as a member of the ROTC.)

In football practice sessions, Bobby seldom boots a long punt, but in game competition last year he averaged 37.7 yards per kick. Against Oklahoma, he retrieved a low pass from center, darted wide to the right, and—on the dead run—got off a 55-yard spiral over the head of the Sooners' safety man.

"After watching that kick," Glassford remarked to Preacher Franklin, "I've seen everything."

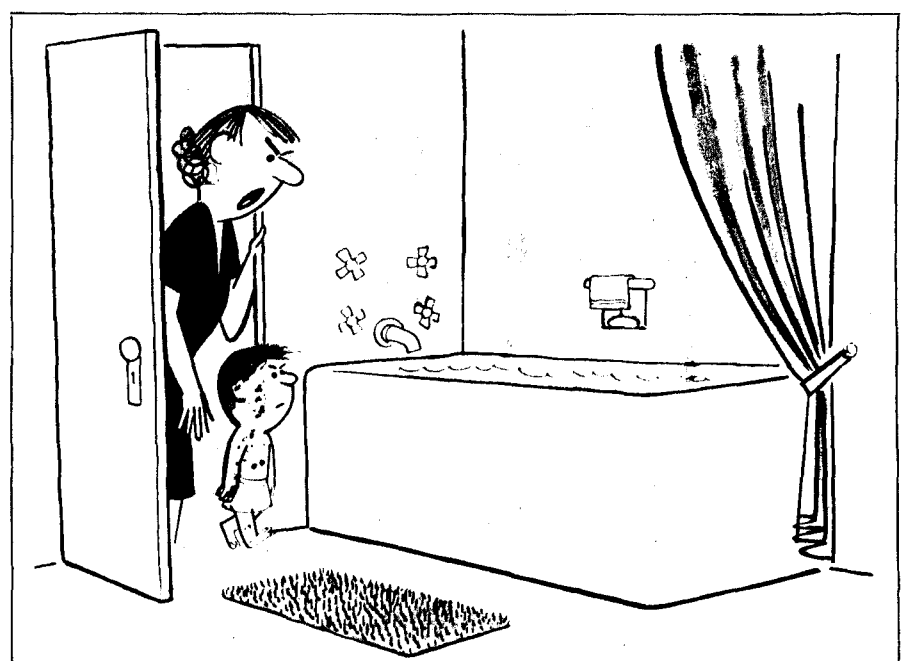
Preacher nodded. "Regular Frank Merriwell stuff."

The remark prompted Glassford to do a little research into the extraordinary if not incredible, exploits of the fictional Yale athlete, as chronicled by Burt L. Standish. Several evenings later, he located a dusty Merriwell volume in an attic trunk and quickly reviewed Frank's exploits.

Next time Glassford met Franklin, he said, "Preach, I got the dope on Merriwell versus Reynolds. As a ball carrier, Bobby makes Frank look like a bum."

"How about baseball?" Franklin asked.

"Well," Glassford admitted, "I guess you'd have to give Merriwell the edge on his pitching. So far as I know, Bobby can't throw a 'double upshoot.' " THE END



COLLIER'S

"... And when you're finished, be sure you dredge the tub!"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

Meet Uncle Stinky!

EDITOR: Here's our "Uncle Stinky"—my nephew, Dave Peirce—who resembles David Berger's illustration of William R. Scott's story Uncle Stinky (June 23d) so closely he could have posed for it.

A number of people told Dave they had seen "his picture" in Collier's. The resemblance is much more pronounced, but we couldn't seem to catch it in the snapshot.

MRS. JOHN W. COOPER, Richmond, Ind.

That Spank McCarthy Editorial

EDITOR: Let me congratulate you on your timely editorial in the August 18th Collier's. Why Not Spank Him? is one of the best indictments of the junior senator from Wisconsin I have read to date.

I too have wondered why no respectable Republican has spoken out against the vicious attacks on respectable statesmen, and am fast losing hope that anyone will in the near future. Last semester, at school, I heard a lot of Young Republicans speak out against McCarthy, and some openly condemned him, saying that the party would be better without him. I had hope then that the young men and women of the G.O.P. might exert some pressure on the senior party to do something about the matter. But my hopes were dashed when the Young Republicans held a national convention this spring, and the main speaker was none other than the old mudslinger himself. Should the youth of the Republican party take their ideas from such a man?

EUGENE D. MOSSNER, President, Young Democratic Club, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

. . . There is no question but that the senator has been somewhat extreme, but if it were not for the Un-American Activities Committee and a few others like McCarthy, the American public would not have the slightest idea of what has been done to them during the past 15 years, and all I can say is "more power to them."

I for one have more respect for McCarthy than for some of the fakers who have been parading the political stage for the past 15 years.

W. E. BROWN, Wilton, Conn.

. . . Thank you for that editorial. Many of us who have sat back and said nothing while McCarthy has been carrying on his campaign of intimidation disapprove wholeheartedly of his tactics and, indeed, fear his type of politics. It is certainly to be hoped, as you point out, that responsible Republican leaders disavow him and his campaign. Otherwise, I'm sure it will only be to their disadvantage in the end and that of our country.

E. S. BENSON, Minneapolis, Minn.

. . . I write to congratulate you on the excellent editorial on McCarthy in the August 18th issue.

WINIFRED STEVENSON, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

that could double for paint remover and which had cost the "manufacturers" in their one-gallus overalls 75 cents a gallon to make—the Zekes were luring other smart fellows from the city who fell for that filling-station man's bait. Of course, there was always the chance that the federal men from the Alcohol Tax Unit might move in on them for not paying the government about nine dollars per gallon tax. But as long as there were smart fellows from the city touring the Ozarks looking for a little comic-strip entertainment, a few months in jail now and then wasn't so bad. An annual business of $70,000 is pretty good in the Ozark hills.

★ ★ ★

And with that short story, which has the added attraction of being dismally true (we happen to know the smart fellow from the city), we are glad to tell you what this perplexed world needs.

★ ★ ★

What this world needs—the sooner, the better—is an atom that won't split.

★ ★ ★

Couple of guys were overheard in a Spokane restaurant. Said one: "Sorry, Joe. I hear your wife divorced you." The other looked interested and a little chagrined, too. Said he: "So? She never does tell me what she's doing."

★ ★ ★

It was a dream boat of a car, custom-made for an oil-rich gentleman in Fort Smith, Arkansas. It had everything but a ballroom and wine cellar, although it was almost big enough to have both. Nevertheless, it had a nasty, irritating rattle in the left front door, causing its owner no end of embarrassment. After trying everything, mechanics cut a hole in the offending door—and that did it. Inside the panels, they found a beer bottle. And in the bottle there was a note scrawled in a bold, determined hand: "Now, you fancy so-and-so, you know what was doing it."

★ ★ ★

One of the attractive features of this one is that you don't have to believe it. Nevertheless, Mr. Jack Formall, of Trenton, New Jersey, says he knows a meat market where prices are advancing so fast that they use speedometers for price tags.

★ ★ ★

We pause to announce a late male fashion note sent air mail by Mr. Jack Blester of Elko, Nevada. Predicts Mr. Blester: "There will be very little change in men's pockets this winter."

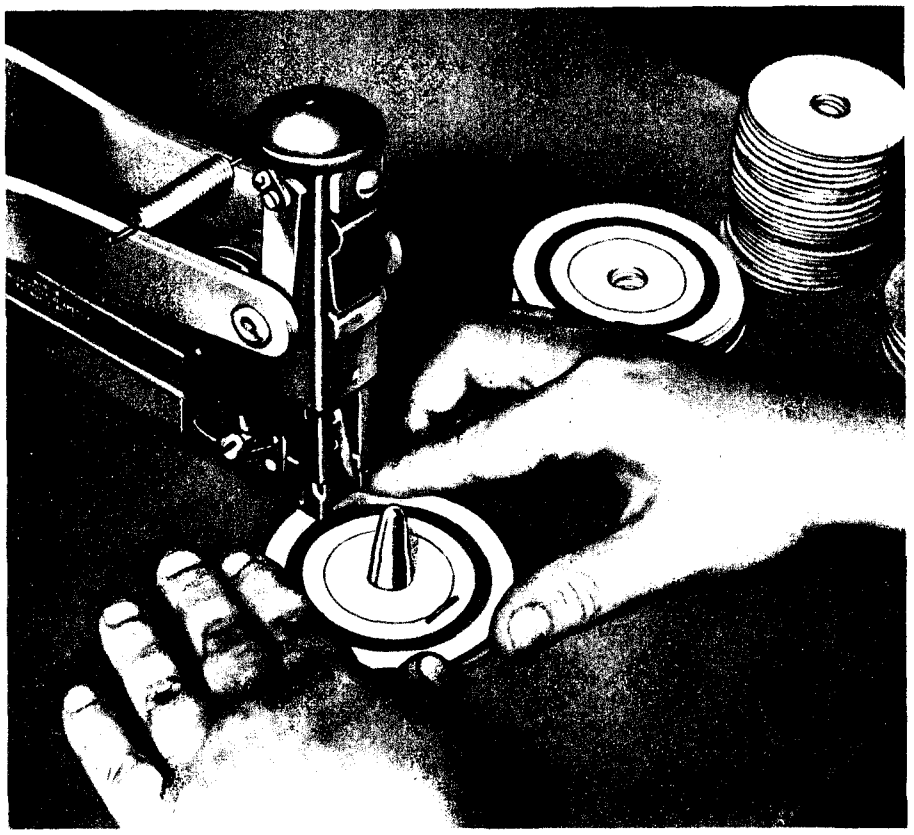
★ ★ ★

We don't know just how many editors there are in this country, but we suspect that Mr. George W. Greene of the Waupun, Wisconsin, Leader-News speaks for just about every last one of them. This is what Mr. Greene says: "We'd like to see the good old days again when any fairly smart editor could sit down and pound out a column editorial explaining exactly what was wrong with the world."

★ ★ ★

Maybe the trouble is, as Mr. Fred Ladd Valentine of Walla Walla, Washington, assures us, there are too many low-geared people trying to ride around in high.

3 easy ways to cut your production costs



1. USE A BOSTITCH MOTOR-OPERATED STAPLING MACHINE — like this manufacturer of fishing tackle. He now assembles spools four times faster than when he relied on gluing. Both hands are free to handle the work. You, too, can cut your costs in fastening wood, light metal, paper, leather, rubber or plastics . . . in any combination.

2. USE A BOSTITCH P4 STAPLING PLIER — like this manufacturer who uses it to seal small cartons. Applies staples as far as 4¾" from edges. Its thin blade slides easily between folds. "Indispensable with us because it saves time, tape, rope . . . and gives us a more securely packed carton," is the way one enthusiastic user puts it.

3. USE A BOSTITCH T5 TACKER — here shown stapling backings to mirrors. "Twice as fast as hammer and tacks," report many users. And no wonder! Position it, squeeze it . . . that's all. Drives staples within 1/16" of inside corners. One hand free for holding work. No bruised fingers . . . no marred edges . . . no fumbling for tacks.

ATTACH THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTERHEAD and find out how Bostitch stapling machines can help you save labor, speed production, cut costs. Over 800 models to fit your needs exactly. 300 field men in 112 cities in the U. S. and 11 cities in Canada to give you nearby service.

BOSTITCH®
fastens it better AND FASTER with wire
ALL TYPES OF MACHINES FOR APPLYING STAPLES
ALL TYPES OF STAPLES APPLIED BY MACHINES

BOSTITCH, 352 Mechanic Street, Westerly, R.I.

My problem involves fastening .....

to ..... I now use .....

Name ..... Title .....

Firm .....

Street .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Coolidge Prosperity"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

Each was to have 15 minutes on the radio. They had an outdoor audience with some 2,000 automobiles parked about. Brookhart took 27 minutes to prophesy impending doom and the yawning poorhouse. When Cole rose, he threw down his manuscript and remarked that he had only three minutes to answer, but that it was time enough: "If what the senator says of the poverty and doom of this state is true, we will at least all go over the hill to the poorhouse each in his own automobile." Then he sat down. I was not able to think up as good a retort for the Salt Lake occasion—until the next morning.

When, soon after the Coolidge administration began, the scandals of Teapot Dome, the naval reserve oil, and misfeasance in the Interior Department, Alien Property Office, Veterans Administration and Attorney General's office came to light, Mr. Coolidge was loath to believe such things possible. He greatly delayed the removal of Attorney General Daugherty. From his long-time character, Daugherty should never have been in any government.

Finally Secretary Hughes and I went to Mr. Coolidge and urged Daugherty's removal. Mr. Coolidge, who had a fine sense of justice, asserted that he had no personal knowledge of wrongdoings by Daugherty and that he could not in fairness remove him on rumors. We argued that Daugherty had lost his usefulness and in any event was a liability to the public service.

A little later the President asked me who would be a good man for Attorney General. I suggested Governor Nathan Miller of New York. The President asked me to ring up the governor and find out if he would accept. The governor told me that he had agreed to become chief counsel for a large business and could not, with his large family, afford to make the sacrifice. Dwight Morrow recommended Harlan Stone. It was indeed a good appointment. Stone cleaned up the Justice Department and proceeded to the rapid prosecution of the cases involving Harding's so-called friends.

A Good Man to Head the FBI

Stone, incidentally, later asked me who might be a good man to head the Federal Bureau of Investigation. One of my secretaries, Lawrence Richey, who had once been in that bureau, suggested that he consider an able young lawyer already in the Justice Department—J. Edgar Hoover (no relation). Mr. Hoover was later appointed.

While the Harding regime's scandals were being aired, the country passed into a mood of despair and fear that there was no integrity left in the government. But Mr. Coolidge's calm New England make-up and obvious rugged honesty, together with Attorney General Stone's vigorous action, well served to stabilize the public mind.

I soon found, after Mr. Coolidge became President, that he had no liking for many of my projects, including those designed to develop our water resources, especially if they involved much money. One case in point was my proposal for the states and federal government to develop plans for the Columbia River, including the Grand Coulee Dam. But the President could not bear the outlay of public money involved, and even refused to allow any substantial preparatory engineering work. He did, however, support our work on the Mississippi and Colorado Rivers.

After I became President I at once ordered the required engineering studies of the Columbia River made and plans drawn. They were mostly ready in 1932, and I set this project as one of the first to be undertaken during that second term which never came off. In the main, however, I was able under Mr. Coolidge to proceed with activities I had begun in Mr. Harding's time to help in national reconstruction from the World War.

There was no quarter from which reconstruction could come faster and more effectively than from the restoration of our foreign trade from its postwar slump.

When I became Secretary of Commerce in 1921, there was a feeble agency in the department—the Bureau of Foreign Commerce—presided over by a political appointee. I had at once appointed as Bureau head Dr. Julius Klein, not only a most able economist but a great administrator—a perfect public servant. We built up a staff of trade experts in every principal country abroad and in our chief cities at home.

We set up divisions in the Bureau under expert direction to deal with our principal commodities. Other departmental divisions were expanded to deal with foreign tariffs, commercial laws, intelligence—which meant constant reports from abroad as to trade opportunities—economic research, credit rating of foreign firms, and a score of other activities.

Not only were our agents hounds for possible American sales, but they helped merchants of the countries to which they were assigned by seeking out raw materials and commodities less competitive with American industry, and encouraging their export to the United States.

Our foreign trade was also much stimulated by our campaign to eliminate industrial waste. For example, our committee in this field persuaded automobile manufacturers to reduce the varieties and dimensions of wheels on export cars to a small number, uniform for all makes. We also induced tire manufacturers to reduce the number of tire sizes and co-ordinate them with the wheels. These simplifications greatly increased foreign sales of both cars and tires. We also got the tire manufacturers to appoint agencies in every world center, so that all American cars could always be serviced.

In addition, we helped the manufacturers establish convenient foreign points for spare parts of all American cars.

These actions helped raise the American car to its dominant world position.

Other examples of how we spurred our foreign trade were when we persuaded manufacturers to adopt the same standards of screw threads, and when we had American electric light bulbs standardized so that any sized bulb would fit the same socket. The ingenious young men in the Bureau of Standards invented a thousand other devices and stratagems.

The increases thus brought about in sales abroad ran into hundreds of millions of dollars yearly.

We had a sort of index of the department's service in foreign trade through the annual number of requests for help we received and acted upon. In 1922, we rendered about 600,000 such individual services; in 1928, nearly 3,000,000.

Although I do not claim the credit for it, our foreign trade, greatly demoralized by the war, improved tremendously. Our total exports rose from $3,771,286,428 in 1922 to $4,880,000,000 in 1928, our imports from $2,608,079,008 to $4,147,000,000.

There were a number of raw materials which we did not produce in the United States and therefore had to import. By 1922, it had become evident that foreign producers of many such commodities were organizing aggressive government-fostered combinations or cartels and preparing oppressive action against our consumers.

The British controlled rubber; the Dutch, quinine; the Germans, potash; the Chileans, nitrates; the Mexicans, sisal (hemp); the Brazilians, coffee; the Spanish and Italians, mercury, and the Egyptians, long-staple cotton.

Before these combinations got to work on prices, we were paying about $1,000,000,000 a year for our needs. Three years later—in 1925—they held us up for more than $2,000,000,000 annually for the same quantities.

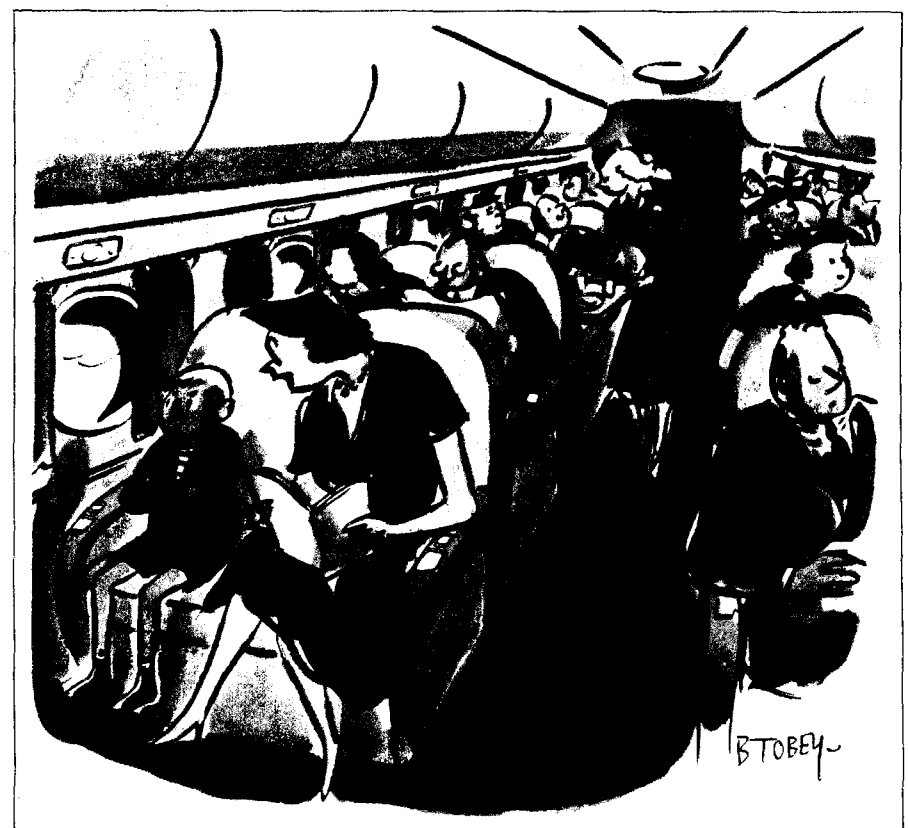
In March, 1923, I obtained a substantial appropriation from Congress to investigate these activities, and I also began vigorous action against the worst of them.

The worst was the British rubber control organized in 1922 and originated by Winston Churchill, then the energetic Secretary of State for the Colonies. The British steadily raised the price of rubber from 13 cents a pound to $1.21 a pound by 1925. Rubber at even 20 cents a pound was highly profitable to the growers, and the extra dollar was mulcting the United States of $900,000,000 a year, as we imported 900,000,000 pounds of rubber annually.

To repel this raid, I organized a nationwide campaign to reduce imports by conservation and by substitution of reclaimed rubber. One of our mottoes was: "Wear tires to destruction." We also urged the Dutch government that to maintain reasonable prices on their Far East rubber was to their long-view interest; therefore they remained out of the British rubber combine and expanded their own production. We encouraged American rubber manufacturers to plant rubber in non-British territory, which they did on an extensive scale.

This campaign, begun in the summer of 1925, by March, 1926, broke the price of rubber from the top of $1.21 a pound to 59 cents; by June the price was 40 cents, with a corresponding price reduction in tires and other rubber goods.

The purpose of all this was not only to get relief from excessive prices, but to demonstrate our ability to defend ourselves against all such attempts to hold us up. Conservation and stepped-up production ultimately returned the price to under 20 cents per pound.



COLLIER'S

"I'll admit it's not as fast as a jet job, Freddie, but three hundred miles an hour isn't exactly crawling"

BARNEY TOBEY

Countermoves Against Cartels

We took action against the other combines by different tactics. Working with the Bureau of Mines, I secured appropriations to drill for suspected potash in Texas and New Mexico. We struck pay dirt and ultimately relieved our consumers from the oppression of the German potash cartel. We stopped American credits to the Brazilian Coffee Valorization, and campaigned for our consumers to use coffee from other sources. We also spurred the production of artificial nitrates.

To relieve us from the oppression of Mexico's sisal control, we persuaded Cuba to begin producing that commodity. American chemists succeeded in making synthetic camphor and broke Japanese control of that drug. The Agriculture Department succeeded in increasing production of a longer-staple cotton in Arizona and California. This took the edge off the Egyptian monopoly.

One result stood out after this battle was over. The high prices so stimulated production and new substitutes that in five years every one of these materials except one was overproduced and sold at a loss to the producer. While such low prices were not in the world interest, they at least demonstrated that the United States could protect itself.

A part of our program of expanding foreign trade revolved around providing loans or credit to foreign nations pending their recuperation from war. One of our reconstruction difficulties in 1921 had been to restore the movement of private foreign credits. I was unalterably opposed—except in limited relief cases—to further governmental loans to foreign nations such as we had made so generously during the war.

However, by 1922, the whole problem took on another complexion. A boom had begun in foreign loans, as foreign countries were offering American investors extravagant interest. These loans raised disturbing questions as to their security, their reproductive character, and the methods by which they were promoted. To serve any real economic purpose, such loans had to be adequately secure and to be designed to increase the productivity of the country of their destination, for out of increased productivity alone could they be repaid. Loans for military purposes, for budget balancing and for nonproductive purposes generally would be disastrous.

The situation became so alarming that in February, 1922, President Harding, at my suggestion, called a White House conference of Secretaries Hughes, Mellon and myself, together with representatives of the bond-issuing houses and banks. It was there

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Protect your home and family

PREVENT FIRES!

Fire takes more than 10,000 lives each year, including 2000 children under five. Be sure this tragic loss doesn't strike *your* home. Find out how you can prevent fires. See your Fire Chief. Make *every* week Fire Prevention Week!

A Public Service Message Sponsored by
The Capital Stock Fire Insurance Companies,
Their Agents and Brokers, through
The National Board of Fire Underwriters,
85 John Street, New York 38, N.Y.

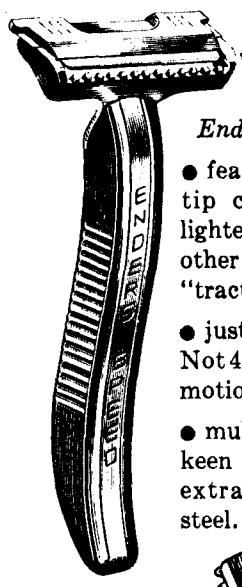
FIRE PREVENTION WEEK

OCTOBER 7 to 13

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Does your razor Really fit your beard?

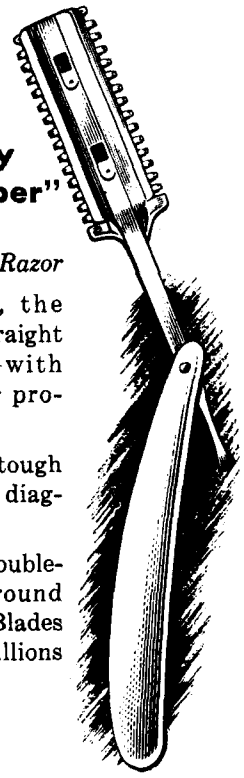
No matter what you read, no one razor is best for every beard. But we *guarantee* that one of these razors will give you the grandest shave of your life—*or your money back!*



the modern velvet-touch razor

Enders Speed Shaver

- featherlight, finger-tip control. World's lightest shaver...makes other razors feel like "tractors."
- just snap—blade's in! Not 4, not 5, but 1 quick motion.
- multi-service, super-keen Enders Blades of extra-gauge Swedish steel.



the luxury "master barber" shave

Durham Duplex Razor

- for 43 years, the world's finest "straight razor" shave—with full safety-razor protection!
- no beard too tough for its sure, clean, diagonal strokes.
- double-thick, double-edged, hollow-ground Durham Duplex Blades—favorite of millions since 1908.

DURHAM-ENDERS

Durham-Enders Razor Corp.
Mystic, Conn.

Please send me the following:

☐ Enders Speed Shaver (with five blades) 49¢*
☐ Durham Duplex Razor (with five blades) 69¢*

Name_____

Street Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State____
Offer good in U. S. A. only *Postpaid

agreed that all proposals for new foreign loans be submitted to the State Department, which in turn submitted them to Commerce and Treasury. Commerce particularly advised the loan promoters as to the loans' weaknesses in security and reproductive character. The State Department advised as to the loans' political desirability. We made no pretense of authority, but relied on co-operative action.

The New York banks soon grew to dislike this program, and in April, 1922, Governor Benjamin Strong of the New York Federal Reserve Bank filed with the State Department a demand that we take our hands off.

Standards for Foreign Loans

My reply, on April 29, 1922, to the Secretary of State, has some historical importance to economists:

". . . It can at once be agreed that in principle foreign loans are vital in the present situation of the world and of our commerce. I am not, however, prepared to accept Governor Strong's implied conclusion that no standards should be set up in the placing of foreign loans in the American market. I believe these standards can be developed in the banking community itself. I am convinced that unless they are so developed, Congress will, sooner or later, impose controls on the placing of such obligations . . . It appears to me that the federal government has certain unavoidable governmental and moral responsibilities toward these operations, and that our bankers have certain internal responsibilities to our commerce . . .

". . . The expenditure of American capital, whether represented by goods or gold, in the maintenance of unbalanced budgets or the support of armies, is destructive use of capital. It is piling up dangers for the future of the world . . .

"Our citizens . . . are not possessed of the information with regard to the security of many of these offerings which is possessed by the government or such offerings would not be entertained. A serious question arises in my mind as to whether the federal government has the moral right to withhold this information from its citizens . . . the test of action of the federal government in these particulars should at least be the standard that would be expected of a reputable businessman dealing with his own customers . . ."

However, President Harding and Secretary Mellon insisted on a retreat from our original standards.

When Mr. Coolidge became President he reduced the authority of the three Cabinet members to the limited duty of passing on the effect which any particular loan might have directly on our foreign relations. Despite our limitations, however, our Cabinet committee did stop private loans to countries which had not made settlement or payment on their war debts.

What I had feared as to the quality and promotion methods of some of the loans was later realized. In the 1920s we made net private loans to foreigners of about $7,000,000,000. By 1936, $2,000,000,000 of these loans had been paid in full, while $3,000,000,000 were not yet due but amortization and interest were being paid regularly. Two billions were in default but were partly salvaged. The whole represented a loss of about $1,000,000,000. That loss would never have happened had more care been used in making the loans.

However, if we assume the loss was a billion, it certainly was a cheap method of unemployment and agricultural relief, for we had full employment during this period, which the other countries did not.

Together with the matters of reconstruction absorbing us, there were also problems of wholly new economic development. Within my time as Secretary of Commerce two infant industries—radio and aviation—began their lusty growth.

When I became head of the department I found that one of its duties was to develop and regulate the use of radio. Voice broadcasting was then in use only experimentally—we called radio the wireless telephone—but it was quickly to emerge as a universal art profoundly modifying every aspect of human life. In this the department was destined to play a part.

There were only two broadcasting stations at this time and probably fewer than 50,000 receiving sets, and they were not too good. The American boy, however, had taken enthusiastically to radio and, with his crystal set and earphones, was spreading interest over the country. In 12 months after I entered the Cabinet in 1921 there were 320 broadcasting stations, most of low power and short range.

The law authorizing the Secretary of Commerce to regulate radio had been enacted prior to voice broadcasting as a control of ship-to-shore and transocean telegraph radio. It was a very weak rudder to steer a development as powerful as radio proved in the next few years.

I was early impressed with three things: the immense importance of spoken radio, the importance of seeing that the new channels of communication be under public control, and the difficulties of devising such control in a new art. Radiomen were eager for regulation to prevent interference with each other's wave lengths, but many insisted on the right permanently to pre-empt the air channels as private property—a monopoly of enormous financial value.

Therefore—in our usual fashion of solving problems wherever possible by co-operation rather than by law—I called a conference of representatives of the industry, public bodies and various government agencies on February 27, 1922. In my opening address I said:

". . . The wireless telephone has one definite field, and that is for broadcast of certain predetermined material of public interest from central stations . . . It therefore . . . becomes of primary public interest to say who is to do the broadcasting, under what circumstances, and with what type of material. It is inconceivable that we should allow so great a possibility for service, for news, for entertainment, for education, and for vital commercial purposes, to be drowned in advertising chatter . . .

"This is a problem of regulation . . . Regulations will need to be policed . . . and thus the celestial system—at least the ether part of it—comes within the province of the policeman. Fortunately the art permits such a policeman by listening in to detect those ether hogs that are endangering the traffic."

Allotting the Wave Lengths

With the department's legal authority uncertain, the conference decided to abide by my decisions as umpire until we could devise the needed legislation. I at once stated that there must be no private property rights in channels through the air just as there were no private property rights in channels of navigation, but that anyone complying with regulations could use the air waves freely.

We set aside certain parts of the wave bands for public broadcasting and certain parts for the Army and Navy and public services. As there were insufficient wave lengths for all purposes then known, we forbade use of person-to-person telephone except in restricted instances; we assigned a definite wave band to boys, and then set ourselves about so allotting the remaining wave lengths that the broadcasting stations would not interfere with one another. That was not so difficult in the early stages, as their sending power was limited, and stations only a moderate distance apart could use the same wave length.

One of our troubles in getting Congress to enact radio legislation was the very success of our voluntary system. We repeated our annual conferences for five years. Each year they recommended such changes in voluntary regulations as seemed advisable.

Congressmen kept saying, "It is working well, so why bother?" Finally a Chicago station broke away from our voluntary

GOOD... any old time!

the cracker with that swell cheese flavor

America's largest selling cheese cracker!

Sunshine Biscuits, INC.

LISTO MARKING PENCIL

Writes on EVERYTHING!

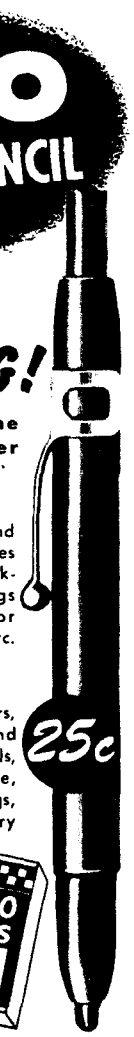
Glass • Metal • Cellophane
Cardboard • Waxed Paper
Plastics • Porcelain

✔ for HOMES

On Mason Jars and Jelly Glasses, boxes to be stored, packages to ship, bags and cans used for seeds, bulbs, etc., etc.

✔ for BUSINESS

On cans, bottles, jars, boxes, china, and pans, crates, barrels, drums, hardware, etc., shipping tags, newspapers, delivery slips, etc.



25c

LEADS THAT DON'T BREAK

IN 6 COLORS

BLACK RED
BLUE GREEN
BROWN YELLOW

Solid colors to the box

15c

Prices Higher in Canada

AT ALL STATIONERY, DRUG AND VARIETY STORES

LISTO PENCIL CORP., ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA
In Canada: Listo Products, Ltd., Vancouver, B. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

regulation, pre-empted a wave length for itself and established its contention in the courts against the weak legal authority of the Secretary of Commerce. Then Congress woke up and in February, 1927, passed the law which we recommended establishing public regulation of the wave channels.

One of our vivid early experiences was with evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson of Los Angeles. One of the first to appreciate radio's possibilities, she had set up a small broadcasting station in her Temple. This station roamed all over the wave band, arousing bitter complaints from other stations. She was repeatedly warned to stick to her assigned wave length. As warnings did no good, our departmental inspector sealed up her station. The next day I received this telegram:

PLEASE ORDER YOUR MINIONS OF SATAN TO LEAVE MY STATION ALONE. YOU CANNOT EXPECT THE ALMIGHTY TO ABIDE BY YOUR WAVE LENGTH NONSENSE. WHEN I OFFER MY PRAYERS TO HIM I MUST FIT INTO HIS WAVE RECEPTION. OPEN THIS STATION AT ONCE.
AIMEE SEMPLE MC PHERSON

Finally our tactful inspector persuaded her to employ a radio manager of his own selection, who kept her on her wave length.

Over the years it became evident that much radio interference rose from beyond our own borders and that there must be international regulation. Through the State Department I called a conference in Washington, October 4, 1927, attended by delegates of 70 nations. I presided at this meeting, which required sessions over several months. We finally signed treaties which established certain principles and assignment of wave lengths. They have lasted to this day, in non-Communist areas, in spite of all wars and murrain.

With all this background of interest in radio I have naturally tried to weigh its social, economic and political effects.

On the good side, it has been a powerful educational force. It has stimulated the appreciation of good music, despite the fact that it gives tenfold time to the worst of music. It has made science, the arts, the professions, the daily lives of other men and women familiar to all the people. It has vastly enriched the lives of shut-ins and residents of remote places. It has made transmission of news instantaneous. It has brought into every household the voices and views of the men who create thought and command action.

But truth is far less carefully safeguarded on the radio than in the press. The control of slander, libel, malice and smearing is far more difficult. The newspaper editor has a chance to see a statement before it goes to press. But on the radio, it is often out before the station can stop it. A misstatement in the press can be corrected within 24 hours, and it reaches approximately the same people who read the original item. The newspaper is open to all who have a grievance.

Radio Lies Hard to Disavow

There is little adequate answer to a lying microphone. The audience is never the same on any two days or hours, and it takes days to arrange time for an answer even when the station consents. At that, no matter how grave the injustice, the broadcasting companies will seldom sacrifice time for this privilege. Action under American law as to slander is doubly futile against the radio.

Also, radio lends itself to propaganda far more easily than the press. And propaganda is seldom the whole truth. The officials currently in office have preponderant time at the microphone and theirs becomes the dominant voice. Propaganda, even when it sticks to fact, is often slanted by the magic in the human voice. And propaganda over the air raises emotion at the expense of reason far more than the printed word.

Often enough, no one is much interested in, or at least is not organized to provide counterpropaganda. Not only is domestic propaganda poured on us, but it has become a special function of foreign governments and persons. Crooked propaganda has become an insidious instrument of international politics.

In the debate over our entry into World War II, British speakers deluged our radio with their propaganda. When some of us who were opposed wished to present our views on their radio, we were refused time by the British authorities.

Some of the evils of libel and slander could be corrected by a revision of our laws in those matters. They are not fitted to the radio, and they have been watered down from the English common law by American court decisions until they provide little protection. Unlike the British, they seldom give moral damages for misrepresentation and wrongful injury to reputation.

Some of radio's evils, including excessive advertising chatter, could be cured by the

COLLIER'S "I wonder who thought up this one: Free candy and ice cream twice a day?" GUSTAV LUNDBERG

AC OIL FILTERS

Protection

You Get It for Your Car with New AC *Aluvac* Oil Filter Element

A new AC *Aluvac* Element in your car's oil filter is a sure way to guard your engine against wear and repair. It keeps dangerous grit and dirt out of your engine oil — prevents circulation of ring-clogging, valve-gumming, parts-wearing sludge.

AC *Aluvac* Elements do these things far better than ordinary old-style elements because they have many times the filtering surface — trap far smaller particles—and have twice the sludge retaining capacity.

There's an AC dealer near you. Let him give your car's engine the protection of AC *Aluvac* — the new quality standard in oil filter elements.

IF YOUR CAR **is not oil filter equipped, you can get a complete AC unit with *Aluvac* Element at moderate cost. See your AC service man.**

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

industry itself. No one station or chain alone can stamp them out. They might be greatly cured by resuming the annual conferences of the early twenties and by making an effort to develop codes of ethics to apply not only to stations, but to speakers.

Despite all its shortcomings, the privately owned American radio does a far greater and better public service than do the government-owned systems of Europe.

Another industry which took giant strides during my term in the Department of Commerce was aviation. On taking over the department I found that no one in the government was interested in developing commercial aeronautics. Military aviation had received great impetus from the war, and the Army was, of course, continuing development for military purposes. The Post Office had carried some experimental mail, using made-over warplanes.

But there were no regular transport services, no developed air lanes, no regulations to insure safety, few and poor commercial landing fields and little organized research in aeronautics. Commercial air activities consisted largely of stunt flying at county fairs. And all this in the country which had given the airplane to the world.

Aviation's Urgent Needs

I felt that the first necessity was a federal service to encourage organized airways, airfields, weather service and air research. And there was need for federal regulation of the certification of pilots and the air-fitness of planes. Indeed, what we needed was a parallel to the government's century-old aids to navigation.

Therefore, in 1922, I called a conference of manufacturers, engineering societies and experienced pilots. This conference, with our departmental legal staff, drafted the needed laws, and I submitted them to Congress. In 1923 and 1924 I was still urging this legislation. The subject, being highly technical, had little emotional appeal.

In 1925, General William Mitchell was violently agitating for the consolidation and better organization of the military air services. Taking advantage of this, I recommended to Mr. Coolidge appointment of a commission to consider not only the military but all commercial phases of aviation, and suggested Dwight Morrow for chairman. I submitted a report urging the Morrow Commission that the foundation for military aviation was a strong commercial service.

The commission adopted my recommendations in full, and we secured enactment of the first substantial civil aviation law on May 20, 1926. We then organized an Aeronautics Division in the Commerce Department under the able direction of William P. MacCracken, Jr. We went at it with great zest. I know of no satisfaction equal to the growth under one's own hand of a great economic and human agency. We arranged that the Post Office let contracts for carrying mail to private air companies, and we launched a campaign for municipal development of airports. We ourselves began building airways with radio beacons, emergency landing fields and weather services.

We felt personal triumphs with every mile of service we added. Under the guidance of the department, by 1929 there were 25,000 miles of government-improved airways—of which 14,000 were lighted and beaconed—1,000 well-developed airports and another 1,200 in the process of development, 6,400 planes licensed, regular flights of over 25,000,000 miles per annum, and a manufacturing output of 7,500 planes per annum. In all its branches, the industry employed 35,000 people.

Underlying all my problems as Secretary of Commerce was the need to fix the boundaries of governmental relations to business. This question perplexed us daily and in innumerable shapes. Basically, it involved the destiny of the American scheme of life. There were abuses of freedom by business. There were the propelling texts of the Socialists, the Communists and the new ideology of the Fascists. The cures they proposed for all evils appeared in their urgings of government ownership and operation of utilities and other industries or, alternatively, government dictation to business.

The real cure lay in the application of government regulation which clearly and specifically prohibited an evil practice. But beyond and better than even that was co-operation in the business community to cure its own abuses.

I considered it part of the duties of the Secretary of Commerce to suggest that business realize its responsibilities, offer methods of cure for its abuses, and give leadership in such action. This I felt was the practical answer to Socialism, Fascism or any other tyranny over free men.

I was convinced then, I am still convinced, that where semi-natural monopolies exist, as in railways, communications and power, they must be regulated as to rates and profits. But in the production and distribution of commodities, the real regulation lay in full, fair and free competition. Competition is the restless pillow of progress.

However, the difficulty lay in the fact that competition can be destructive as well as constructive. Most such abuses were deeper than violation of law. They were violation of the moral code.

The basic principles laid down in the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount were as applicable now as when first declared, but they required a host of subsidiary clauses. The ten genuses of evil in the time of Moses had increased to 10,000 species.

To get into the realm of practical action, I had department economists make an exhaustive study of the activities of a host of business and trade associations. Their report, published in 1923, showed many such activities legitimate and very constructive. But others were cloaks for organized abuses, evasion of the spirit of the law and violation of primary morals.

I concluded, however, that in these associations we had an instrumentality that could be developed into a great national benefit by better defining their purposes, setting them useful tasks, developing within them definite ethical standards, and giving them protection in their good works.

The Justice Department at one time was insistent that all trade-association activities only led to violation of the law. Frequent court actions had kept the decent business element frightened away from co-operation where obviously in the public interest. In 1922, there had been pending in the Supreme Court certain cases by which the Justice Department sought to stretch the antitrust laws to prohibit what I considered constructive co-operation. The department had won its cases in the lower courts and it looked as though this perversion of justice would become the law of the land.

Therefore, I submitted a memorandum on the question to the Justice Department and the Federal Trade Commission. This document was written before the Supreme Court decision but had important consequences and caused much discussion.

It pointed out: "Any collective activity can be used as a cloak for conspiracy against public interest, as can any meeting of men engaged in business, but it does not follow because bricks have been used for murder that we should prohibit bricks. There is, moreover, a very wide differentiation between co-operative action open to an entire trade or region of a trade and such things as capital combinations and conspiracies to restrain trade, because the former may be dissolved instantly without any disturbance of capital or production and does not represent increasing domination of a group of individuals in trade, but the democratic development of a whole industry."

Soon afterward the Supreme Court overruled the Justice Department and opened the door to reasonable co-operation where it was to the public interest. The Justice Department and the FTC then approved establishment by the Department of Commerce of certain activities in trade associations by means of codes of business ethics.

After agreement with each association on a "code of economic action" we submitted the "codes" to the FTC, which promulgated them as standards of fair practice. No force was attempted or implied. They were solely voluntary. By degrees they became embodied in the business custom of the country.

This was not a universal panacea. It did not squelch the crooks, but it did make life less agreeable for them. It contributed to giving American business a purpose of finding fields of constructive action and eliminating abuses.

These codes should not be confused with a price-fixing device called "Open Price Associations," suppression of which the Justice Department secured after I came to the White House.

The New Deal subsequently declared that the National Recovery Administration was merely an expansion of my ideas. That is, they made this assertion after the NRA went sour. The fact is that there was no relation between these ideas except common use of the word "codes." The New Deal set up committees from each trade association to formulate a code fixing prices and limiting production in that trade, and gave these codes the force of law. This was a long step away from morals and free competition. It was sheer economic Fascism with all its implications.

Another basic problem with which I wrestled as Secretary of Commerce was to keep business apprised of the fluctuations of the business cycle.

Under past administrations, the department's statistical services had been fragmentary and poorly formulated. One of our first steps had been to correct this. We launched the monthly Survey of Current Business, in which we compiled statistics of business movement and figures to show relative production, stocks of goods, prices, transportation, consumption and employment, together with every variety of monetary and credit information.

We hoped that by our issuance of warnings of economic movements, business could act with more certainty and better detect the approach of booms and slumps.

We were to learn, however, that such movements can be more affected by emotion than by statistics.

As the Coolidge administration went along, several ill-omened portents appeared on the domestic economic horizon.

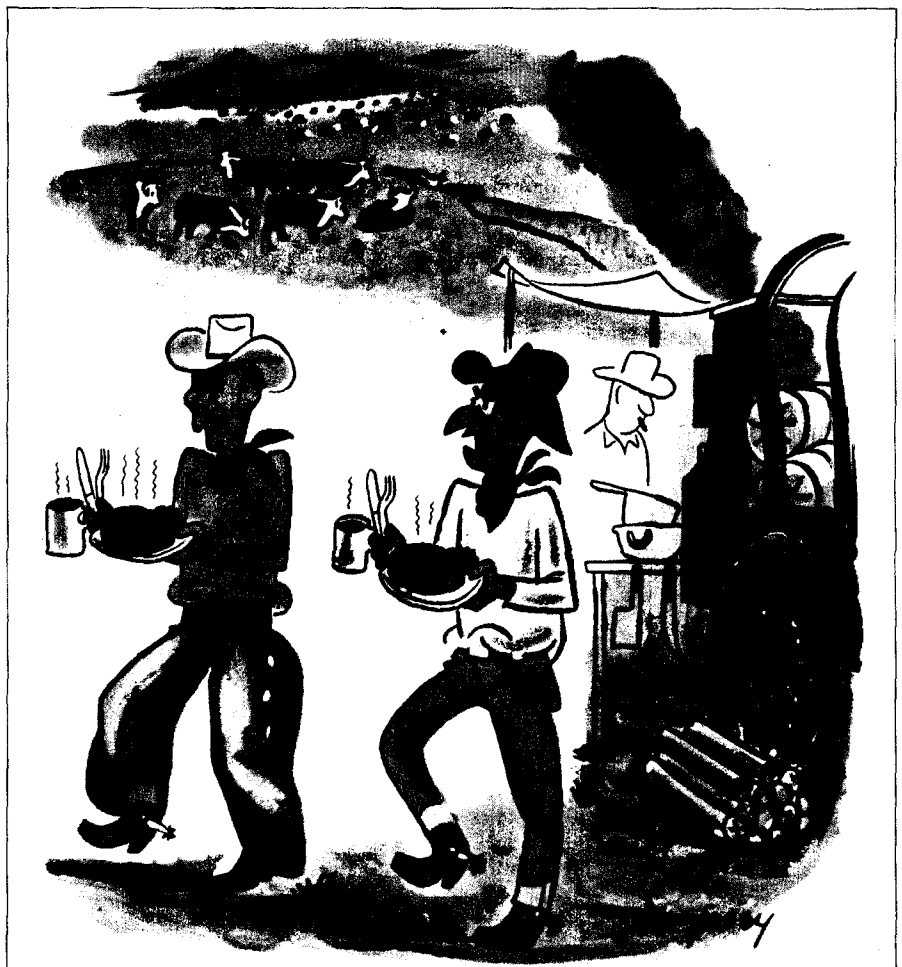
Signs of Coming Depression

From them it was plain that we were due for some economic readjustments, although as far as these portents themselves were concerned they did not make the "Great Depression." That, in its more serious aspects, was due to causes from outside the United States, and indeed a slump had started over most of the world before it began in the United States in October, 1929. The underlying causes of the depression will be the subject of considerable comment later in these memoirs, as it was the important evil event of my time in the White House. For chronological reasons, however, I include here a reference to some secondary forces which appeared in the Coolidge administration.

The first of these readjustments arose from the fact that in 1928 we were catching up with the production lag caused by the World War, especially in the construction industries. For instance, the normal need for new dwelling units was, say 500,000 a year. For eight years we had been building at the rate of about 750,000 a year. It was much the same in other construction activities. By 1928, the major deficiency in housing was made up, and a readjustment was inevitable while workers and equipment were absorbed in other directions.

A second portent was indicated in a report by the Committee on Recent Economic Changes, which I organized in 1927 under the chairmanship of Arch Shaw, of Chicago. Mr. Shaw in 1928 warned that out of our very increase in efficiency we might get some repercussions.

The committee reported that out of a 30-odd per cent increase in production efficiency per person during the eight years preceding, very little had gone to decrease the average of prices; about one fourth of the gains had gone to increased profits and



COLLIER'S

"Day in, day out—beefsteak! Beefsteak! . . . Beefsteak!"

JOHN DEMPSEY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Everybody wins!

every weekday morning on ABC

You don't need luck to cash in on the biggest entertainment jackpot in morning radio! Turn your dial to your local ABC radio station *and leave it there!* For ABC has lots of winners: fine dramatic shows, sparkling music, comedy, news, household hints, hilarious quiz shows. You'll especially enjoy fast, funny, fabulous *Break the Bank*, with quizmaster Bud Collyer. 11:30 am. (Sponsored by Bristol-Myers & Philip Morris.) Get the ABC habit today!

Generous helpings of songs, fun and inspiration — every weekday morning on Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club*. 9 am (Swift, Philco, General Foods).

News behind rumors, scoops, by the editors of Photoplay magazine on *Inside News from Hollywood*. 8:55 am (Hazel Bishop).

Compelling problems of life (they could easily be yours)—hear them on *My True Story*. 10 am (Sterling Drug).

Edward Arnold, Storyteller. Unusual tales, expertly told by the popular screen star. 10:25 am (General Mills).

Let Betty Crocker help you with her cooking and homemaking hints. Hear *Magazine of the Air*. 10:30 am (General Mills).

Against the Storm, by Sandra Michael: only daytime drama to win a Peabody Award. 10:45 am (Philip Morris).

Brides of today and yesterday will enjoy the vivid, engrossing series *When a Girl Marries*. 11:15 am (General Foods).

Tunes at noon. For songs and comedy, listen to the lively *Jack Berch Show*. Every weekday at noon (Prudential).

Eat your way to better health! Noted food expert *Victor H. Lindlahr* tells you how. 12:15 pm (Serutan).

Advertisers win

on ABC RADIO, because their dollars go further than on any other network. That's why so many top advertisers—as well as listeners —are SOLD on ABC!

All times are Eastern Standard. In other zones, consult your newspaper.

ABC RADIO

American Broadcasting Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

if it's NEW—if it's EXCITING—if it's important to YOU—
—it's in COLLIER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA!

How do some people always know the answers? Not the old answers—but the *new* answers that win prizes, promotions, popularity—that make them centers of interest at all kinds of gatherings?

You can know these answers, too—and have fun getting them! Whether it's sports, headline personalities, international events, science, drama, music—or anything of general interest—Collier's NEW ENCYCLOPEDIA will give you the NEW answers, the *right* answers for this new, fast-moving world!

And it's so easy to get them in Collier's Encyclopedia—that profusely illustrated, easy reading, set-of-a-thousand-uses. It's absolutely, entirely, completely fresh and NEW from cover to cover of every one of its 20 big, richly bound, easy-to-handle volumes!

14,000 brand-new pages containing 14,000,000 words—400,000 index references—50,000 fresh, NEW, interesting and easy-to-understand topics! Yes—and 10,000 full-color and black-and-white illustrations, photographs, drawings, charts and diagrams—PLUS 126 completely NEW authoritative maps in full color, prepared at a cost of $400,000—and many other new and exclusive features you'll find in no other encyclopedia! In fact, *millions* were spent by Collier's (one of America's great publishers since 1875) to bring you this completely NEW, authentic, colorful, *exciting* source of modern information on every subject-classification in the universe!

Collier's Encyclopedia
Crowell-Collier Building
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, your big, 24-page, elaborately illustrated book "AROUND THE WORLD WITH COLLIER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA." Also, information about how easily I can own COLLIER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA on convenient terms to fit my family budget.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....**Zone**.....**State**.....

Col-21

GET THIS BIG FREE 24-page full-color book, crammed-full of exciting topics and illustrations taken right from the pages of COLLIER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA! See for yourself how Collier's Encyclopedia covers news subjects, sports, science, cosmic ray and atom-smashing experiments! Yes, even unusual primitive tribes, outlandish animals and a host of other surprises! Also included are authoritative reviews and signed statements by delighted owners of COLLIER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA, the great new reference library that is helping so many to become better informed, more popular, more successful!

NO COST! NO OBLIGATION! JUST SEND COUPON!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

three fourths to increased wages. The increase in profits had stimulated speculation. The buying power of industrial workers had increased, but other groups, such as the farmers and white-collar classes, had benefited only by a small increase in buying power, so these groups could not absorb the whole increase of production from industry.

To put it another way, had there been a decrease in price levels, the nonindustrial groups could have bought more goods. In consequence, during the late twenties we ran into a relatively distorted production of some industrial goods, and it was obvious that a readjustment of income between groups would be necessary.

Such readjustments had taken place often enough in history, and in themselves warranted no major anxiety.

The third portent was more serious. In itself, even added to the other two portents, it would not in my view have amounted to a major destructive depression. But it gave me great concern. This phenomenon was the deliberate inflation of credit by the Federal Reserve Board during 1925 and subsequently. And this injection of inflation came when the country was already in an optimistic mood.

My alarm began in late 1925. In a press review of that year, made on New Year's Day, 1926, I said: "There are some phases of the situation which require caution . . . real-estate and stock speculation and its possible extension into commodities with inevitable inflation . . . these are matters of concern. . . .

"Psychology plays a large part in business movements, and overoptimism can only land us on the shores of overdepression. Not since 1920 have we required a better-informed or more capable administration of credit facilities than now if we are to continue an uninterrupted high plane of prosperity . . ."

In other public addresses I gave like warnings in 1926 and 1927.

The reasons for my alarm were the inflationary actions already taken in 1925 and the promise of still more. The Federal Reserve Board, during the year, had been expanding credit by "open market operations" and lowering discount rates. They had been led into this action mainly by Governor Benjamin Strong of the New York Federal Reserve Bank at the urging of Montagu Norman, head of the Bank of England, Hjalmar Schacht of the Reichsbank, and Charles Rist of the Bank of France, who came to New York and Washington for this purpose. It was direct inflation.

The board's action had induced unwise investment in European loans and advances. Worse, it stimulated speculation in common stocks on our exchanges by making large funds available to those who wanted to borrow on small margins for speculation.

As a result of 1925 credit inflation, the loans to our stockbrokers increased from $1,160,000,000 to $2,800,000,000, and common-stock prices rose 40 per cent. But this was not the worst.

Late in 1925, Adolph Miller, a board member, confirmed to me that Strong and his European allies proposed still another campaign of "easy money policies," which included continued manipulation of the discount rates and open-market operations—more inflation.

As Secretary of Commerce, I at once protested to the governor of the board, Daniel Crissinger, that such action would further stimulate speculation and was not the remedy for Europe's ills anyway.

The economic difficulties in Europe were deeper than could ever be cured by "cheap money" in the United States. The destruction of the war; the economic handcuffs of the Treaty of Versailles; the impossible reparations levied upon our former enemies; the isolation of Russia by the Communist revolution, as a result of which she largely ceased to export raw materials and import manufactured goods; the Socialist and Fascist movements, by which, instead of the people digging in to work as they had done in the United States, large segments sought utopias with less work—all these directly resulted in the fright of new enterprise.

The continued high European armament production and great public-works programs to provide employment, together with the reluctance of their governments to impose adequate taxation, were creating large budget deficits.

The British had an extra ill arising from their return to the gold standard. They had restored the pound sterling at the prewar gold value, as a result of which—by the raising of foreign exchange—their export trade had been damaged.

Seek "Cheap Money" in U.S.

The foreign bankers mentioned above sought to remedy all this by an expansion of credit ("cheap money") in the United States, which could then be borrowed by their banks on short-term obligations and by their governments, offering high interest rates.

Federal Reserve Board Chairman Crissinger, a political appointee from Marion, Ohio, was utterly devoid of any global economic or banking sense. In appealing to him, I got nowhere.

President Coolidge insisted that the board had been set up by Congress as an agency independent of the administration, and that we had no right to interfere.

It seemed to me that if the executive had no control over the board, Congress must still have that authority. I was so alarmed that I took up the matter with members of the Senate Banking and Finance Committee—legislative parent of the board. My purpose was to cause the board at least to stop, look and listen. I especially interested Senator Irving Lenroot, who undertook to write the board asking for information.

A lively correspondence ensued between Lenroot and the board wherein I aided the senator. The tenor of this correspondence is indicated by parts of the initial letter, which I drafted for the senator and which he dispatched on November 23, 1925:

"I am much disturbed over the continued expansion of speculation on the New York Stock Exchange. . . . This gigantic expansion of credit upon which it has been carried . . . lends gravity to the situation, for its inevitable collapse would be even more dangerous to commerce and industry by virtue of its widespread character. . . . We should make certain that the . . . Federal Reserve System is not a contributor to this expansion either directly or indirectly . . ."

With the senator's hints of public exposure, the opposition inside the board itself by Adolph Miller, and possibly my own opposition, the proposed further inflation action was dropped by the board—for a while.

However, the same European bankers returned to the United States in 1927 and together with Governor Strong finally won the majority of the board to a new campaign of inflation of credit—over Adolph Miller's protests.

Unfortunately I was in the South, managing Mississippi flood relief. When I returned in August, I learned from Mr. Miller of the action already taken by the board. I saw Chairman Crissinger at once and tried to show him the dangers and follies of such action. He and George R. James, another board member, argued against my "parochial view" of world affairs, but assured me they would not let the situation get out of hand.

I again urged the President, as I had done 18 months before, in 1925, to send for Crissinger and express alarm at the situation. Mr. Coolidge, a strict legalist, again insisted that the board had been created by Congress entirely independent of the executive and that he could not interfere. Secretary of the Treasury Mellon held the same view and seemed to think my anxiety and alarms unwarranted.

One trouble with every inflationary creation of credit is that there is an indefinite and sometimes considerable interval between the injection of the stimulant and the resulting speculation. Likewise, there is a similarly indefinite interval between the injection of the remedial serum and the lowering of the speculative fever. Once the fever gets under way, it generates its own toxics.

Open-market operations to inflate credit were again begun by the Reserve banks in July, 1927. The discount rate was lowered in August. The fever of speculation began to get out of hand 14 months later, in the autumn of 1928. The vital relationship of this Federal Reserve expansion of credit to the stock-market orgy is shown by the fact that at the end of June, 1927, stock-market loans were $3,500,000,000 and 27 months later had swelled to $8,500,000,000; common stocks had risen over 100 per cent.

The already existing overoptimism of our people, resulting from eight years of growing prosperity and the foolish belief in a "new economic era," together with much stock manipulation, had contributed to create an orgy of speculation.

Thus was born a new Mississippi Bubble to be laid on the White House steps when I became President. But the account of that must await a later chapter.

In after years I often had reason to recall these portents of trouble in connection with the scriptural text:

"Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea like a man's hand . . . Prepare . . . and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not." And there was not merely one "cloud," but several, and at once.

In 1928, Herbert Hoover was elected President after a campaign marked by bigotry and stormy issues. In next week's installment, the final in his current series of memoirs, Mr. Hoover recalls his campaign experiences and reveals his opinion of Al Smith. Be sure to reserve your Collier's today

TOM FUNK

Thoughts on Receiving Just ONE Good-night Kiss

No Sample
Is ample.

—CINDY MARCKS

ALBERT DORNE

ONE OF AMERICA'S HIGHEST PAID ARTISTS

says:

"I studied art at home—so can you!"

Every famous artist was once an amateur. The difference between "doodling" and a well-paid art job is training by top professionals. Now, you can get that know-how quickly, at home, in your spare time. Only the Famous Artists Course—Number One in the country—can give you this real professional training...under America's 12 Most Famous Artists! You learn every phase of art, and you learn right in your own home. Get started on your art career...*today!*

AMERICA'S 12 MOST FAMOUS ARTISTS SHOW YOU HOW

Write for our big illustrated 32-page booklet—

IT'S FREE!

FAMOUS ARTISTS COURSE

FREE

Dept. 45-X, Westport, Conn.
Please send big illustrated booklet about my art career.

Mr. Mrs. Miss ..... Age.....
(Please print)

Street .....

City, Zone, State.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wet weather wonder!
the Waterproofed
Nylon Raincoat

THE *Nylonair* $14.95

Fabric of pure, silky nylon and 100% waterproof protection have made the *Nylonair* the nation's standout raincoat value. Its lustrous greytan sheen and extreme light weight (only 15 oz.) make it a pleasure to wear—anywhere! It's portable, too—packs into a pocket-size carrying pouch. Can't crack, harden or peel and it's unconditionally guaranteed! Similar water-tight protection and easy portability are yours in the miracle-treated nylon *Zephyr*, $10.95, a rugged raincoat you'll use with pride. See these Rainfair waterproofs now. Write for free style booklet.

•

RAINFAIR, INC. • RACINE 4, WISCONSIN
Makers of SMARTAIR Leisure Wear

Get Up and Fight Again

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

up by the wagon wheels vanished around the next hill.

He felt alone, shamed and beaten, and he hated himself more than he hated the stranger. "I've never been a coward before," he whispered fiercely, "not even when I was outweighed. But I let him take my money and didn't fight."

He picked up his hat from the road, shook off the dust and stood looking at the dappled gray. Maybe a miracle would happen and somebody would come along with a fast horse, so they could chase the thief into town. Or somebody might come along in an automobile, like that new 1908 Peerless of Mr. Neville's. But there wasn't much travel on the Sierraville road.

I could run home and get Town Marshal Liston in Loyalton on the telephone, he thought. Yet, even with short cuts, home was six miles away. Then he remembered Mom telling him that morning that the line from Loyalton to Sierraville had gone dead. It happened all the time.

"And I don't want to tell Mom I lost my money without a fight," he said aloud to Shep. "I don't want to tell anybody."

He turned and looked up at the mountain. The warm air rising in shimmering waves made it seem almost to be moving. The buzzards were circling closer. He knew every foot of that mountain. His eyes followed the long, black line of the abandoned logging skid, twisting its way through the forest of bare stumps down to the platform where the logs had been loaded on wagons. He hated that skid. He could see the sharp curve in it, almost halfway to the ridge, where his dad, his wonderful dad, had been standing that day two years ago, with his back turned to the track. A log cut too long had jumped out on the curve, and after that he didn't have any dad.

NOW, suddenly, he felt almost glad his dad was dead. He'd never see now what a coward he had for a son. Dan remembered how, just the week before he died, after Dan had been licked by older, huskier Norman Bybee, his dad had told him, "Never stay beat, son. You can't always win the first time. But if you want to respect yourself, get up and fight again."

A man could be beat, but he didn't have to stay beat. He could be a coward, and know it, but he didn't have to stay a coward. He could get up and fight again. And there was a way he could catch that thief and get back his money. He'd known it all along, staring up at the mountain, but he hadn't wanted to face it. Now he saw it because he wasn't a coward any more, and wanted to see it.

"Come on, Shep!" Pulling his hat tighter, he broke into a steady trot across the rolling hills, dodging around the bushes of sage as he made for the foot of the mountain.

As Dan climbed the trail, his mind raced ahead to when he would find the thief. He'd rush the man, knock in his teeth, smash him down when he cried for mercy. He'd get back his money, all of it, and march the thief off to the Loyalton jail.

So fierce was the boy's desire that the dream of what he would do seemed the reality, and the reality of climbing only a disconnected dream. The strain of the long pull upward, lashing of low branches against face and chest, lungs panting for air, jolting of bone and burning of skin when he fell and got up again—these were vague, unimportant things outside himself. He felt Shep beside him, except when he had to clamber up rock faces with fingers and toes; the dog would scramble up some longer way and join him again. Once he heard a warning rattle at his feet and leaped by sheer instinct as the angry fangs almost brushed his ankle and were left behind.

They were almost at the crest when it happened. Jumping from a boulder to a fallen tree trunk, Dan felt his heel plunge through the outer layer of rotten wood and catch on the sound core underneath. He tried to check himself, failed, and crashed down on his turning ankle. Agony burst in his leg, and he cried out.

He lay still, accepting the pain, his face buried in the musty sweetness of decaying wood. Shep hung anxiously above him. At last, Dan pulled himself up, sat on the log, and tried to put his weight on the injured ankle. Unbearable pain struck again. He slipped to his knees with a dry sob. Then doggedly he crawled on hands and knees until he reached the crest.

Lying on his stomach and raising himself up on his elbows, he looked out at the whole Sierra Valley. The mountain jutted into the flat like a long elbow, so that the level surface of the valley lay on three sides: to his right, his left, and in front. Twenty miles away on his left he could see the cluster of houses at the foot of bare mountains that was the town of Beckwith. From Beckwith the glinting rails of the Boca & Loyalton Railroad stretched with hardly a curve to Loyalton, just below on his right.

And there, halfway, with sinking heart he saw the train coming. It seemed near, a toy he could reach and lift from the tracks; the wood-burning engine with its basket stack, the tender piled high with mill slabs, two empty flatcars, a red boxcar, then the last, half coach, half baggage car. It seemed to be crawling, but he knew it was moving at a steady thirty miles an hour.

Grimly, Dan dragged himself to the middle of the three tall pines left by some whim of the loggers a year ago, when they finished with the Loyalton side of the mountain. He propped himself up against the rough bark, unlaced his shoe and looked at his ankle. It was puffed to almost twice its size, and already turning purple. He pressed the throbbing mass with his fingers.

"The bone's not broken, Shep," he whispered through gritted teeth. "It's only sprained." But that's just as bad, now, he thought desolately; I'll never make it now. He looked northwest, over his left shoulder, to his own place, seeing the red roof of the barn and the smaller bulk of the house. Mom and six-year-old Judy were down there now, thinking he was in Loyalton with his money. He could never get there in time.

Sick at heart, he looked about at the desolation men had created, feeling himself a part of its futility and waste. He could sit there all day counting the thousands and thousands of great stumps and never number them all. They made the mountainside seem like a vast graveyard, a deserted graveyard going back to become a tangled wilderness of bushes of manzanita and scrub pine. Amid the greater stumps were thousands and thousands of smaller pines senselessly felled and left to rot.

It'll be fifty years until this grows back to what it was, Dan thought—fifty years, and I'll be an old man, or maybe dead. He thought how gradually decay and growth would erase what marks the men had left there: a broken-down chuck wagon askew on three wheels, an abandoned grindstone, tin cans from which the labels were peeling off. Near him was a moldering high leather boot; a hundred feet away the skeleton of a horse or mule, picked clean by buzzards and coyotes.

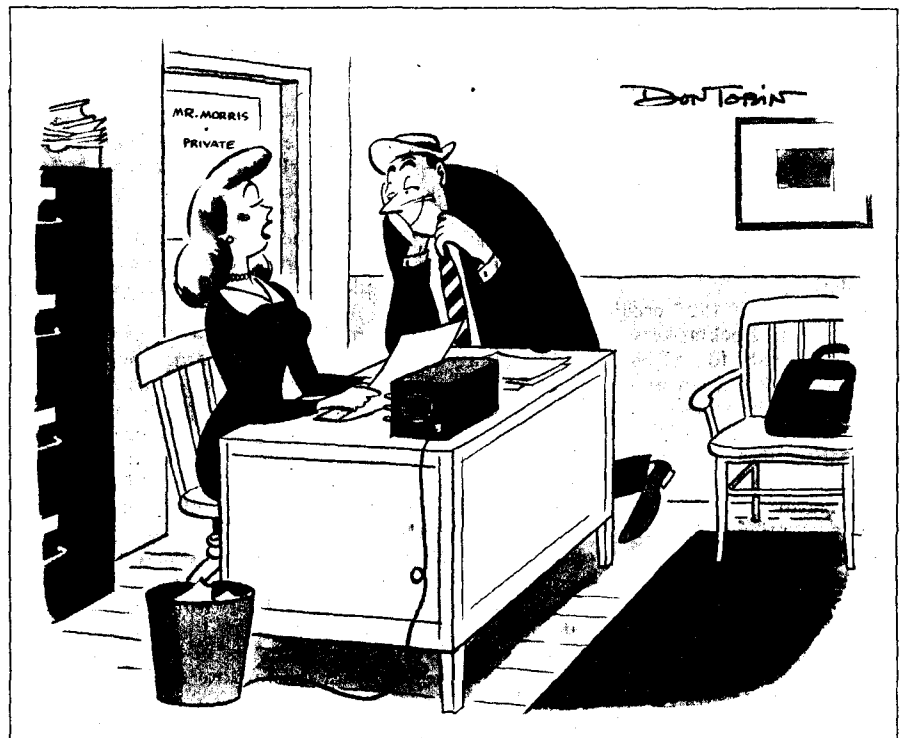
The end of an ax handle protruded from a bed of brown pine needles only a foot away from him. He pulled it out. It was longer than most, unbroken, but the head was gone. If he bent down a little it might do to help him walk. With its help he stood painfully and leaned against the great pine.

IT WAS then he noticed the top of the logging skid going down the Loyalton side of the mountain. He had known there was another such skid on this side of the mountain, too, but somehow had forgotten it. Now he remembered where it ended, in the Reno Mill pond, the pond nearest the Loyalton station, and his eyes widened. Using the ax handle, he hobbled to it, and felt the sliding surfaces with his finger. They were still a little greasy.

The first moment, the idea was fantastic and impossible in his mind, utterly crazy. The next, it was something a man could dare to do if he had the courage. Some men have done it, he thought; if they could, I can.

He remembered old loggers saying that on a steep track a log would go a hundred miles an hour. This was a steep one, all right. He'd heard one old logger say: "A man's extra weight would carry a log off at a sharp turn. Or else the log'd turn and he'd be crushed." But men had done it.

He looked out and saw that the train wasn't more than five miles from Loyalton. He saw white vapor rise as the engineer whistled for a crossing, but heard no sound. The train was time, time closing in on him and pressing, but still he wasn't sure. His throat was dry as he gazed down at the town below, the little houses and people walking safely along the board sidewalks. Nearer, he glanced at the Indian village at the mountain's foot. Fat Washo mahalas in bright red dresses were hanging out laundry brought from town, children were playing,



COLLIER'S

"I'm sorry. Mr. Morris can't see you. And neither can I!"

DON TOBIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and a couple of Indian mongrel dogs were fighting and raising a dust. Across the valley eastward he saw the caves high on the brown mountainside, and the white line that showed the valley had once been a lake. His eyes swung off to the right of town to the seven lumber mills with their glassy ponds, that looked like distant cities. He gathered it all up in one final memory.

"I'll be there in fifteen minutes, Shep," he said aloud.

Painfully he pried one of the two top logs away, and balanced it so that one push would send it down the skid. Then he knelt and put his arms about Shep's warm neck and gazed into the puzzled eyes. He hugged the shaggy neck tighter and felt a lump in his throat. "Come to the railroad station, Shep," he whispered.

He was up on the log, ready to push it the last, final inch. He looked down at the frightening slope and thought of his dad. *Suppose there's a break?* His knees had turned to water, and the rising breeze touched the cooling body's sweat, so that he shivered uncontrollably. A voice inside himself warned: *Get off, fool. It's not worth your life.* The boy shook his head blindly, clenched his knees on the log, and threw his weight forward.

His eyes were closed. Now that there was no going back he knew a moment of pure, blind terror. He felt the log picking up speed, the lurch as it rounded the first curve and plunged on. Shep's frantic barking faded away and was gone. Dan dug his fingernails into the rough bark, and gripped hard with both knees.

Underbrush lashed savagely at his shoulders and hair. He opened his eyes, to be ready for the curves. As the log took the turns on the half-greased surfaces, friction made it emit a high-pitched unearthly screaming; he heard it through his ears and felt it through the log until his whole body shared in its vibration.

Now he saw, not separate stumps, branches, trees or bare patches, but a solid wall of brownish green on either side. He was in a narrow lane that had no beginning or ending, between two gigantic twisting snakes rushing upward past him in mad fury; the piny wind filled his nostrils and tore at his hair. He hung on grimly, filled with a wild, wordless exultation.

THE slide was steepest just before it left the mountain in a wide arc and was carried across a deep ravine on a high-banked trestle before it dropped down to the flat and ended in the pond of the Reno Mill. Approaching this last curve, out of the brush, Dan felt again the sense of motion, incredible motion, while the screaming of wood on wood was no longer mere sound but white-hot nails driven into his ears.

In the same instant the log began to turn on its axis. Dan tore at it with his fingers and clamped his knees until they were bloody under his flapping clothes. But as he shifted his grip with the turning, trying to stay on top, he felt himself forced backward, inch by inch. He pressed his face to the wood, praying silently.

They flashed onto the trestle, rose with the banked turning. Between two agonized heartbeats the log skimmed on the upper edge of the skid, held by nothing, balanced between destruction and life. The rotting timbers of the trestle sagged and swayed. Dan felt himself being pulled by a giant hand, upward and outward. Blindly he thrust his last ounce of strength into a contorted twisting downward and inside. The log lurched back into the groove without any slackening of its speed, flashed down the last steep grade, slowed on the flat, and catapulted through the air into the Reno pond.

The foaming water was cold. He tried to spit it out of his mouth, brackish and bitter. His head went under again. He pulled himself to the surface, shook the water from his eyes and struck out for the shore in a clumsy overhand, cutting a way through floating chips of bark. His arms were tired and heavy, but his wet shoes were heavier. When he felt the slimy ooze of the bottom with his hands, he tried to stand up. The bad ankle came to life with stabbing pain, and he floundered onto the bank on his hands and knees. Pulling himself a few feet more, he lay face downward in the brittle, dry grass.

Far off, Dan heard the whistle of a train. He tried to think, knowing it should mean something to him, and fumbling to remember what it was. His head ached where it had hit the water, because it hadn't felt like water at all, but like smashing headfirst into a pile of gravel. A train. *The* train. *What* train? *Why?* He shook his head to clear it and felt the water spray as if he were a dog shaking itself. The train whistled again, two short blasts.

That's Joe Conkin's cattle crossing he's blowing for, he thought. Then full recollection swept through him. He raised himself to his knees. Over the tops of the willows that bordered the creek between him and town, he saw the red roof of the station. He began to crawl toward it, feeling the slurping of water in his shoes as he moved. He knew it was hopeless now, but something inside made him go on, heedless of the sharp grass or the unseen gravel that cut at his already lacerated knees.

FROM between two overhanging willows, he saw that the creek bed was dry. But the drop was an abrupt four feet. To detour a hundred yards to the footbridge was unthinkable. That would take him away from the station. He lay on his side, grasped a branch, and rolled over. He landed on his back in the gravel, the wind knocked out of him, holding a broken branch in his hand.

On the other side of the dry creek bed he found an overhanging branch a few feet upstream. His lacerated hands burned like fire, and he had to let go.

"Got to get there!" he whispered fiercely. "Never stay beat!"

He pulled out his red bandanna, sopping wet. With shaking arms he tore it in two and wrapped a piece around each hand. Trying again, his knees thrashed frantically against the loose dirt of the bank, and his arms felt as if they would wrench from their sockets. Then he was out.

Between him and the station was now nothing but a quarter mile of undulating field covered with tall, brown grass. It looks like a thousand miles, he thought despairingly. The station was at the edge of town, and everybody was around on the other side, waiting for the train. On this side there was only the long hitching fence, with maybe fifty rigs tied side by side. He couldn't see Jess and the buckboard.

"Maybe he went straight on and made for the Nevada line," Dan whispered with a sinking heart.

He saw a couple of men he didn't know walking toward the station from across the tracks, over by the Sierra Hotel. He stood up as far as he could on his knees, waved and shouted. One of the men looked up, waved back in friendly greeting, and turned to the other again. Then, talking, they passed from sight.

Dan heard something rustling behind him in the dry grass. Before he could turn, Shep was beside him, his long hair bedraggled and covered with stickers, his tongue hanging out. Then Dan saw the dog was limping; there was a deep gash on his right foreleg.

"Oh, Shep!" he cried. "You had to fight an Indian dog. Poor Shep!"

The train whistled for the town crossing, loud as last judgment, and he heard the bell ringing. He wound his arms about Shep's neck and felt the rough tongue affectionately licking his nose.

"You've got to help me some more, Shep," he whispered. "I know you're tired and hurt, boy, but you've got to help me." He squeezed the dog's paw and felt an answering pressure.

Dan got to his good foot, half crouching, resting part of his weight on Shep's shoulder.

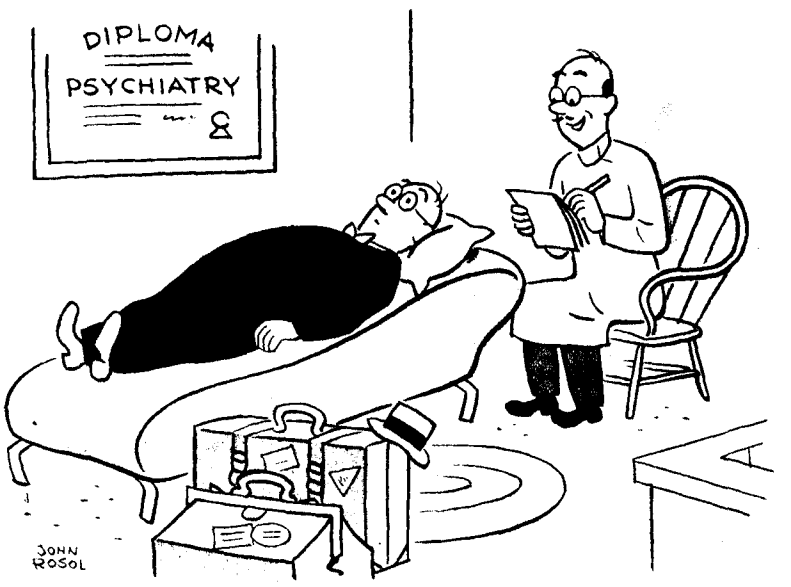
"Come on, boy," he urged, stumbling forward. . . .

Nobody seemed to notice the dripping, red-haired scarecrow with bloody knees and

NOW! Get More After-Shave Comfort!

Refreshing, invigorating — new Palmolive After Shave Lotion cools in seconds . . . takes the sting out of the closest shave . . . contains a special emollient ingredient that soothes your skin for hours! And you'll go for its brisk, masculine aroma.

It's A Great Underarm Deodorant, Too!



"Fear of losing your cash is the cause of your anxiety! Get American Express Travelers Cheques."

Why worry about your money when you travel? Carry American Express Travelers Cheques—they're 100% safe—you get a quick refund if they're lost, stolen, or destroyed. You can spend American Express Travelers Cheques *everywhere* for they're the *best-known*, most widely accepted cheques in the world.

Insist on American Express Travelers Cheques at BANKS, Railway Express and Western Union offices. Only 75¢ per $100.

100% SAFE—EASIEST TO CASH

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

EXPRESS YOUR PREFERENCE FOR THE BEST!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

swollen mouth, or the dog covered with stickers and with a long, open gash on his foreleg, leaning against a corner of the station. Everybody was watching the train. Dan heard the excited babble of conversation, the wail of a baby, and cries of recognition as passengers began stepping off.

Standing apart, but where he could see almost everything, the boy anxiously searched the crowd for the thief. He didn't see him. He saw Marshal Liston standing by the one entrance to the passenger coach, watching everyone who came to get on. One by one the passengers for Boca mounted the steps. Dan groaned.

"He's not here, Shep," he said tonelessly. "He's gone. He drove on to the line." A wave of bitterness passed through him. *If I hadn't been a coward—*

The train was getting ready to go. The fireman heaved more mill slabs into his firebox. Steam hissed and the engine bell began to ring. The conductor stood at the steps of the coach, watch in hand. He put it in his pocket and bawled, "All aboard!"

The conductor lifted his hand to the engineer. Then, seeing something Dan couldn't see around the other end of the station, he waited. A stout woman, wearing a long dark dress under a linen duster, and heavily veiled, hurried toward the train.

She meant nothing to Dan. Nobody there meant anything, since the thief hadn't appeared. But Shep was suddenly on his feet with bared fangs and a loud growl; then he was hurling himself toward the woman. She saw him coming and broke into a run toward the safety of the train. Desperately, Dan hobbled after, heedless of the pain, calling, "No, Shep! No!"

With a bound, Shep was on the woman, and the impact of his furious charge bowled her over. The big black bag she had been carrying fell to the ground, and as her feet came up Dan saw the blue of a man's trouser leg under the voluminous dress.

Marshal Liston was pulling at Shep with one hand, while with the other he reached for his gun. The conductor danced in and out, kicking at the dog. Dan burst through the swiftly forming crowd and flung himself upon the struggling form in the linen duster. "Get 'im, Shep!" he cried. "Get 'im!"

The marshal was pulling at his shoulder: "Get your dog off!"

The boy paid no heed. With one arm around the woman's neck, he tore off her hat. As it ripped away, veil and all, even Marshal Liston could see that this was no woman. For an instant the snakelike eyes stared at Dan with a mixture of unbelief and hatred. From a corner of his eye the boy saw the gun in the thief's hand. The marshal saw it too, and with businesslike comprehension smashed the butt of his own six gun down on the close-cropped head. Dan felt his quarry go limp in his arms.

SITTING in the stationmaster's office a half hour later, Marshal Liston smiled at Dan and the dog lying at his feet. The boy's knees and hands were bandaged, his ankle taped, and a crutch was propped against the wall beside him.

"As I was saying, son," the marshal observed, twisting at his handle-bar mustache, "the fellow cut all the wires into Sierraville before he robbed the bank there, and cut the wires on the way over here in a few places, just to be sure. He had a big head start because he locked the only two people in the bank in the vault, pulled down the shades, and locked the front door. Everybody assumed the bank was closed, and when a deputy finally broke down the door, they didn't know which way the fellow had gone. They fixed the telegraph line to Boca, and Boca wired here a little before three." His eyes held a grave twinkle. "I was looking for him. But"—he pointed with his foot toward Shep—"your dog here did the trick. I'd have let him slip right through my fingers." He sighed, and smiled. "Maybe I should make you and your dog both deputies, son."

"I don't think so, sir," replied Dan earnestly. "I'm not old enough." Then he caught on and laughed with the marshal.

"About your money. You'll get it back, of course, after the trial. It won't be more than a couple of weeks."

"That's all right, sir."

"Another thing. What do you figure to do with the reward money, son?"

"Reward money?" Dan's eyes grew big.

The marshal was figuring on the back of a long envelope.

"The Sierraville bank offered a thousand," he said. "And I've got two, three, circulars on him from down below. One from Sacramento and another from Stockton, I think. He's been a bad actor. Let's see." He wet his pencil in his mouth and figured some more. "Near as I can make out, it comes to about two thousand, five hundred," he said at length.

Dan felt dizzy. It was like coming down the mountain again.

"I—I don't—well, I was only trying to get my own money back."

"Think you don't deserve it? D'you know, son, that coming down that skid was an engraved invite to sudden death?" His eyes softened. "I knew your father, Dannie. There wasn't anybody in the valley had more guts than Big Dan McDonald. We all miss him. But I'll say now that he's left us a man to take his place."

Dan's eyes misted and he looked down at the floor.

"Thanks," he said. He tried to say something about his dad but the words wouldn't come. He felt a warm happiness somewhere deep inside, mingled with the empty feeling that always came with remembering. But now somehow the sting of it was less, without taking anything away from the man he remembered. He reached down to stroke the long head nestling against his foot.

"But don't forget Shep, sir. We couldn't have caught him without Shep."

The dog raised his eyes to his master.

"This time, Shep! We got 'im *this* time."

THE END

Does Psychiatry Belong in Our Courtrooms?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

Guttmacher, who is chairman of the American Psychiatric Association's Legal Aspects of Psychiatry Committee, Chief Psychiatric Consultant to the Second Army and Consultant to the Veterans Administration, works part time for a yearly salary of $5,500.

Last January, a second team was added: Dr. Harold Boslow and Arthur Kandel, psychiatrist and psychologist respectively. This expansion is a confirmation of Baltimore's increasing faith in the performance of the clinic.

This writer found the "Medical Judge" in his small book-lined office in the courthouse. A tall, vigorous man of fifty-three, Guttmacher was warm and friendly.

"There's nothing mysterious about what we do," he pointed out at once. "Nor is it a perfect job by a long shot. But I think that if you get acquainted with our operation and with our record, you'll agree on one thing. Psychiatry is the meat of the whole business—if we're really going to try to stop criminals from being criminals instead of just marching them in and out of the jails."

Guttmacher made it clear that his office was not interested in coddling, that the opposite of coddling is practiced in Baltimore, with society getting protection it otherwise might not have.

One of the clinic's recent recommendations involved the case of a good-looking sixteen-year-old boy who was tried for stealing a wallet in a filling station. On the stand, he admitted that he had been in trouble before and in and out of institutions for years, but he impressed even the judge as he went on to tell of his illegitimate birth, of never having had a home, family or "any real chance."

The Medical Office examination, however, according to the files, revealed a deep antisocial attitude, complete rejection of authority and a dangerous impulsiveness. Despite appearances, this was a youngster who could become extremely dangerous. Instead of a light sentence or even probation, the recommendation was for an indefinite term in a mental hospital and, even there, as Guttmacher warned, it might not be possible to cure him but, at least, he'd be out of circulation.

Despite his own favorable first impression, the judge accepted the recommendation. And small wonder in view of a preceding case.

A woman, obviously insane, had stabbed her mother to death, because, she said, voices told her that the mother had been abusing her young son.

She was committed to a mental institution, but after a year, seemingly recovered, she started legal action to be brought to trial. Evidently, she hoped for a ruling that she had recovered her sanity.

The Patient Was Not Cured

Examining her in the institution, Guttmacher found that, despite the appearance of recovery, she was far from well and might, at any time, lapse into another acute outbreak of insanity. The day after he'd reported this to the court, word came that she had become violent again.

There are many people in Baltimore, and among them some members of the legal profession, who consider it a personal tribute to Guttmacher that Medical Office recommendations are almost invariably accepted. This, Guttmacher insists, is no tribute to him at all, but to the fact that a court psychiatrist occupies a neutral position.

To illustrate what can happen when outside experts are used rather than psychiatrists who are part of the court team, he likes to recall the day early in his medical career when he had to appear before an Industrial Accident Commission. The case involved a brewery employee who had been injured while unloading a truck.

"I'd examined the man," Guttmacher relates, "and was waiting to testify when I saw a distinguished older doctor in the courtroom. It turned out that he was going to testify for the opposite side. But, as we chatted, we found that we were in complete scientific agreement about the case.

"So, half jokingly, but half in earnest too, I said: 'Why do we both have to waste time? Let's toss a coin to see who testifies.'

"I got a look of indulgence from the old man. 'You're young, Doctor,' he explained patiently. 'You'll learn. Sure, we agree now. But wait—after your lawyer gets you to stretch the truth as far as it can go without breaking and mine gets me to do the same for his side, nobody is going to have any idea we agree about anything.'

"Cynical? I thought so then," Guttmacher declares. "But not any more. All these 'battles of alienists' you read about, that make you think psychiatrists are a befuddled lot—they're really battles of the lawyers, with the alienists being used as heavy guns. The confusion is inherent in the system of hiring outside experts. It's the neutrality of the court psychiatrist that makes all the difference."

Judges on the Baltimore bench agree. And, as one of them said not long ago, when you couple the neutrality with the day-to-day working relationship between bench and Medical Office, there's a build-up of confidence. A judge can dare to accept a recommendation that may be beneficial to the community in the long run, even if it doesn't happen to suit the public mood at the moment.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW TO GIVE
QUICK REST
TO TIRED EYES

EYES TIRED? Feel as if you can't work, can't enjoy yourself? Then give them a quick rest—

PUT TWO drops of gentle Murine in each eye. It cleanses and soothes as gently as a tear.

IN SECONDS, your eyes feel rested. Murine's seven ingredients help your eyes feel good.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)
MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST
Use DERMOIL

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 3925 Strathmoor Station, Dept. 1123, Detroit 27, Mich.

©1925 LAKE LAB.

Free Fall Catalog
Just off the Press
Fully illustrated, 96 pages, showing Hunting Footwear, Clothing, and fifty-two other leather and canvas specialties of our own manufacture for campers and hunters.
L. L. Bean, Inc.
281 Main St.
Freeport, Maine

FALSE TEETH
KLUTCH holds them tighter
KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost **as well as with natural teeth.** Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25¢ and 50¢ at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, **don't waste money on substitutes,** but send us 10¢ and we will mail you a generous trial box.
KLUTCH CO., Box 5107-J, ELMIRA, N. Y.

Say good-bye to
MONEY WORRIES—NOW!
Balance your budget and have money to spare taking care of subscriptions for COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, and *all* popular magazines. For details, *mail a penny postal to—*
Independent Agency Division
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO.
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

For instance, Baltimore was outraged a few years ago by the kidnaping of an infant from its carriage on a city street. The baby and kidnaper—a woman—were found; and then a fantastic tale came out.

After two unhappy marriages during which she'd borne eight children, the woman had married for the third time. Now, she was in love with her husband and he wanted offspring of his own, but it was impossible for her to have another child. In her desperation, she'd deceived herself into a phantom pregnancy and had every outward physical sign of carrying a child. At "delivery" time, she had hysterically stolen the first baby she could find, hoping to pass it off as her own.

Despite terrific public clamor, the judge accepted the Medical Office recommendation that this woman, in her abnormal state, needed help, not punishment, and that the community would be best served if she got it. She was freed on condition that she take psychiatric treatment. Now, after many months of work with a local psychiatrist, she's with her family and she has an excellent chance of living a constructive life.

Woman Slain by Teen-Age Boy

Not all Medical Office recommendations have worked out successfully. One night in 1947, a seventeen-year-old boy suddenly went berserk and murdered a woman whom he had never seen before.

It became obvious to everybody concerned with the case that the boy was sick. An opening was found in an excellent private psychiatric institution in New York where he could get thorough observation, diagnosis and treatment. And the judge, acting upon the Medical Office recommendation, took the unprecedented step of suspending sentence and transferring the boy to this out-of-state institution.

Unfortunately, the institution soon had to report that it couldn't handle the boy, that he seemed incurable. As a result, he is now back in Maryland, in prison.

This case illustrates the efforts being made, wherever possible, to rehabilitate instead of merely punish. Psychiatry did not provide a solution, but society was protected and the boy got the best chance available.

This kind of justice didn't just spring into existence. As far back as 1921, several judges on Baltimore's Supreme Bench, which consists of the city's 11 highest civil and criminal trial courts, had decided there was need for a court psychiatrist. Unable to overcome general inertia and prejudice, they courageously went ahead and obtained the services of Dr. John R. Oliver, a psychiatrist, by appointing him, for the record, as a court bailiff.

When Guttmacher succeeded Oliver, who retired in 1930, there was still a long way to go. Oliver had managed to get the Medical Office out into the open, but the public and legal profession as a whole remained unimpressed. And in opposition to the sympathetic group of judges who'd been the original moving spirits, there were other justices who viewed psychiatry with distaste and distrust.

There were some critical battles in the early days of the clinic. In one instance, the State's attorney had a fairly airtight case against the defendant in a murder trial, but the prisoner would not divulge certain important details. Guttmacher had completed his pretrial examination and this very information showed up in the psychiatric report, copies of which went to State's attorney and defense counsel. The report itself couldn't legally be used as evidence, but Guttmacher's testimony could. And the State's attorney wanted him to get on the stand and relate the facts revealed to him by the defendant.

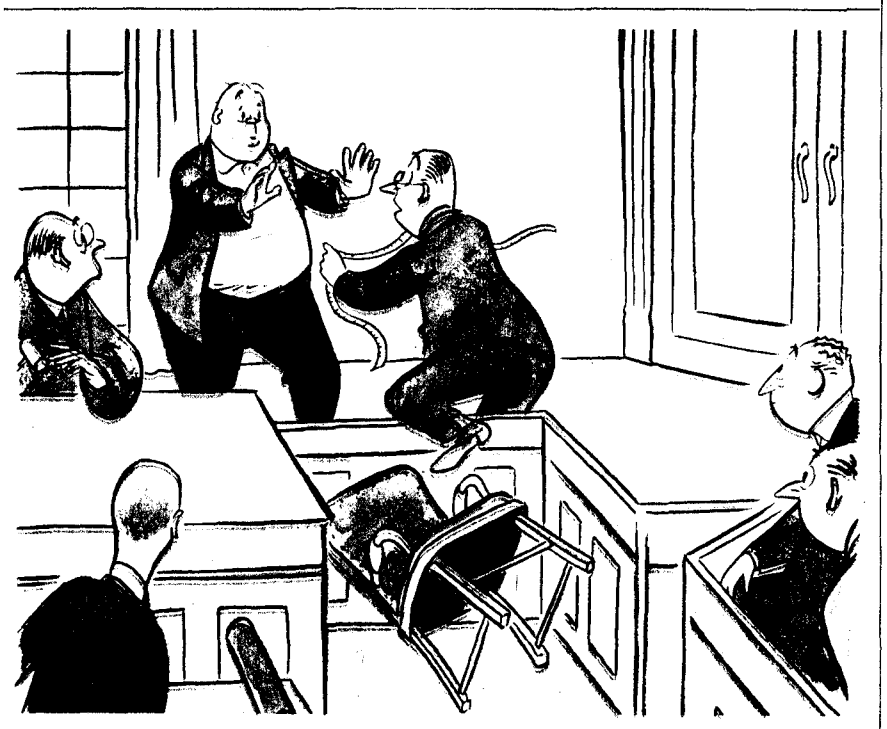
"I'm no glorified detective for the state," Guttmacher protested. The State's attorney angrily took up the matter with the judge in chambers. So did Guttmacher. The judge acknowledged that the psychiatrist could legally be made to testify. But, impressed with Guttmacher's firm stand that the testimony would hurt the future usefulness of the Medical Office, the judge swung around and added his plea to Guttmacher's.

To his credit, the prosecutor finally gave in. As a result, no Medical Office interviewee has ever refused to talk fully (if not, as Guttmacher admits, always truthfully) in his clinic interviews. This willingness to talk has been a constant source of surprise to many authorities who've believed that a court psychiatrist, because of his official position, must be suspect to defendants.

Wasting no time over false dignity, Guttmacher has always furthered the cause by making himself generally useful—often in situations far removed from psychiatry. Once he was summoned into court to measure a defendant's waist.

A merchant had been slugged while he was stooping to measure a man for a pair of pants and then robbed. He remembered clearly that the man's waist had measured 32, but was vague about other points of

BUTCH



"Nobody's going to laugh, Butch. I just want to prove that you couldn't have entered by a little cellar window"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Was Nearly Crazy With Fiery Itch—

Until I discovered Dr. D. D. Dennis' amazingly fast relief—D. D. D. Prescription. World popular, this pure, cooling, liquid medication speeds peace and comfort from cruel itching caused by eczema, rashes, scalp irritation, chafing, athlete's foot and other itch troubles. Greaseless, stainless. Trial bottle, 43¢. First application relieves, soothes that angry red itch or money back. Ask druggist for D. D. D. Prescription.

Wigwam Socks
FOR EVERY SPORT...
and everyday wear, too!
So comfortable for sport . . . so practical for street wear. Treat your feet to Wigwams . . . at leading sporting goods and department stores.
HAND KNIT HOSIERY CO. • Sheboygan, Wis.

identification. The defendant denied guilt and, although there was other evidence, the case hinged upon whether his waist was 32 or, as he claimed, 34. Since it's easy to contort a waistline from one size to another, the problem seemed complicated. Could Guttmacher as a doctor, asked the judge, get an accurate measurement?

As a doctor, Guttmacher said, after serious thought, he might not qualify for the job, but he knew a man who would. Duly, with the judge's gratitude, Guttmacher had his clothier send over an expert tailor who couldn't be fooled. The defendant's waist was 32, and he was convicted.

Speaking to a group of psychiatrists recently, Guttmacher tried to buck up their dwindling hope of ever getting complete legal acceptance for psychiatry. Tough battle, sure, he agreed. But far from an impossible one to win. "And," he emphasized, "the court psychiatrist can win it. He's on the court team. If he's competent, then in time he can become the trusted adviser of judges and even of members of the bar. It's a selling job."

There's nothing mysterious about the actual operation of the court psychiatrist.

The Medical Office at Work

In Baltimore, a Medical Office examination begins with a reassuring statement to the patient, as the interviewee is called. He is told that nobody thinks he's insane; that this is simply a way of finding out more about him, of understanding the kind of person he is.

About 6 per cent of all criminal cases are referred to the Medical Office, 58 per cent by judges, 15 per cent by defense counsel, 7 per cent by the prosecutor, 13 per cent by jail wardens and physicians, and the remainder by probation officers and others. Usually persons are referred to the Medical Office because of marked irrational history or behavior.

A physical examination is the first order of business. Then the patient is asked to tell his story. The examination and the narration usually break the ice. And even as he tells his story—his career from childhood on, all the major events in his life and his reactions to them—the patient may reveal a significant pattern, a preoccupation, for instance, with feelings of inferiority or with the idea that the whole world is against him. The psychiatrist asks pertinent questions, based on any clues obtained from institutions and interviews with the patient's family and friends.

There are also the results of the psychological tests. These are projective tests—designed so that, without realizing it, the patient reveals himself as he talks about something he's shown. In his response to the 10 ink-blot cards of the Rorschach test, for instance, he tells a good bit about his personality. Innumerable resemblances may be seen in the blots and while no one reaction is necessarily significant, a definite pattern can indicate a great deal. The interpretations of the more complicated tests, such as the Rorschach, have to be done by a skilled psychologist who has had years of special training.

A double check is provided by the Thematic Apperception Test, which consists of a series of cards, each showing a definite scene. The cards are displayed and the patient is asked to write a little story for each scene. A seventeen-year-old boy looked at one card showing the figure of a man slumped on the ground and a vague object lying nearby. "It's a pair of scissors," the boy said, and went on: "He was going to do something with the scissors. You could do a lot with a pair of scissors—hit somebody or break into a place or cut somebody."

The boy's stories for card after card repeated a similar criminal preoccupation, a preoccupation, too, with strength and violence as the only criteria for manliness. The Medical Office had been asked to determine whether the boy, who'd been in a series of robberies and muggings and in and out of reform school, might possibly be helped by parole. "With his deep-seated emotional delinquency," it reported on the basis of the total evidence accumulated, "parole would only jeopardize society and do the boy no good."

The Medical Office sometimes uses additional techniques. An attractive girl in her mid-twenties was picked up for passing bad checks. There was no question of her guilt. Too, she had served time in another state on a similar charge and was, in addition, definitely alcoholic.

According to her story, she came of good family background and had never been in trouble until she had fallen in love, while in college. The young man, although she hadn't known it then, had boasted that he would seduce her and he succeeded through a fake marriage ceremony. One week after the pseudo marriage, he left her.

Sensing a gap in the story, the psychiatrist got permission from the girl and the defense attorney to conduct an interview using sodium pentothal, one of the "truth" drugs.

The interview brought out the fact that the girl's contact with the young man had not ended with his walkout, but actually with his death. She had been driving him in her car to a quiet rendezvous for one final talk, when the car struck a bus. She was hurt; he was killed.

Careful questioning revealed that the accident had produced such intense anxiety that, to escape it, the girl's mind had "blacked out" the whole episode. The anxiety traced to her belief that the accident hadn't been accidental, that she'd deliberately hit the bus in order to kill the man.

The girl could be reassured that she was no murderess. She could be shown, too, that, although her guilt feelings were buried, they had been strong enough to drive her to alcohol and away from her real self. Once she understood this, the way was open to free her of the guilt feelings and the compulsions they'd produced.

The girl's mother was brought in from the Midwest. She cleared up the bad checks, and sentence was suspended. In the several years since, the girl has given every indication of remaking her life.

It isn't often that the Medical Office performs a therapeutic function as it did in this case. Its basic job is to diagnose and offer recommendations. A typical case report runs to six or more single-spaced typed pages, and shows every procedure used, every fact uncovered. Thus, it serves as an educational document for the judge, State's attorney and defense counsel. It develops a clear picture of the basis for any recommendations and gives all parties concerned confidence in the recommendations themselves. Even further, it permits the judge to check the recommendations from where he sits and calculate the risks.

Although some judges fear that legal psychiatry might become "the tail that wags the dog," and take over the functions of the judge, it doesn't work that way in Baltimore, nor, in the view of Guttmacher, can psychiatry ever successfully assume the judge's role.

As Guttmacher points out, the psychiatrist has no special qualifications to fit him for the fact-finding job of the judge and he is certainly not equipped to dispose of cases. In fact, having a doctor's concern with the individual, the psychiatrist may tend to overlook the community. The judge, representing society, has the crucial role of arbiter between any conflicting claims of society for protection and of the individuals for a chance at rehabilitation.

The Medical Office in Baltimore is unique in that it is not merely a behavior or psychiatric clinic, but operates on a broad basis as the medical department of the criminal courts. It is also called in on civil cases. Every year, it examines a number of defendants in domestic relations cases—for example, men who claim that because of recent disability they can't support their dependents. It supervises blood groupings in bastardy cases, and determines whether witnesses, defendants or jurors are too ill to appear in court. And often, through its efforts, litigation is averted.

The clinic is still confronted with serious obstacles. It has had to operate under the basic handicap of an English legal decision, more than 100 years old, which set a precedent that still holds in Maryland and in most other states. According to the mid-nineteenth-century decision, a man is legally insane only if unable to distinguish right from wrong and to realize the consequences of his actions. Only then can a judge pronounce an indeterminate sentence and keep him safely away from society until he's cured, if he can be cured.

Yet, in addition to the so-called legally insane, there are innumerable others who know right from wrong but have no power to control their actions. For example, years ago, a man murdered a milkman in Baltimore in an abortive attempt to rob him. Three years previously, the murderer, while in jail for larceny, had been diagnosed as a psychopath "as little able to conform his conduct to social standards as he would be to walk in the air." Every time he was jailed again for larceny—and that was as often as he was let out—he was diagnosed as a psychopath.

Yet, because he was legally sane, he couldn't be detained after he had "paid his debt" to society according to the legal concept of the seriousness of the immediate crime. As a result, a man was murdered, and his wife and two children were left without support.

Thanks to the Medical Office's quiet work and the efforts of a group of Maryland jurists, penologists, psychiatrists and legislators, $1,650,000 has been appropriated for a special institution to be devoted to just such criminals. And the state legislature, in its last session, enacted a bill permitting indeterminate sentences for "defective delinquents" so they can be held until cured. If this broad group who have a mental or emotional deficiency which leads them to persistent antisocial or criminal behavior can't be cured, they'll stay confined for life in order to protect society.

Report on the Salinger Case

But still a major need, Guttmacher feels, is public education. And in Baltimore, in the enthusiastic opinion of many of the newspapermen and members of the legal profession with whom this writer talked, enlightened public action reached a new high in the Salinger case which broke all Maryland precedent late in 1950.

The twenty-year-old youth was charged with a series of armed robberies and auto thefts. From the age of six, when he'd been involved in cruel, sadistic acts on other children, Salinger had been in and out of institutions and involved in one escapade after another. In 1947, when he'd been arrested for shoplifting, Dr. Guttmacher reported: "This young boy is one of the most serious psychopaths I've seen. He has no real moral judgment and is certain to be engaged in serious criminal acts in the future." But since he wasn't insane under the law, he'd been sent to prison for the term prescribed for shoplifting.

Once more, in 1950, Guttmacher had to testify that Salinger was psychopathic and thus, under the law, "a responsible agent." So, once more, he might have gone in, and then out, of jail again.

But the jury interfered this time. In Maryland, unlike most states, the jury judges not only the facts but the law too. While the judge may charge it on the law, his charge is advisory, not mandatory, and the jury can make its own interpretations.

This jury decided to break all precedent. Salinger, it found, was "not guilty by reason of insanity." It was the first time in Maryland history a psychopath was found insane. And, with this decision, the judge could protect society by giving Salinger an indeterminate sentence to a state mental hospital.

Many people in Maryland hold it significant that this precedent-shattering jury action took place in Baltimore where the Medical Office has functioned so long and well. THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America's Happiest Family Reunion

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

by arriving by private plane. The assemblage represents virtually every profession, income bracket and social stratum. Milling together in the dusty churchyard are factory hands, farmers, fishermen, doctors, lawyers, ministers, mayors, businessmen and high state officials. The mayor of Longview, Texas, may match civic problems with the chief executives of Graceville and Chipley; the vice-president of Louisiana's Centenary College may hash over family history with a west Florida peanut farmer, and the Deputy Insurance Commissioner of Florida is apt to be reminiscing with a cotton-mill worker from Georgia.

Tongues with Many Accents

Smart frocks with substantial price tags and general-store ginghams collect gravy spots together. Conversations produce a blend of clipped Midwestern accents, heavy Texas drawls and the colorful twang of the Florida backwoods.

The registration book is sprinkled not only with Williams signatures but with such surnames as Adams, Tindel, Grace, Miller, Ivey, Hinson and Lee. Despite the dissimilarity of backgrounds, all have two things in common: they are members of the incredible Williams clan and they stem, directly or indirectly, from the pine and wire-grass hills of west Florida.

Family historian J. Alton Williams, an Alabama sales executive, explains: "Some of us are rich, some poor; some are educated, some uneducated; some live in cities and some never saw a streetcar. But on the first Thursday in October we're all the same —just plain Williamses."

Though it lasts a bare four hours and takes place in the most rural of rural localities, the Williams reunion has become one of the most celebrated events in Florida. One governor of Texas even invited it to relocate there "so Texas will have the biggest of everything."

The reunion deviates little in pattern or program from year to year, but newspapers and wire services continue to accord each celebration all the avid coverage of a political convention. The Florida Times Union regularly sends a feature writer and photographer all the way from Jacksonville. Last year the Tampa Tribune, 365 miles away, devoted five columns of pictures and a thousand words of copy to reunion goings on.

One Florida editor blithely admits to operating on the assumption that, whether anyone else is interested or not, there are enough Williamses among his readers to justify any reasonable coverage. This reasoning is not altogether illogical. Back in the mid-thirties the Tallahassee Democrat actually conducted a circulation promotion campaign aimed solely at Williamses!

The paper ran serially a long, rambling family history by Cousin Lee Grace, then offered free reprints of it with every one-year subscription to the Democrat. The number of new readers netted must have been satisfactory, because the Democrat has continued to report Williams family news unfalteringly down through the years.

The reunion dinner, spread in picnic fashion beneath the big churchyard oaks, has always been a smashing climax to the day's events. The quantity and variety of the provender is downright staggering. Last fall one observer, attempting to take a census of the table fare, hopelessly gave up after checking off 293 pies and cakes, 31 hams and 118 varying-sized containers of cold fried chicken. The open-air banquet "table"—actually a span of net wire stretched tightly over wooden supports—is five feet wide and roughly 240 feet long; when the ladies finish piling on the dishes there isn't enough space left to accommodate a salt shaker.

Choices range from massive trays of barbecued beef and mutton and tubs of potato salad to such tempting viands as heart-of-palm salad (swamp cabbage to the cracker) and broiled young turkey. In between there is creamed chicken, fried pork tenderloin, country steak (steak beaten tender, dipped in flour and pan-fried), catfish and hushpuppies, black-eyed peas cooked with ham hock, red yams candied in cane sirup, and, of course the inevitable fund of fried chicken, baked ham and deviled eggs. The almost limitless dessert menu leans heavily on such rural stand-bys as sweet-potato pie, brown Betty, peach shortcake, plum cobbler and fried apple pie (a sort of first cousin to the apple turnover). Coconut, chocolate and pineapple cake, and cherry, raisin and lemon-meringue pie are also represented in wondrous quantities.

As Uncle Jasper Williams, a colorful old gentleman who swapped a pair of boots for the site where Graceville now stands, used to say: "What we ain't got to eat, nobody needs!"

Many of the details of the reunion, such as traffic directions, floral displays and programming, are ironed out in advance by a reunion committee. "But food is one thing we never mention," says Cousin Hugh Williams, Jr., committee chairman for the last two years. "It just shows up."

For the most part the burden of filling the table falls on those families living within a 200-mile radius of Galilee. The local womenfolk have evolved a sort of loose formula to determine the size of their culinary contributions. Explains Cousin Essie Cassidy, "We usually figure what it'll take for our own immediate family; then we multiply it by four—and that's what we carry."

For four people Cousin Essie last year brought along two coconut cakes, a five-pound pork roast, two chicken potpies, a mammoth bowl of black-eyed peas and such assorted knickknacks as two dozen deviled eggs, a container of potato salad and a custard pie.

When the Rations Ran Short

Cousin Reyn Williams, who has missed only three get-togethers, can recall only one time when the family ran short of rations. That unhappy instance occurred some 30 years ago when the relatives were convening at Mt. Zion, a little rural chapel in Holmes County.

"There was a grammar school with 60 or 70 children in it about a hundred yards from the wagon ground," recollects Cousin Reyn. "Well, sir, while we was holdin' singin' under the brush arbor, them durn young'uns slipped over and swiped our dinner baskets. Course they couldn't commence to eat everything, but Lordamercy, how they messed it up! They gouged the middle outa purt' near all the cakes and pies, got sand in the potato salad and just ruined things in general. Then they left it all on the ground and what they hadn't eat the ants did.

"Yessir," he concludes ruefully, "that was one time the victuals was kinda short at the Williams reunion."

In addition to the multitudinous kissin'-kin, each Williams reunion draws an ample array of Florida politicos, both major and minor. Aspirants to state office have been known to drive 400 miles in the face of a threatened hurricane just to hobnob with the reunionites. This warm interest on the part of vote seekers is understandable. No one knows exactly how many votes the Williams clan sways, but the figure is astronomical.

Old Andrew Williams, the progenitor, got things off to a rousing start with 24 offspring, and his propagative principles have been pursued with undiminished zeal through five succeeding generations. Cousin Hugh estimates that the clan now numbers

WANTED: Men and Women

in every community

No matter whether you live in a city, small town or rural section, you can make extra income in spare time. How? By taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION and all popular magazines.

This profitable plan has helped hundreds of men and women meet the high cost of living. Now you can balance your budget and have money to spare. Accept this cordial invitation to try this popular extra-income plan in spare time. You have nothing to lose—your earnings start on your first order.

For money-making supplies, *all you need do is mail a penny postal or the coupon below.*

----------EXTRA INCOME COUPON----------

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-80
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

Without cost or obligation, please send me your EXTRA INCOME PLAN.

NAME.....ADDRESS.....

CITY.....Zone No.....STATE.....

FOR REAL OUTDOOR COMFORT

"ORIGINAL" Chippewa BOOTS

Thick rubber lug soles and heels, 10-inch, water-proofed uppers. Moccasin type pac design. Sturdy and comfortable. Can't be beat for fishing, hunting, hiking and other outdoor activities. See ORIGINAL CHIPPEWA Boots at your dealer.

STYLE 4413

FAMOUS FOR MORE THAN 50 YEARS

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

Memo—

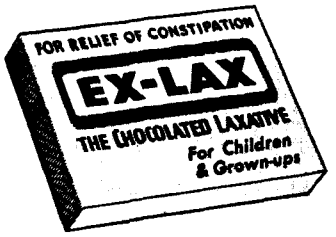
To Readers of This Magazine

Collier's offers both men and women an opportunity to make a substantial, spare-time income by telephone, mail or personal calls. Take care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION and all popular magazines.

For details, *mail a penny postal to—*

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-84
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.

No other laxative gives you ALL these advantages—



- DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE TASTE
- GENTLE, EFFECTIVE ACTION
- EASY TO TAKE
- SPECIAL SCIENTIFIC TESTING
- ECONOMICAL—12¢ & 30¢

America's Biggest Selling Laxative!

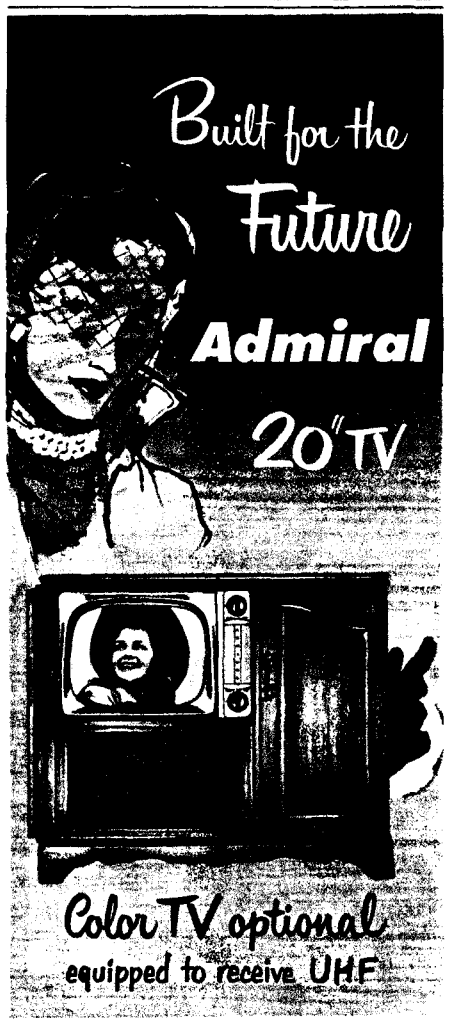
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HANSLEY
Quality
UNDERWEAR

Truly the greatest value in underwear. Quality and wear that can't be beat... yet costs less!

HANSLEY mills, incorporated
PARIS, KENTUCKY

JOLLY TIME
ALWAYS POPS BETTER
POP CORN



better than 22,000, with about 18,000 still residing in Florida. West Florida Congressman Robert Sikes figures that there are 10,000 Williams votes in his district alone.

This awesome display of consanguinity lends weight to the old Florida political axiom that any state-wide election hinges on four decisive votes: Dade County (Miami), Duval County (Jacksonville), Hillsborough County (Tampa)—and the Williams family.

The Senator Who Came Late

Since no important spring primaries lurked around the corner, 1950's political turnout at the reunion was off considerably. Only one U.S. senator, one congressman, the president of the state Senate, four members of the state Cabinet—there are seven altogether—the director of the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, and a dozen or so members of the legislature and assorted local officeholders showed up. Senator Holland first announced he would not be able to make it, later changed his mind and arrived tardy but hearty after a strenuous four-hour drive.

There'll be no such skimpy turnout this fall, however. In next year's election nearly every major office in the state will be up for filling. It is safe, therefore, to predict that at the little Church of Galilee the candidates will bid fair to outnumber the cousins.

The present system of labeling visitors with cardboard tags stems from the late twenties, when political hopefuls and free loaders threatened to take over the reunion. The registration committee now issues two sets of lapel cards, red or pink for guests and white for members of the family.

Even so, there is no guarantee non-Williamses will go unkissed, for Williamses are prone to greet all comers with a spirited embrace first, and ask the family affiliation later. When Miss Chris MacGill, a decorous young lady with no traceable Williams ancestry, arrived to cover the event for the Associated Press a few years ago, she was soundly bussed three times before she could secure a visitor's card. Cousin Eunice Watson still remembers the time she planted a robust smack on the cheek of a visiting college professor. "I thought he was one of Uncle Wiley's boys," she said later.

It was shortly after the outsiders were labeled that Uncle Bud Williams inherited the reunion chairmanship and put the kibosh on political oratory. The reunion committee voted with him on eliminating campaign speeches, but insisted he allow distinguished guests to stand and be recognized. Uncle Bud bowed to majority rule. But when the day's program got under way he dutifully requested all distinguished guests to rise. Then he peered defiantly over his spectacles and added, "And that means everybody here!"

Despite certain patent advantages, the Williamses themselves display little interest in elective office. Only a few have ever bothered to enter even local campaigns. But they show up with considerable consistency in high appointive posts. Cousin Broward Williams is Deputy State Insurance Commissioner; Cousin "Big" Hugh, chairman Hugh's father, is an administrative officer of the State Industrial Commission; Cousin Henry Williams is a Federal Land Bank official; and Cousin Terry Lee is Co-ordinator of State Institutions.

Ironically, the only member of the clan who ever ran for state-wide office was defeated. A few years ago Cousin Angus Williams, now a member of the Tampa Civil Service Board, came out for State Railroad and Public Utilities Commissioner. But with typical family individuality he refused to accept campaign donations, buy advertising space or utilize any of the other time-tested election devices.

"I guess Angus figured that would be taking an unfair advantage of his opponents," grinned one politico. But Angus' casual approach backfired and he was soundly drubbed at the polls. The family still feels bad about letting him down. "Some of us," Cousin Reyn explains regretfully, "must have forgot to register."

This minor setback has nowise lessened Florida officeholders' solicitous concern for Williams family problems. The two-mile route connecting Highway 77 with the reunion site stands as adequate testimony of their regard. Most side roads off 77 are narrow, uninviting byways of the "cowpath" variety. But the sign reading "Galilee Church" points proudly up an impressive new 30-foot paved thoroughfare. Though the road winds for miles through the sand hills, the pavement, through pure coincidence, no doubt, ends abruptly a hundred yards past Galilee Church.

The groundwork for the Williams reunion was laid in the spring of 1822 when young Andrew, a native of North Carolina, married Miss Pattsie Britt in Campbellton, Florida. But it wasn't until 1903, 30 years after Grandpa Andy's death, that the family decided to launch an annual get-together.

A group of older Williamses led by Uncle "Galilee" George (not to be confused with Uncle "Salem" George or the Uncle George who married Bessie Box) and Uncle Joe got together and outlined the basic pattern which the reunion still follows. They set the date after research in a 50-year file of The Old Farmer's Almanac showed that the first Thursday in October had the most consistent record for fair weather of any weekday during the 50-year period. "If it's been clear fer the last 50 years, chances er it will be fer the next 50," said Uncle Joe.

In the 48 years that have followed, the reunion has never been rained out or forced to move to shelter!

In 1924 a hurricane, accompanied by torrential rains, swept across the Florida panhandle on Wednesday before the reunion. But next morning the sun blossomed and not a cloud appeared in the sky all day.

Meetings at Reddick's Mill

Though Galilee has now become the traditional Williams meeting place, the first dozen or so get-togethers were held at Reddick's Mill, a once-popular picnic spot on the western border of Jackson County. At the very first meeting, the relatives turned up in such volume that they promptly drank the big well stone dry. The second year they solved that particular problem by borrowing a 250-gallon tank wagon and hauling water from Graceville, 10 miles away.

It was during this formative period that Cousin Lee Wells innocently precipitated a near riot by sweeping down on the conclave in his brand-new chain-driven International automobile. Few Williamses had ever heard of such a monstrosity, much less seen one, and the reaction to Lee's unheralded arrival was instantaneous and violent.

"We heard the thing comin' through the woods but we didn't know what it was," recounts Cousin Reyn. "Then all at once it bust around the curve—right on us—and at the same time Lee r'ared down on the horn . . . Well, sir, you never saw such a scramble in your life! Uncle Joe grabbed a hand ax and yelled for Luther to get the shotgun; the womenfolks started screamin' to high heaven and divin' for the babies; Aunt Minnie, I think it was, got her petticoat tangled up in a swivel tree and durn near killed herself; the mules all broke for the woods and ones uv us who couldn't get up a tree took off right behind 'em. I had on my Sunday-go-t'meetin' suit, but I went across that mill creek without even lookin' for a foot-log.

"It took us purt' near an hour to get everybody rounded up and back on the campground," Cousin Reyn concluded.

Lickered Up on Moonshine

The family decided to depart from Reddick's Mill when an enterprising moonshiner set up shop a few hundred yards down the creek and some of the younger Williams bucks began showing up at reunions with a suspicious spring in their step. After shuttling back and forth from Graceville and Chipley for a few years, the reunion settled down at Mt. Zion. But after the dinner-swiping episode the members again started casting about for another meeting place and finally settled on Galilee.

This little Methodist chapel was a natural choice. It was midway between the two Williams strongholds of Graceville and Chipley. More important, it was almost entirely a family church. Though technically owned by the Methodist Conference, it had been founded in the late 1890s by Uncle "Galilee" George and its congregation was 95 per cent Williams.

The huge "tabernacle" where the reunion program is now held was built in the late 1920s. A sprawling, tin-roofed shed adjacent to the little brick church, it was ostensibly erected to accommodate big summer revival meetings, but all costs of repairs and maintenance are paid by the reunion.

This is about the only actual expense involved in staging the annual shindig. Items like flowers and disposable plates are supplied by the womenfolk; the public address system is furnished by Cousin Bronzell Hutchison, a Panama City radioman; traffic is handled by the State Highway Patrol; items like postage and paper for the invitations usually come out of the chairman's pocket. "All in all," says Cousin Hugh, "we figure on about $50 or $60 a year expenses."

The problem of raising whatever funds are needed falls to Cousin Otis Mitchell, the reunion treasurer. Cousin Otis handles the chore directly and effectively. Before the reunion crowd disperses he simply announces over the public address system: "Folks, looks like we're gonna need $57 more to pay this year's bills. There's a bucket on the table over by the church; before you get away, what about walking by and dropping something in it?" The system rarely fails.

Normal evolutions in transportation and dress have altered the physical appearance of the family get-together, but it has changed little in tone or character. The visiting is just as spirited, the singing just as loud, and the food just as plentiful as ever.

The crowd starts dribbling in about nine o'clock; by nine thirty, traffic is streaming in to the site. By ten, the oak-shaded churchyard is bulging with parked vehicles and people.

There is an occasional tear of joy over an unexpected presence, one of sorrow over an unexpected absence, but for the most part the atmosphere is festive.

"Harry never worries about what I do with the money. As long as we're eating, he *knows* where it's going!"
COLLIER'S — SALO ROTH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Lordamercy, Lee Wells! I ain't seen you since Mt. Zion! . . . So you're Lottie's child? Well, I'll declare . . . Why, honey, they'll have to knock me in the head on Judgment Day . . . You mean you drove clear from Michigan! . . . Remember the time Uncle Bud's old horse got into the coconut cake? I *coulda* killed him! Standin' there with icin' up to his eyes . . ."

Promptly at a quarter of eleven it's time to move into the tabernacle. This barnlike edifice has a seating capacity of perhaps a thousand, but it can't begin to accommodate the mass of Williamses. The rest gather around the open sides, and the "program" gets under way.

This part of the proceedings, carried out under the tight rein of the chairman, rarely lasts over an hour. The program opens with an invocation, usually by one of the clan's innumerable preacher-members. Then Cousin Oscar Hinson, the family songmaster for over 40 years, leads two or three old-fashioned hymns (four or five if the chairman isn't on his toes). The singing is enthusiastic, but a little vague since Cousin Oscar's choices run to such almost-forgotten numbers as You Have to Be a Lover of the Lord and I Can Read My Title Clear.

Next is the introduction of distinguished guests, followed by a sort of standing-up bee to determine the number of first attenders, the states represented, the oldest members, the longest-wed couples and most populous families. The last provides an arresting commentary on the renowned reproductive talents of the Williamses. Last year, when Chairman Hugh asked all parents with eight or more children to stand, half the couples in the tabernacle rose. When he reached 12, a sizable batch was still standing; it wasn't until he had called out, "All with 14 children!" that the last parent sat down.

Cousin Bush Williams, who once walked 36 miles to attend the reunion, used to refer all questions concerning his brood to his wife. "Better ask Lillie about that," he'd say. "She knows the names of all our kids, and the ages of a lot of 'em."

Family Orators Preferred

The hymns and introductions take up about half of the program; the rest is allotted to the principal speaker of the day. The reunion has drawn some impressive oratorical talent in its time—governors, Supreme Court justices and eminent clergymen. But in recent years the speakers have all been chosen from within the clan. Last year it was Cousin George Franklin Ivey, a prominent Shreveport minister and vice-president of Centenary College; the year before it was Cousin Alton, the family historian, and in 1948 it was Cousin Bob Bruce Williams, former mayor of Longview, Texas, who flew over in a private plane.

The new policy hasn't been motivated entirely by family pride. The committee figures that a Williams knows better than anyone else what the Williamses want to hear. The relatives like their speeches flowery, God-fearing—and Williamsey.

Since the days of Andrew Elton, the clan has been 99.6 per cent pure unshakable Methodist.

But in a fine burst of tolerance, the committee once invited a nearby Baptist pastor to deliver the main address. The speaker extolled the family, its piety and its progress. He enumerated the countless men of history who bore the family name. "And, of course," he thundered in climax, "the greatest Williams and finest Christian of all of them was that renowned *Baptist*, Roger Williams of Rhode Island!"

The good parson was never invited again.

As the featured speech nears its end the womenfolk begin drifting away to spread the dinner. By the time the last note of the benediction has sounded, everything is ready for the hungry throng. At this point the chairman always announces, "Dinner is ready. But please *do not* start eating until the blessing has been said." Then he repeats it a couple of times. This polite reminder has been standard procedure since the time a clergyman nearly choked to death on a wishbone while trying to respond to an unexpected call for the blessing.

After the repast, most of the gathering drifts out to the little church cemetery where many of their ancestors are buried. They stroll quietly among the tombstones, frequently pausing to read a familiar inscription or pay tribute to a favorite uncle or aunt who lies at rest. When the brief pilgrimage is over, the relatives once more take up their visiting.

After the Crowd Goes Home

Shortly after two o'clock the good-bys start, and swiftly the crowd begins to melt away, to an obbligato of racing motors and final shouted farewells. By three o'clock the multitude has vanished, and Galilee stands deserted except for the members of the reunion committee, meeting inside the brick church to plan for next year's celebration.

A delightfully informal body of somewhat uncertain size, the committee is made up of a chairman, vice-chairman, secretary, treasurer, historian and roughly 20 other voting members. All the titled officers are selected, in highly unparliamentary fashion, by the committee. The committee members select themselves.

Cousin Clint, a member of the body for nearly 30 years, explains: "We just announce after every reunion that the committee is gonna meet in the church; then whoever shows up is a committeeman."

Except for those who live around Chipley and Graceville, the Williamses see little of one another between reunions. Several years ago someone broached the idea of a Williams "house organ" to maintain better liaison between get-togethers. But the matter was hastily dropped when they found out what it would cost to print copies for all the family. Last year, for the first time, a couple of thousand notices were mailed out in advance of the reunion. But Cousin Hugh admits it wasn't really necessary. "In our family the reunion is just like Christmas —everybody knows when it is."

Despite wars, depressions and crop failures, only once in the past 48 years has the reunion been canceled—during the raging flu epidemic of 1918. When, in the early twenties, the reunion showed some signs of faltering, the committee debated whether or not to continue it. It was then, so the story goes, that Cousin Joe (not to be confused with Uncle Joe who died in 1909) proposed that every member present enter a sworn pledge to instill in all their children and their children's children from that day forward the importance of perpetuating the event. All agreed and the pact was sealed with an old-fashioned tribal handclasp.

Since then the reunion has shown no sign of weakness. Instead of withering under the glittering competition of modern diversions, it has blossomed brighter than ever. The Williams family has scattered, but as Reverend Ivey put it from the Galilee pulpit: "We never spread so far or climb so high we cannot spare one day a year to recement family ties and pay homage to the earthy pioneers who made our civilization possible."

U.S. Congressman Bob Sikes calls the Williams reunion the most striking example of Americana he has ever seen.

"It is a perfect picture of the sort of unity and faith that built this country," he says, with genuine feeling. "Every time I come to Galilee I leave with renewed faith in America and its people. The Williamses are a truly remarkable family."

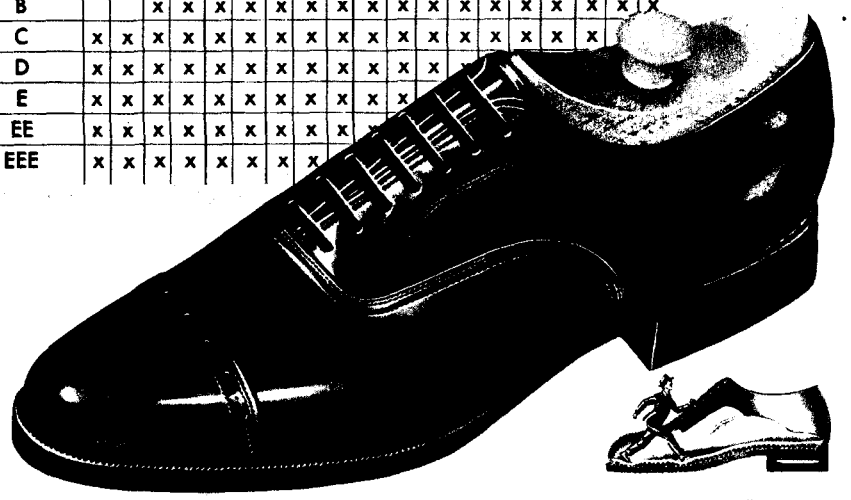
Of course, Sikes would be the last to pretend that his interest in the Williams family is altogether sociological.

A few years ago a freshman reporter, covering his first reunion, spotted Sikes in the crowd and rushed over. "Congressman, I'm sure surprised to see you here. Would there be some special reason for your visit?" he queried eagerly.

"Why, yes," replied the lawmaker, "about ten thousand of them." THE END

AIRFILM "Bedford 93"
145 Sizes to choose from

Width	5	½	6	½	7	½	8	½	9	½	10	½	11	½	12	½	13	½	14
AAA							x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
AA							x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
A					x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
B			x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
C	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x		
D	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x						
E	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x								
EE	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x										
EEE	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x											



Enjoy pneumatic-cushioned comfort
—whatever your foot-size!

PATENTED AIRFILM SHOES MID-STATES SHOE CO. CROSBY SQUARE DIV.

Yes, *you* can "walk on air" in America's *only* pneumatic shoe. You can enjoy the unequalled healthful comfort provided by the layer of sealed air cells that lies beneath the insole. This luxury isn't limited to men with "average-sized" feet. Your Airfilm dealer has attractive styles in a broad range of sizes. See him — or write for free descriptive folder with sample of Airfilm material. *The House of Crosby Square, Division of Mid-States Shoe Co., Milwaukee 12, Wisconsin*

H-84

"Airfilm" is a registered trade mark of Airfilm Corporation

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL OF SATISFACTION
INNER-SPRING Rymland
IN FINE BEDDING AND FURNITURE

Happy Is The Day When Backache Goes Away . . . .

Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to slowdown of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress and strain, causes this important function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable.

Don't neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Doan's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. It's amazing how many times Doan's give happy relief from these discomforts—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!

the best hand truck in the land

Tubular Steel "Knitted" Frame; nose is arc-welded at 6 points; loads up to 500 lbs: 4 models; 4 types of wheels. Write for details.

Wheel-Ezy®

ANOTHER Rapistan® PRODUCT

The RAPIDS-STANDARD COMPANY, Inc.
560 Rapistan Building, Grand Rapids, Michigan

DEALERS

If you have been selling addressing machines where the address cards are not filed like index cards, every user you have created will buy this Elliott card index addressing machine on sight.

$45

Elliott ADDRESSING MACHINE CO.
149-H Albany Street, Cambridge 39, Mass.

AMAZING PAZO ACTS TO
RELIEVE PAIN OF SIMPLE PILES INSTANTLY

Speed amazing relief from miseries of simple piles, with soothing Pazo*! Acts to relieve pain and itching *instantly*—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness —reduce swelling. You get real comforting help. So don't suffer one moment of needless torture from simple piles. Get Pazo for fast, wonderful relief. Ask your doctor about it. Suppository form—also tubes with perforated pile pipe for easy, thorough application.

**Pazo Ointment and Suppositories ®*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HARRY DEVLIN

It's Still a Good World

FOR YEARS NOW, off and on, we've been hearing people talk about "the good old days" without our knowing exactly when they were. In our youth, of course, we believed that they were the days when our elders were young. But now we hear our contemporaries referring to the days of their own youth as being good as well as old. And that can't be right. For the golden past that they yearn for today was the present in our youth, and it was a present that our elders held in low regard.

So we have decided that the wonderful far-off time never really existed. It is a creation of faulty memory and lack of courage. The faulty memory isn't so bad, since nature seems to have bestowed on most of us the charitable gift of remembering happiness and forgetting the unpleasant. But the lack of courage is something which gives us a slight pain, especially when it is disguised as advice to the young.

We have heard fathers assure their sons that the chance for advancement in this country has been destroyed by high taxes, creeping Socialism, government interference and what not. "Things aren't like they were in the good old days" when steak was a quarter a pound, and you could buy a good suit for $15, and the government let you keep the money you made.

Well, it's true that we are not living in the best of all possible worlds. Taxes are indeed high, and so are prices. (So also are incomes, though the sighers after the good old days seldom remember that.) The trend toward big government and bigger government control is real, and it will increase if the people don't keep an eye on the men and women they have chosen to run their government. But nothing certainly is going to be bettered by gloomy resignation. Wars won't be avoided, or taxes lowered, or individual opportunity protected by preaching a gospel of despair.

It's still a good world, in spite of all the unhappiness in it, and it will continue to be as long as there are beauty and youth and love and hope in it. And in the part of the world where we live, it is an improving world. There is more enlightenment, more comfort, more leisure than ever before. And these things are so because we still have freedom and the opportunity that goes with it, and because we still have people who look forward and use their freedom and opportunity to make the good days of the present a little better than the good old days that their elders bequeathed them.

Those who hone and pine for the olden time are welcome to it, so far as we're concerned. We'll stick to today and tomorrow in our search for pleasant vistas.

A Weapon of Truth

WE CANNOT AGREE with the considerable number of people who seem to regard the United Nations as an impotent debating society. For all the UN's indecisions, and for all the frustrations that arise from Russia's chronic intransigence, we think that the organization is a source of hope and strength. And not the least hopeful aspect is this very debating-society function which is so often ridiculed.

The United Nations provides a forum where the weapon of truth can be trained at point-blank range on the distortions and lies of Soviet propaganda. And we do not think that the use of this weapon, before a representative panel of the world's nations, can be dismissed as unimportant. A case in point is the recent speech by Isidor Lubin, an American delegate, at a session of the Economic and Social Council in Geneva.

Mr. Lubin was replying to a familiar assortment of charges by Russian and satellite delegates. They said that the United States was devoting most of its budget in fiscal 1952 to direct military expenditures, and that defense production here and in Western Europe was depressing the living standard of the workers. But in Eastern Europe, the Kremlin's spokesmen claimed, great strides had been made in bettering the living conditions of the people.

The American representative replied with some cold facts. He pointed out that the true measurement of our armament spending was not the percentage of the federal budget, but the percentage of the country's total production. The proportion of the gross national product spent not only for defense but for foreign economic aid and other nonmilitary items for foreign countries in this calendar year would be about 15 per cent, Mr. Lubin said. Russia, in the past four years, has devoted three times as much of its national income to armaments as the United States has, Mr. Lubin told his listeners.

Then Mr. Lubin really blew the whistle on the Soviets' pious pose of concern for the world's needy. Taking a look at the record, he listed the economic and social activities of the UN, and cited Russia's "contributions" to them:

"The International Children's Emergency Fund: The U.S.S.R. contribution was zero.

"The Palestine Refugee Organization: The U.S.S.R. contributed nothing.

"The International Refugee Organization: The U.S.S.R. made no contribution.

"The special account for the expanded program of technical assistance: The U.S.S.R. did not contribute a single red ruble.

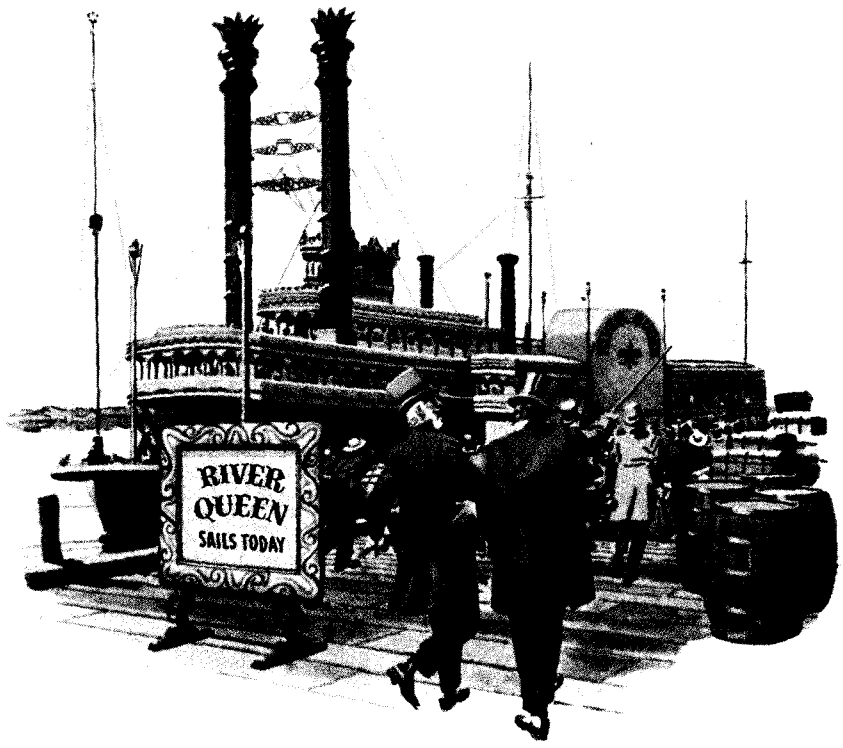
"The U.S.S.R. failed to pay its assessments to the World Health Organization . . .

"As to the International Bank, which was created to help finance economic development and in whose formation the U.S.S.R. participated at Bretton Woods, the U.S.S.R. has not contributed a single cent. And needless to add, the U.S.S.R. has not seen fit to contribute a cent for the suffering people of Korea, a relief undertaking in which more than 30 nations have already participated."

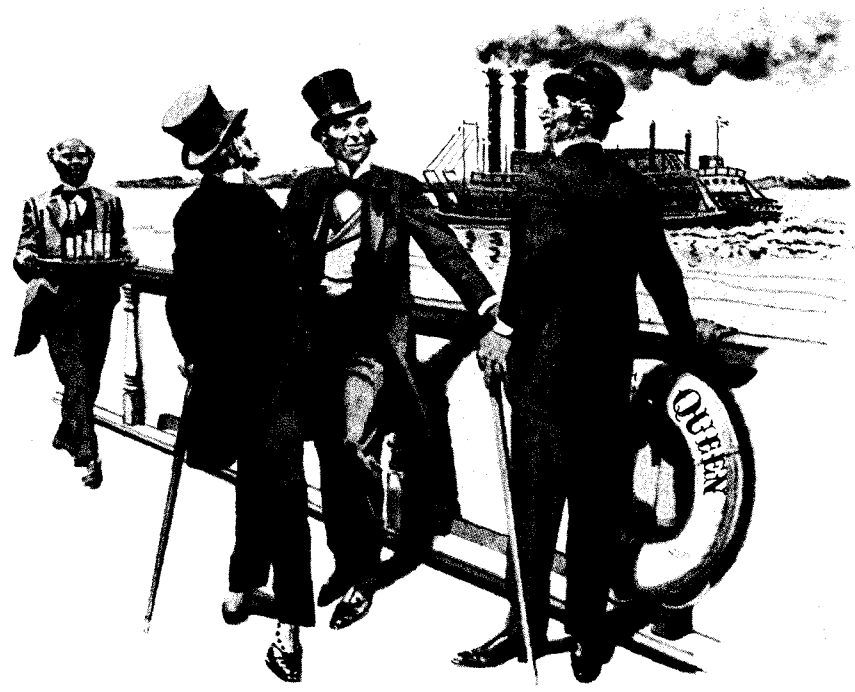
Such hard-hitting, factual speeches as this are bound to have an effect on fence-sitting or gullible UN delegations. They can scarcely fail to drift back to those delegations' governments and filter down to the people. When this happens, the UN, we believe, has gone far to justify its existence and to merit American support.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What luxury it used to be



What luxury it used to be
To take a river trip!



What grand old whiskey folks enjoyed
Upon the Mississip'

To catch one flavor of those times,
You only need this tip –

Just tell the man you want

IMPERIAL

Hiram Walker's 93 years at fine whiskey-making makes Imperial good!

Blended whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY LIB...

Vivian Blaine says:

"I've tried the different mildness tests. My throat made my choice — Camels!"

VIVIAN BLAINE, glamorous singing star of Broadway hit, "Guys and Dolls", made different cigarette mildness tests—the sniff test, the puff test . . . and her own 30-Day Camel Test, the one *thorough* test. It was the 30-day test that gave her the answer. She found Camels exactly to her liking! They have rich flavor and the mildness her throat demands.

Smokers all over America have made these tests. And after *all* the tests, published figures show Camel is by far America's most popular cigarette!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.,
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Test Camels in your "T-Zone"

(T FOR THROAT, T FOR TASTE)

Try them for 30 days and you'll know why Camel is America's most popular cigarette!

Not one single case of throat irritation *due to smoking* CAMELS

THAT'S WHAT NOTED THROAT SPECIALISTS REPORTED IN A COAST-TO-COAST TEST OF HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE WHO SMOKED ONLY CAMELS FOR 30 DAYS!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED